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RECOLLECTIONS OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF EUROPE

ALPHONSO XIII.

BY XAVIER PAOLI

Special Commissioner of the Sûreté Générale, Detailed to Accompany Royal Visitors to France

"YOU wanted me to complete your collection, didn't you, M. Paoli?"

The presidential train had left Hendaye; the distant echoes of the Spanish national anthem still reached our ears through the silence and the darkness. Leaning from the window of the sleeping-car, I was watching the last lights of the little frontier town disappear, one by one. . . .

I turned round briskly at the sound of that gay and bright voice. A tall, slim young man stood at the door of the compartment, with a cigarette between his lips and a soft felt hat on his head, and gave me a friendly little wave of the hand. His long, slender figure looked very smart and supple in a pale-gray traveling suit; and a broad smile lit up his bronzed face, his smooth, boyish face, adorned with a large Bourbon hooked nose, planted like an eagle's beak between two very black eyes, full of fire and humor.

"Yes, yes, M. Paoli, I know you, though perhaps you don't yet know me. My mother has often spoken to me of you, and when she heard that you had been appointed to watch

Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

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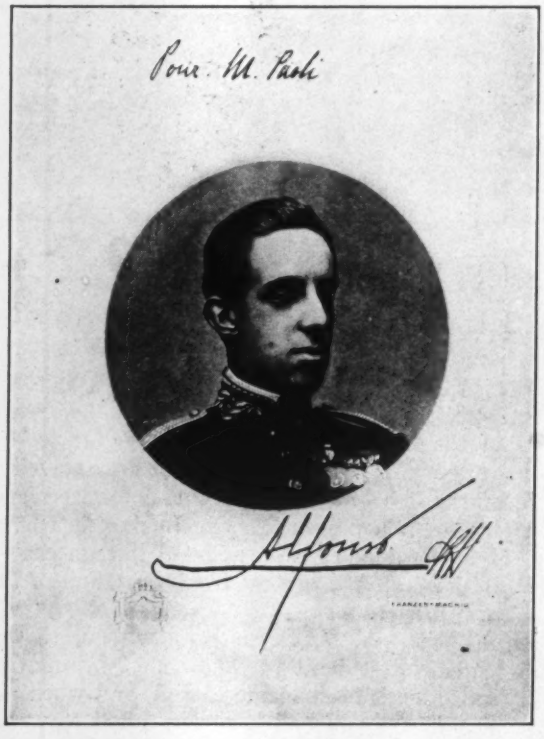
THE VILLA DE MOURISCOT, NEAR BIARRITZ, WHERE THE BETROTHAL BETWEEN THE KING OF SPAIN AND THE PRINCESS ENA TOOK PLACE



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KING OF SPAIN GIVEN BY HIM TO M. PAOLI

over my safety, she said, 'With Paoli, I feel quite at ease.'"

"I am infinitely touched and flattered, Sir," I replied, "by that gracious mark of confidence. . . . It is true that my collection was incomplete without your Majesty."

That is how I became acquainted with Alphonso XIII. in the spring of 1905, at the time of his first official visit to France. "The Little King," as he was still called, had lately completed his nineteenth year. He had attained his majority a bare twelvemonth before, and was just entering upon his career as a monarch, if I may so express myself The watchful eyes of Europe were beginning to observe with sympathetic interest the first actions of this young ruler, who, with the exuberant grace of his fine and trustful youth, brought an unexpected and amusing contrast into the somewhat constrained formality of the gallery of sovereigns. Though he had no history as yet, plenty of anecdotes were already current about him, and a plenty of morals were drawn in consequence.

"He has a nature all impulse," said one.

"He is full of character," said people who had met him.

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THE KING OF SPAIN AND THE PRINCESS ENA

From a photograph taken at Biarritz

"He is like his father; he would charm the bird from the tree," an old Spanish diplomatist remarked to me.

"At any rate, there is nothing commonplace about him," thought I, still perplexed by the unconventional, amusing, jocular way in which he had interrupted my nocturnal contemplations.

No, he was certainly not commonplace! The next morning I saw him at early dawn at the windows of the saloon-carriage, devouring with a delighted curiosity the sights that met his eyes as the train rushed at full speed through the green plains of the Charente.

"What a lovely country yours is, M. Paoli!" he cried, when he saw me standing near him. "I feel as if I were still at home, as if I knew everybody — the faces all seem familiar. It's 'stunning'!"

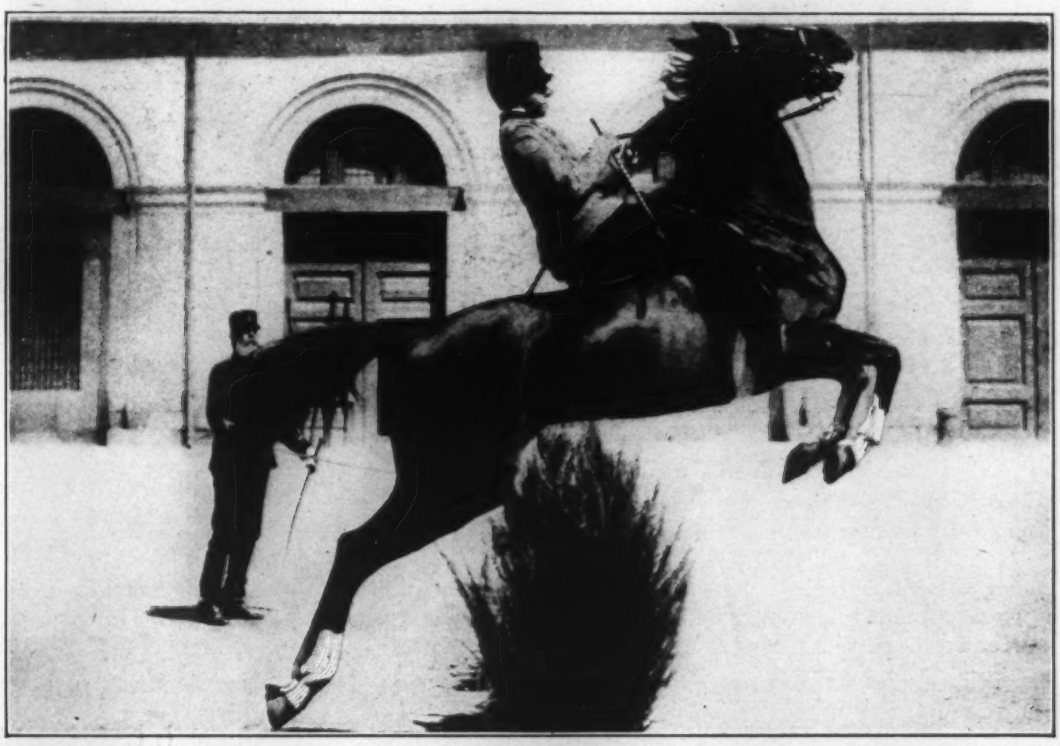
At the sound of this typically Parisian expression (the French word that he employed

A PHOTOGRAPH OF KING ALPHONSO, TAKEN SHORTLY AFTER HIS MARRIAGE

was *épatant*) proceeding from the royal lips, it was my turn to be "stunned." In my innocence, I was not yet aware that he knew all our smart slang phrases and used them freely.

His spirits were as inexhaustible as his bodily activity, and we were hard put to it to keep up with him. He wanted to know everything, though he knew a great deal as it was. The army and navy excited his interest in the highest degree; the provinces through which we were passing, their customs, their past, their administrative organization, their industries, supplied him with the subjects of an exhaustive interrogatory to which we did our best to reply. Our social laws, our parliament, our politicians as eagerly aroused his lively curiosity. . . . And then came the turn of Paris, which he was at last about to see, whose splendors and peculiarities he already knew from reading and hearsay — that Paris which he looked upon as a fairy-land, a promised land; and the thought that he was to be

THE KING PIGEON-SHOOTING AT CASSA CAMP



KING ALPHONSO ON HORSEBACK

AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRINCESS ENA

solemnly welcomed there sent a slight flush of excitement to his cheeks.

"It must be wonderful!" he said, his eyes ablaze with pleasurable impatience.

He also insisted upon our giving him full details about the persons who were to receive him.

"What is M. Loubet like? And the Prime Minister? And the Governor of Paris?"

When he was not putting questions he was telling stories, recalling his impressions of his recent journeys in Spain.

"Confess, M. Paoli," he said, "that you have never had to look after a king so young as I."

His conversation, studded with smart sallies, with freakish outbursts and unexpected digressions, revealed a young and keen intelligence, eager after knowledge, a fresh mind open to ideas. I remember the surprise of a high official, to whose explanations the King was lending an attentive ear, when we crossed a bridge over the Loire, in which some waterfowl happened to be disporting themselves.

"Oh, what a pity!" the King broke in. "Why haven't I a gun?" And, taking aim with an imaginary fowling-piece, "What a fine shot!"

Again, I remember the spontaneous and charming way in which, full of admiration for the beauties of our Touraine, he tapped me on the shoulder and cried:

"There's no doubt about it, I love France! France forever!"

What was not my surprise afterward, at Orléans, where the first official stop was made, to see him appear in his full uniform as captain-general, his features wearing an expression of singular dignity, his gait proud and lofty, compelling in all of us a respect for the impressive authority that emanated from his whole person. He found the right word for everybody, was careful of the least shades of etiquette, moved, talked, and smiled amid the gold-laced uniforms with a sovereign ease, showing from the first that he knew better than anybody how to play his part as a king.

There is one action, very simple in appearance, but in reality more difficult than one would think, by which one may judge a sovereign's bearing in a foreign country. This is his manner of saluting the colors. Some, as they pass before the standard surrounded by its guard of honor, content themselves with raising the hand to cap or helmet; others stop and bow; others make a wide and studied gesture that betrays a certain almost theatrical affectation. Alphonso XIII.'s salute is like none of these: in its military stiffness, it is at once simple and grave, marked by supreme elegance and profound deference. On the platform of the Orléans railway station, opposite the motionless battalion, in the presence of a number of officers and civil functionaries, this graceful and respectful salute, which so visibly paid a delicate homage to the army and the country, moved and flattered us more than any number of boasts and speeches. And when, at last, I went home, after witnessing the young King's arrival in the capital and observing the impression that he had made on the Government and the people, I recalled the old Spanish diplomatist's remark:

"The King would charm the bird from the tree!"

PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG

PRINCESS ENA JUST BEFORE HER MARRIAGE

II

I saw little of King Alphonso during his first stay in Paris. The protection of sovereigns who were the official guests of the Government did not come within the scope of my duties. I therefore left him at the station, and was not to resume my place in his suite until the moment of his departure. The anarchist-revolutionary gentry appeared to be unaware of this detail, for I daily received a fair number of

MARIA CHRISTINA, DOWAGER QUEEN OF SPAIN

anonymous letters, most of which contained more or less vague threats against the person of our royal visitor. One of them, which the post brought me when I was on the point of proceeding to the gala performance given at the opera in his honor, struck me more particularly because of the plainness of the warning that it conveyed, a warning devoid of any of the insults that usually accompany this sort of communication.

"In spite of all the precautions that have been taken," it read, "the King had better be careful when he leaves the opera to-night."

This note, written in a rough, disguised hand, was, of course, unsigned. I at once passed it on to the right quarter. The very strict supervision that was being exercised no doubt excluded the possibility of a successful plot. But there remained the danger of an individual attempt, the murderous act of a single person; and I knew by experience that, to protect one's self against that, one must rely exclusively upon "the police of Heaven," to use the picturesque expression of Señor Maura, the former Spanish Premier.

Haunted by a baneful presentiment, I nevertheless decided, on leaving the opera, to remain near the King's carriage (as a mere passer-by, of course) until he had stepped into it with M. Loubet and driven off, surrounded

KING ALPHONSO LEADING A HUNTING PARTY

by his squadron of cavalry. The attempt on his life took place at the corner of the Rue de Rohan and the Rue de Rivoli; and both the King and M. Loubet had a miraculous escape from death. My presentiment, therefore, had not been at fault.

I need not here recall the coolness that the young monarch displayed in these circumstances, for it is still present in every memory, nor the magnificent indifference with which he looked upon the tragic incident.

"I have received my baptism of fire," he said to me, a couple of days later, "and, upon my word, it was much less exciting than I expected!"

Alphonso XIII., in fact, has a fine contempt for danger. Like the late King Humbert, he considers that assassination is one of the little drawbacks attendant on the trade of king. He gave a splendid proof of this courage at the time of the Madrid bomb, of which I shall speak later; and I witnessed it for myself two days after the attempted assassination in the Rue de Rohan.

On leaving Paris, our royal visitor went to Cherbourg, where I accompanied him, to embark on board the British royal yacht, which was to take him to England. As we approached the town in the early morning, the presidential train was shunted on to the special line that leads direct to the dockyard. While we were running pretty fast, the train suddenly stopped short, producing a violent shock in all the carriages. The reader can imagine the excitement. The railway officials, officers, and chamberlains of the court sprang out of the coaches and rushed to the royal saloon.

"Another attempt?" asked the King, calmly smiling, as he put his head out of the window.

We all thought so at the first moment. Fortunately, it was only a slight accident: the rear luggage-van had left the rails through a mistake in the shunting. I hastened to explain the matter to the King.

"You'll see," he at once replied; "they will say, all the same, that it was an attempt on my life. I must let my mother know quickly, or she will be frightened."

The King was right. Some one — we never discovered who — had already found means to telegraph to Queen Maria Christina that a fresh attack had been made on her son.

At Irun, the first Spanish station, where I was to take leave of our guest, a fresh surprise

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VICTORIA, QUEEN OF SPAIN

From the painting by Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida

awaited us. There was not a trace of police protection, not a soldier, not a gendarme. An immense crowd had freely invaded both platforms. And what a crowd! Thousands of men, women, and children shouted, sang, waved their hands, hustled one another, and fired guns into the air for joy, while the King, calm and smiling, elbowed his way from the presidential to the royal train, patting the children's heads as he passed, paying a compliment to their mothers, distributing friendly nods to the men who were noisily cheering him.

But my mission was at an end. Still laughing, the King, as he gave me his hand, said:

"Well, M. Paoli, you can no longer say that you haven't got me in your collection!"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," I replied. "It's not complete yet."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, Sir, I haven't your portrait."

"Oh, that will be all right!" And, turning to the grand master of his court, "Santo Mauro, make a note: photo for M. Paoli."

A few days after, I received a photograph, signed and dated by the royal hand.

III

Five months later, Alphonso XIII., returning from Germany, where he had been to pay his accession visit to the Berlin Court, stopped to spend a day incognito in Paris. I found him as I had left him — gay, enthusiastic, full of good nature, glad to be alive.

"Here I am again, my dear M. Paoli," he said, when he perceived me at the frontier, where, according to custom, I had gone to meet him. "But this time I shall not cause you any great worry. I must go home, and I sha'n't stop for more than twenty-four hours — worse luck! — in Paris."

On the other hand, he wasted none of his time while there. Jumping into a motor-car the moment he was out of the train, he first drove to the Hôtel Bristol, where he remained just long enough to change his clothes, after which he managed, during his brief stay, to hear mass in the Church of St. Roch (for it was Sunday), to pay a visit to M. Loubet, to make some purchases in the principal shops, to lunch with his aunt, the Infanta Eulalie, to take a motor drive in the pouring rain as far as Saint-Germain and back, to dine at the Spanish Embassy, and to wind up the evening at the Théâtre des Variétés.

"And it's like that every day, when he's traveling," said one of his suite to me.

The King, I may say, makes up for this daily expenditure of activity by a tremendous appetite. I have observed, for that matter, that the majority of sovereigns are valiant trenchermen. Every morning of his life Alphonso XIII. has a good rump-steak and potatoes for his first breakfast, often preceded by eggs and sometimes followed by salad and fruit. On the other hand, the King never drinks wine and generally confines himself to a tumbler of water and *zucharillos*, the national beverage, composed of white of egg beaten up with sugar.

In spite of his continual need of movement, his passionate love of sport in all its forms, and especially of motoring; his expansive, rather mad, but very attractive youthfulness, Alphonso XIII., even in his flying trips, never, as we have seen, loses the occasion to improve his mind. He is very quick at seizing a point, possesses a remarkable power of assimilation, and, although he does not read much, for he has no patience, he is remarkably well informed regarding the smallest details in matters that interest him. One day, for instance, he asked me, point-blank:

"Do you know how many gendarmes there are in France?"

I confess that I was greatly puzzled what to reply, for I have never cared much about statistics. I ventured to say offhand:

"Ten thousand."

"Ten thousand! Come, M. Paoli, what are you thinking of? That's the number we have in Spain. It's more like twenty thousand."

This figure, as I afterward learned, was strictly accurate.

As for business of State, I also noticed that the King devoted more time to it than his restless life would lead one to believe. Rising, winter and summer, at six o'clock, he stays indoors and works regularly during the early part of the morning, and often again at night. In this connection, one of his ministers said to me:

"He never shows a sign of either weariness or boredom. The King's 'frivolity' is a popular fallacy. On the contrary, he is terribly painstaking. Just like the Queen Mother, he insists upon clear and detailed explanations before he will sign the least document; and he knows quite well how to make his will felt. Besides, he is fond of work, and he can work anywhere — in a motor-car, in a boat, in a train, as well as in his study."

But it was on the occasion of the event that was to mark an indelible date in his life, a fair and happy date, that I had time really to observe him and to come to know him better. The reader will have guessed that I am referring to his engagement. The duties that I have fulfilled for a quarter of a century have sometimes involved difficult moments, delicate responsibilities, thankless tasks, but they have also brought me many charming compensations; and I have no more delightful recollection than that of witnessing, at first hand, the fresh and touching royal idyl, the simple, cloudless romance, which began one fine evening in London, was continued under the sunny sky of the Basque coast, and ended by leading to one of those rare unions that satisfy both public policy and the heart.

Like his father before him, Alphonso XIII., when his ministers began to hint discreetly about possible "alliances," contented himself with replying:

"I shall marry a princess who takes my fancy, and nobody else. I want to love my wife."

Nevertheless, diplomatic intrigues fashioned

themselves around the young sovereign. The Emperor William would like to have seen a German princess sharing the throne of Spain; a marriage with an Austrian archduchess would have continued a time-honored tradition. The question of a French princess was also mooted, I believe. But the political *rapprochement* between Spain and England had just been accomplished under French auspices; an Anglo-Spanish marriage seemed to correspond with the interests of Spain; and it so happened that the Princess Patricia of Connaught had lately been seen in Andalusia. Her name was on all men's lips; already, in the silence of the palace, official circles were preparing for this union. Only one detail had been omitted, but it was a detail of the first importance: that of consulting the two persons directly interested, who did not even know each other.

When the King went to England, no one doubted for a moment that he would return engaged — and engaged to Patricia of Connaught. As a matter of fact, when the two young people met, they did not attract each other. But, at the ball given in the King's honor at Buckingham Palace, Alphonso never took his eyes off a fair-haired young princess, whose radiant beauty shed all the glory of spring around her.

"Who is that?" asked the King.

"Princess Ena of Battenberg," was the reply.

The two were presented, danced and talked together, and met again on the next day and on the following days.

And, when the King returned to Spain, he left his heart in England.

But he did not breathe a word about it. His little idyl, which took the form of an interchange of letters and postcards, as well as of secret negotiations with a view to marriage,— negotiations conducted with the English royal family by the King in person,— was pursued with the greatest mystery. People knew, of course, that the Princess and the King liked and admired each other; but they knew nothing of the young monarch's private plans. Moreover, he took pleasure in mystifying his entourage. He who had once been so expansive now became suddenly contemplative and reserved.

Soon after his return, he ordered a yacht; and, when the time came to christen her, he made the builders paint on the prow in gold letters:

PRINCESS . . .

The comment aroused by those three little dots may be easily imagined.

The moment, however, was at hand when the name of the royal yacht's godmother, and therefore of the future Queen of Spain, was to be revealed. One morning in January, 1906, I received a letter from Miss Minnie Cochrane, Princess Henry of Battenberg's faithful lady-in-waiting, telling me that the Princess and her daughter, Princess Ena, were leaving shortly for Biarritz, to stay with their cousin, the Princess Frederica of Hanover, and inviting me to accompany them. This kind thought is explained by the fact that I had known the Princess and her daughter for many years. I had often seen Princess Beatrice with the late Queen Victoria, to whom she showed the most tender filial affection; I had also known Princess Ena as a little girl, when she still wore short frocks and long, fair curls, and used to play with her doll under the fond, smiling gaze of her august grandmother. She was then a grave and reflective child; she had great, deep, expressive blue eyes; and she was a little shy, like her mother.

When, at Calais, I beheld a fresh and beautiful young girl, unreserved and gay, a real fairy princess, whose face, radiant with gladness, so evidently reflected a very sweet, secret happiness; when, on the day after her arrival at Biarritz, I saw King Alphonso arrive unexpectedly in a great state of excitement, and surprised the first glance that they exchanged at the door of the villa — then I understood. I was, therefore, not in the least astonished when Miss Cochrane, whom I had ventured to ask if it was true that there was a matrimonial project on foot between the King and the Princess, answered, with a significant smile:

"I think so; it is not officially settled yet; it will be decided here."

IV

The Villa Mouriscot, where the princesses were staying, was a picturesque Basque chalet, elegantly and comfortably furnished. It stood on a height, two miles from Biarritz, buried in luxuriant and fragrant gardens.

The King came every day. Wrapped in a huge cloak, with a motoring-cap and goggles, he would arrive at ten o'clock in the morning from San Sebastian in his double Panhard phaëton, which he drove himself, except on the rare occasions when he intrusted the steering-wheel to his excellent French chauffeur, Antonin, who accompanied him on all his excursions. His friends the Marques de Viana, the young Conde de Villalobar, counselor to the Spanish Embassy in London, Señor Quiñones de Leon, the charming attaché to the Paris Embassy, and the Conde del Grove, his faithful aide-de-

camp, or the Marques de Pacheco, commanding the palace halberdiers, formed his usual suite. As soon as the motor had passed through the gates and stopped before the door, where Baron von Pawel-Rammingen, the Princess Frederica's husband, and Colonel Lord William Cecil, Princess Henry of Battenberg's comptroller, awaited him, the King would hurry to the drawing-room, where the pretty Princess sat looking out for his arrival, as impatient for the meeting as the King himself.

After the King had greeted his hosts at the villa, he and the Princess would walk in the gardens, exchanging much lively talk as they strolled about the paths in which, as Gounod's song says, "lovers lose their way." They would return in time for the family lunch, a very simple repast to which the King's tremendous appetite did full honor. He used often to send for Fräulein Zinska, the Princess Frederica's old Hanoverian cook, and congratulate her on her culinary ability, a proceeding that threw the good woman into an ecstasy of delight. After lunch, the young people, accompanied by Miss Cochrane as chaperon, went out in the motor, not returning until nearly dark. On rainy days, of course, there was no drive; but in the drawing-room of the villa the Princess Frederica had thoughtfully contrived a sort of recess, furnished with a sofa, in which the engaged couple could pursue their discreet flirtation at their ease.

In the evening, at dinner, the suite were present. The King changed into evening clothes, with the collar of the Golden Fleece. At half-past ten, he left for the station and returned to San Sebastian by the Sud Express.

After a few days, although they were not officially engaged, no one doubted that the event was near at hand.

"She's nice, isn't she?" the King asked me, point-blank.

A significant detail served to show me how far things had gone. One day the two young people, accompanied by the Princesses Frederica and Beatrice and the whole little court, walked to the end of the grounds, to a spot near the lake, where two holes had been newly dug. A gardener stood waiting for them, carrying two miniature fir-plants in his arms.

"This is mine," said the King.

"And this is mine," said the Princess in French, for they constantly spoke French together.

"We must plant the trees side by side," declared the King, "so that they may always remind us of these never-to-be-forgotten days."

No sooner said than done. In accordance with the old English tradition, the two of them, each laying hold of a spade, dug up the earth and heaped it around the shrubs, with shouts of laughter that rang clear through the silent wood. Then, when the King, who, in spite of his strength of arm, is a poor gardener, perceived that the Princess had finished her task first —

"There is no doubt about it," he said, "I am very awkward! I must put in a month or two with the Engineers!"

On returning to the villa, he gave the Princess her first present — a heart set in brilliants. It was certainly a day of symbols.

On the following day things took a more definite turn. The King came in the morning to take the princesses to San Sebastian, where they met Queen Maria Christina. Nobody knew what happened in the course of the interview and the subsequent private luncheon at the Miramar Palace. But it was, beyond a doubt, a decisive day. At Fuenterrabia, the first Spanish town through which they passed on their way to San Sebastian in the morning, the King said to the Princess:

"You are now on Spanish soil."

"Oh," she said, "I am so glad!"

"It will soon be for good."

And they smiled at each other.

The frantic cheering that greeted her entry at San Sebastian, the hail of flowers that fell at her feet when she passed through the streets, the motherly kiss with which she was received at the door of Queen Maria Christina's drawing-room, must have made Princess Ena understand that all Spain had confirmed its sovereign's choice and applauded his good taste.

Twenty-four hours after this visit, the Queen Mother, in her turn, went to Biarritz and took tea at the Villa Mouriscot. The King had gone on before her. Intense happiness was reflected on every face. When the Queen, who had very graciously sent for me to thank me for the care that I was taking of her son, stepped into her carriage, she said to the Princess, with a smile:

"We shall soon see you in Madrid."

Then, taking a white rose from the bouquet which the Mayor of Biarritz had presented to her, she gave it to the Princess, who pressed it to her lips before pinning it in her bodice.

That same evening, the King, beaming all over his face, cried to me from a distance, the moment he saw me:

"It's all right, Paoli; the official demand has been granted. You see before you the happiest of men!"

The days that followed upon the betrothal were days of enchantment for the young

couple, now freed from all preoccupation and constraint. One met them daily, motoring along the picturesque roads of the Basque country or walking through the streets of Biarritz, stopping before the shop-windows, at the photographer's, or at the pastry-cook's.

"Do you know, Paoli," said the King to me, one day, "I've changed the Princess' name. Instead of calling her Ena, which I don't like, I call her Nini. That's very Parisian, isn't it?"

The royal lover, as I have already said, prided himself, with justice, on his Parisianism, as witness the following scrap of dialogue, which took place one morning in the street at Biarritz:

"M. Paoli."

"Sir?"

"Do you know the tune of the *Maschich?*"

"Upon my word, I can't say I do, Sir!"

"Or of *Viens Poupoule?*"

"No, Sir."

"Why, then you know nothing. Paoli — you're a disgrace!"

Thereupon, half opening the door of the confectioner's shop where Princess Ena was making a leisurely selection of cakes, he began to hum the famous air of *Viens Poupoule.*

It will readily be imagined that the protection of the King was not always an easy matter. The most amusing adventure was that which he had at Dax. One morning, he took it into his head to motor away to the parched and desolate country of the Landes, which stretches from Bayonne to Bordeaux. After a long and wearing drive, he decided to take the train back from Dax. Accompanied by his friend Señor Quiñones de Leon, he made for the station, where the two young men, tired out and soaked in perspiration, sat down in the refreshment-room.

"Give us some lunch, please," said the King, who was ravenously hungry, to the lady at the bar.

The refreshment-room, unfortunately, was very meagerly supplied. When the two traveling companions had eaten up the sorry fare represented by a few eggs and sandwiches, which had probably been waiting more than a month for a traveler to arrive, the King, whose appetite was far from being satisfied, called the barmaid, a fat and matronly Béarnaise with an upper lip adorned with a pair of thick mustachios.

"Have you nothing else to give us?" he asked.

"I have a *pâté de foie gras*, but — it's very expensive," said the decent creature, who did not see a serious customer in this famished and dusty young man.

"Never mind; let's have it," said the King.

The woman brought her *pâté*, which was none too fresh; but how great was her amazement when she saw the two travelers devour not only the liver, but the fat as well! The pot was emptied and scraped clean in the twinkling of an eye.

Pleased with her successful morning's trade, and encouraged by the King's ebullient good humor, the barmaid sat down at the royal table and began to tell the King her family affairs, questioning him with maternal solicitude. When, at last, the hour of departure struck, they shook hands with each other warmly.

Some time afterward, the King was passing through Dax by rail, and, as the train steamed into the station, he said to me:

"I have an acquaintance at Dax. I'll show her to you. She is charming."

The plump Béarnaise was there, more mustachioed than ever. I will not attempt to describe her comic bewilderment at recognizing her former customer in the person of the King. He was delighted, and, giving her his hand —

"You won't refuse to say how-do-you-do to me, I hope?" he asked, laughing.

The thing turned her head; what was bound to happen happened: she became indiscreet. From that time onward, she looked into every train that stopped at Dax, to see if "her friend" the King were among the passengers; and when, instead of stepping out on the platform, he satisfied himself with giving her a friendly nod from behind the pane, she felt immensely disappointed; in fact, she was even a little offended.

It is not difficult to picture how this playful simplicity, combined with a delicacy of feeling and a knightly grace to which, in our age of brutal realism, we are no longer accustomed, made an utter conquest of the pretty English Princess. When, after several days of familiar and daily intimacy, it became necessary to say good-by,— the Princess was returning to England to busy herself with preparations for her marriage, Alphonso to Madrid for the same reason,— when the moment of separation had come, there was a pang at the heart on both sides. As I was leaving with the Princess for Paris —

"You're a lucky man, M. Paoli, to be going with the Princess," said the King sadly, as I was stepping into the railway carriage. "I'd give anything to be in your place!"

While the Court of Spain was employed in settling, down to the smallest particular, the ceremonial for the King's approaching wedding, Princess Ena was absorbed in the charming details of her trousseau and in the more

austere preparations for her conversion to Catholicism. This conversion, as I have already said, was a *sine qua non* to the consent of Spain to her marriage.

The Princess and her mother, accompanied by Miss Cochrane and Lord William Cecil, stayed at a hotel in Versailles for the period of religious instruction that precedes the admission of a neophyte within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church; and it was at Versailles, on a cold February morning, that she abjured her Protestantism in a sequestered chapel of the cathedral. Why did she select the town of Louis XIV. in which to accomplish this important and solemn act of her life? Doubtless because of the peaceful silence that surrounded it, and of the past, filled with melancholy grandeur, that it conjured up; perhaps, also, because of the association of ideas suggested to her mind by the city of the great King and the origins of the family of the Spanish Bourbons of which it was the cradle. The heart of woman sometimes provides instances of this delicacy of thought.

The last months of the winter of 1906 were spent by the engaged pair in eager expectation of the great event that was to unite them for good and all and in the manifold occupations that it involved. The date of the wedding was fixed for the 31st of May. A few days before that I went to Calais to meet the Princess. It was as though nature, in her awakening, was smiling upon the royal bride and had hastily decked herself in her best to greet the young Princess, as she passed, with all her youthful gladness. But the Princess saw nothing: she had bidden a last farewell to her country, her family, and her home; and, despite the happiness that called her, the fond memory of all that she was quitting oppressed her heart.

"It is nothing, M. Paoli," she said, when I asked the cause of her sadness. "It is nothing. I cannot help feeling moved when I think that I am leaving the country where I have spent so many happy days to go toward the unknown."

She did not sleep that night. At three o'clock in the morning she was up and dressed, ready to appear before her future husband, before the nation that was waiting to welcome her, while the King, at the same hour, was striding up and down the platform at Irun, in a fever of excitement, peering into the night so as to be the first to see the yellow gleams of the train, and nervously lighting cigarette upon cigarette to calm his impatience.

Then came the whirlwind of festivities at which the King invited me to be present, and the sumptuous magnificence of the marriage ceremony in the ancient Church of Los Geronimos. It was as though the old Court of Spain had regained its pomp of the days of long ago. Once more the streets, all dressed with flags, were filled with antiquated chariots, with heraldic costumes, with glittering uniforms; from the balconies, draped with precious stuffs, flowers fell in torrents; cheers rose from the serried ranks of the crowd; an intense, noisy, mad gaiety reigned on all men's lips, while, from behind the windows of the state coach that carried her to the church, the surprised and delighted Princess, forgetting her fleeting melancholy, now smiled her acknowledgments of this mighty welcome.

A tragic incident was fated brutally to interrupt her fair young dream. Finding no seat in the Church of Los Geronimos, the dimensions of which are small, I took refuge in one of the Court stands erected along the route taken by the sovereigns; and I was watching the procession pass on its return to the palace, when my ears were suddenly deafened by a tremendous explosion. At first no one realized where it came from; we thought that it was the report of a cannon-shot, fired to announce the end of the ceremony. But suddenly loud yells arose, people hustled one another and rushed away, madly shouting:

"It's a murder! The King and Queen are killed!"

Terrified, I tried to hasten to the street from which the cries came. A file of soldiers, drawn up across the roadway, stopped me. I then ran to the palace, where I arrived at exactly the same moment as the royal coach, from which the King and the young Queen alighted. They were pale, but calm. The King held his wife's hand tenderly in his own, and stared in dismay at the long white train of her bridal dress, stained with great blotches of blood. Filled with horror, I went up to Alphonso XIII.

"Oh, Sir!" I cried, "at least both of you are safe and sound!"

"Yes," he replied. Then, lowering his voice, he added: "But there are some killed. Poor people! What an infamous thing!"

Under her great white veil, the Queen, standing between Queen Maria Christina and Princess Henry of Battenberg, still both trembling, wept silent tears. Then the King, profoundly moved, drew nearer to her and kissed her slowly on the cheek, whispering these charming words:

"I do hope that you are not angry with me for the emotion that I have involuntarily caused you?"

What she replied I did not hear: I only saw a kiss.

Notwithstanding the warm manifestations of loyalty which the people of Spain lavished upon their sovereigns on the following day, Queen Victoria is said to have been long haunted by the horrible spectacle that she had beheld, and to have retained an intense feeling of terror and sadness from that tragic hour. But, God be praised, everything passes. When, later, I had the honor of again finding myself in attendance upon the King and Queen, at Biarritz and in Paris, I recognized once more the happy and loving young couple I had known at the time of their engagement. Alphonso XIII. had the same gaiety, the same high spirits as before; and the Queen's mind seemed to show no trace of painful memories or gloomy apprehensions.

In the course of the first journey that I took with them a year after the murderous attempt in Madrid, the King himself acquainted me with the real cause of this happy quietude so promptly recovered. Walking into the compartment where I was sitting, he lifted high into the air a pink and chubby child, and, holding it up for me to look at, said, with more than a touch of pride in his voice:

"There! What do you think of him? Isn't he splendid?"

[THE MARCH INSTALMENT OF M. PAOLI'S REMINISCENCES WILL DEAL WITH HIS RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA]

IN SNOWTIDE

BY

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

YE flakes that are most
Like a thistledown host,
Or spume in the van of some infinite wave,
What craft in your mildness,
O multiple Wildness!
Bestows this all-quieting sense of the grave?

For our life is, I know,
But a search in the snow
Where boundaries change and the trail disappears;
Where blurring, impeding,
Subduing, misleading,
Drive downfall of moments and drift of the years.

From a soft, from a sly
And inscrutable sky,
Time closes man round, let him travel or sleep:
The game to the strongest
An hour at the longest,
And play-fellow powers shall bury him deep.

Yet, flakes floated down,
Moth-light on the town,
To batter the heart with the ultimate dread,
Clean chattels so sent me,
Right well ye content me,
Cool garland, pure shroud, happy innocent bed!

"THREE O'CLOCK ON AN APRIL AFTERNOON, AND THE MAIL TRAIN FROM BOMBAY STEAMED INTO THE STATION"

A PERVERTED PUNISHMENT

BY

ALICE PERRIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN

THREE o'clock on an April afternoon, and the mail train from Bombay steamed into the station of one of the largest cities of northern India.

The platform instantly became covered with a struggling, yelling mass of natives; fat, half-naked merchants; consequential Bengali clerks with shiny yellow skins and lank black locks; swaggering sepoys on leave, with jaunty caps and fiercely curled beards; keen, hawk-faced Afghans wrapped in garments suggestive of the Scriptures; whole parties of excited villagers, bound for some pilgrim shrine, clinging to one another and shouting discordantly; refreshment-sellers screaming their wares, and coolies bearing luggage on their heads, vociferating as wildly as if their very lives depended on penetrating the crowd.

Into this bewildering, deafening babel stepped Major Kenwithin from a first-class compartment. His rugged face, tanned and seared by twenty years of Indian service, wore anything but an amiable expression, and he barely responded to the cordial greeting of a young Englishman who was threading his way through a bevy of noisy, chattering native females toward the parcels office.

"Missis went off all right?" shouted Cartwright over the crowd of draped heads.

Kenwithin only nodded, and turned his attention to his luggage and orderly.

"Poor old chap — how he feels it!" muttered the other, as he proceeded to claim the parcel he had come to the station to fetch, while Kenwithin drove to his bungalow in the native cavalry lines feeling utterly and completely wretched.

The square, thatched house wore a dreary, deserted appearance. The plants in the veranda drooped, and the clambering bougainvillea and gold-mohur blossoms hung from the walls in long, neglected trails, waiting in vain for "the mem-sahib's" careful supervision. The interior of the building shared the general dejection inevitable to an Anglo-Indian establishment from which a woman's presence has been suddenly withdrawn, and the Major's lonely heart ached as he roamed through the rooms, missing his wife more and more at every step. How on earth was he to get through six long, weary months without her? How had he ever lived without her at all?

And yet, until the day he met his wife, John Kenwithin had managed to lead an existence entirely after his own heart. His regiment first, and then shooting of every description, had been all he lived for. With women he had had little to do, for he hated society and entertained no very exalted opinion of the opposite sex. He knew that the ladies of his own family had been good, loving wives and mothers, with duty as the key-note of their lives, and he wished all women were like them; but as, from what he had observed, this did not appear to be the case, he avoided the feminine world as much as possible.

However, the time came when his astonished friends learned that he was engaged to be married, and subsequently discovered that he had made a very admirable selection. Certainly no one could have suited his tenacious, truth-loving, somewhat harsh temperament better than the wife he had chosen, for she was a self-denying, conscientious soul, past her first girlhood, with a simple, sterling directness of character, and a calm, restful beauty of her own in her steadfast gray eyes and regular features. She adored the Major with her whole being; she considered nothing but his comfort and convenience; she bored people to death by making him her sole topic of conversation; and, in short, she surpassed even the memory of his mother and aunts in her capacity for doing her duty and worshiping her husband. The pair had led an ideally happy married life for the space of two years, and then had come Mrs. Kenwithin's sudden failure of health and the doctor's urgent advice that she should proceed "home" without delay to consult a heart specialist. So the Major had been forced to let her go alone, with no prospect of following her, for leave was stopped that season because of trouble on the frontier.

All that day he wandered aimlessly about the house, unable to work or to pull himself together. He felt that he had no heart to go to mess that night and answer kindly meant inquiries as to his wife's departure, so he wrote to Cartwright (who was his first cousin and senior subaltern in the regiment) and asked him to come and dine in the bungalow. Cartwright readily assented. He was fond of Kenwithin and understood him thoroughly; he knew of the goodness as well as the narrow sternness that lay in his cousin's nature — knew that he was as straight and honest as the day, but also — as is frequently the case — most suspicious and intolerant of sin and weakness in others.

The two men ate their dinner more or less in silence. Cartwright made little attempt to talk, for he felt that well-intentioned conversation would be more likely to irritate than soothe; but afterward, as they sat outside in front of the bungalow, smoking their cheroots, he racked his brains for some subtle method of distracting his cousin's thoughts. One plan he was fairly certain would succeed, but he hesitated to adopt it. Cartwright had never confided his own trouble to any one, and only his anxiety to rouse Kenwithin from his moody reflections made him contemplate the mention of it now.

He took the cheroot from his lips and cleared his throat nervously. The sudden sound rang out on the warm, clear stillness of the Indian night, and subdued rustlings of startled birds and squirrels shook the creepers and undergrowth. He glanced around for a moment. The thatched roof of the bungalow loomed up dark against the sky, which was already glimmering with the rising moon, and tall plantain trees, edging the garden, waved and bowed, disturbed by the puff of warm wind that crept round the walls of the bungalow, wafting scents of mango and jasmine blossom in its train.

"I say, John," began Cartwright shamefacedly, feeling glad that the moon had not yet looked over the thatched roof, "I'm beastly sorry for you, old man. I know what it is to part from a woman you'd sell your soul for."

Kenwithin turned quickly toward him.

"You? Why, I thought — you never said ——?"

Cartwright smiled without amusement.

"No, because the less said about it the better. I suppose, with your notions, you'd call it a disgraceful affair, but I'm hanged if I can see it in that light."

"KENWITHIN'S EYES HARDENED AND HIS MOUTH GREW SET"

"A married woman?"

Cartwright nodded, and his memory turned to the face he loved, keeping him silent. Kenwithin's eyes hardened and his mouth grew set, and as the moon rose slowly over the round of the thatched roof, the silver light showed up his large, rugged features clearly against the dense background of the veranda, and touched his grizzled hair to whiteness.

"She knows you care for her?" he asked.

Cartwright nodded again, and covered his eyes with his hand, for in the brightness of the moonlight recollections seemed to start from every shadow.

"And is her husband a brute to her?"

"No. That is the worst of it."

Kenwithin laughed comprehensively.

"Look here, my dear boy, drop it! The whole thing is wrong and foolish, and nothing but harm can come of it. Either a woman is good or she is bad, and there's no intermediate stage. No decent married woman would listen to a word of love from a man not her husband. I know the class. Without being actually depraved, they are false to the heart's core — they can't exist without illicit admiration!"

A dark look of rage swept over Cartwright's face, but with an effort he controlled the outburst of fierce defense that rose to his lips — for had he not brought this on himself by opening the subject to a man of Kenwithin's ideas? He carefully selected another cheroot, and spoke in the intervals of lighting it.

"Forgive — [puff] — my saying so — [puff] — Kenwithin, but I think you're a bit narrow-minded. The woman I shall love till the day of my death is hardly of that class. No doubt I was wrong, and she weak; but there was no real harm in it. And now she has gone home. The only thing is that occasionally, to-night for instance, the future seems somewhat unfaceable."

"Granted that there was no real harm, and that I am narrow-minded, the thing is still unsound throughout, and you know it! Perhaps I am behind the times, but my idea of woman *as she should be* is that duty comes first with her.

I would no more have married one who let me make love to her during her husband's lifetime than I would have married — a native."

"You were never tried," remarked Cartwright shortly, and changed the subject, for his effort to stir Kenwithin from his depression had been successful; and the two men sat on in the moonlight, chatting casually of every-day matters until they parted for the night.

Helen Kenwithin gazed dreamily out over the dazzling glint of the Red Sea from the deck of an outward-bound P. and O. steamer. The six long, weary months of separation were nearly over, and she was returning to her beloved John, somewhat better in health, but with serious injunctions from the foremost heart specialist in London to avoid fatigue and excitement for the future. The deck was absolutely quiet, save for the monotonous vibration of the screw and an occasional flap of the awning in the burning, fitful wind. Helen's white eyelids were slowly drooping, when she was roused by the voice of a Mrs. Trench (her cabin companion), who, fresh from a nap below, was settling herself by Mrs. Kenwithin's side, relentlessly prepared for conversation.

She was an attractive little person of barely five-and-twenty, with sparkling brown eyes and crisp, ruddy hair. She and Mrs. Kenwithin had struck up a certain reserved friendship which neither permitted full play, seeing that it was not likely to be renewed; for, though Mrs. Trench had spent a few years in India, her husband's regiment had lately been moved to Aden, where she was now rejoining him after a summer in England.

"Here are the photographs I wanted to show you," she began, opening a packet in her lap. "They were in that box in the hold, after all. The first officer was angelic; he got it up for me, although it wasn't a baggage day." This with a significant air, which Helen ignored. She, like her husband, had no sympathy with flirtation.

She put out her hand for the photographs (which consisted chiefly of a collection of good-looking subalterns in uniform), glancing casually at each, until one arrested her attention.

"Oh, that's Cecil Cartwright — my husband's cousin. He's in our regiment. Fancy your knowing him! Isn't he nice?"

Mrs. Trench put the portrait back with a hasty, nervous movement. "I used to meet him at Simla," she said shortly.

"Yes, he spent all his leave there the last two or three years. John used to be furious because he wouldn't join shooting expeditions to Tibet or the Terai instead. I believe he means to take furlough next month if he can get it. A nasty time of year to arrive in England. Don't you hate the winter?"

The reply and discussion that followed took them away from the subject of Cecil Cartwright, and Helen thought no more of the incident until the night before they reached Aden, when she was destined to learn why it was that her husband's cousin had spent so much of his leave at Simla.

According to her custom, Helen had gone early to bed, leaving on deck Mrs. Trench, who generally came down long after her cabin companion was asleep. To-night, however, she appeared a full hour before her usual time, and Helen, being still awake, saw with concern that the pretty face was white and quivering, and the large eyes shining with tears.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked involuntarily.

"Oh, did I wake you? I'm sorry. I came down because the moonlight on the water made me so miserable — anything beautiful makes me wretched now"; and sitting down on the edge of her berth, she began to cry hysterically, at the same time undressing with feverish haste.

That was so unlike the usually light-hearted little lady that Helen was alarmed, and went to her side.

"Tell me," she urged sympathetically.

"Mrs. Kenwithin," said the other suddenly, after a pause, "do you love your husband *very* much?"

"He is everything on earth to me!"

"Would you have loved him just the same if he had been a married man when you first met him? Supposing you knew that it was wrong to love him, would that stop you?"

"Oh, *don't!*" cried Helen chokingly. "What do you mean? Don't you care for your husband? Isn't he good to you?"

"He is more than good to me. But he is twenty-five years older than I am, and I married him before I knew anything at all about love. And now, just as you feel about your John I feel about a man who is not my husband. Oh, sometimes I wish I had never seen him! I dread meeting my husband to-morrow. I am always so frightened" — lowering her voice — "so frightened of his guessing ——"

Mrs. Kenwithin's pity drowned her principles.

"Tell me about it; perhaps I can help you," she said, and the kindness and forbearance in her voice drew forth the ugly, commonplace little story of the love (innocent though it was of active wrong) that existed between Daisy Trench and Cecil Cartwright.

"How horrified you look!" was the defiant conclusion. "I suppose it sounds awful to you;

but there was no real harm; and I am the better for loving him — it has done me good."

"Good heavens!" burst out Helen passionately, "are you the better for acting a lie every second of your life to a husband who believes in you and loves you? Is it doing you good to feel in perpetual terror of being found out? You may say you could not help loving Cecil, but you could help fostering the love, and being mean, false, deceitful!"

"Oh," whimpered Mrs. Trench, looking like a child who has accidentally broken something valuable, "I didn't mean to be so wicked."

Then Helen curbed her righteous anger and patiently strove to convince Mrs. Trench of the error of her ways. She pleaded with her, coaxed her, and frightened her by turns until the night was well on.

"Yes, I know, I know," she sobbed at last, in abject penitence. "I must give him up — I must never see him again. Oh, why couldn't God have made me happy and good like you? I am so miserable! And how am I to prevent his stopping at Aden on his way home?"

"Write to him; write now, at once, and meet your husband to-morrow with a clear conscience."

"But I've packed up all my writing things. And I'm such a coward. I should be afraid of the letter going astray and coming back, and then my husband would see it. Such things have happened. A friend of mine told me once ——"

"Let me tell Cecil," interrupted Mrs. Kenwithin; "he will not have started when I get back."

The little woman hesitated, and for a moment Helen feared that the battle would have to be fought afresh.

"Be brave, dear," she said. "I know you will be glad afterward." And finally she gained full permission to pronounce Cecil Cartwright's sentence irrevocably, and was solemnly intrusted with a heart-shaped locket containing his picture and a curl of his hair, and a bunch of faded forget-me-nots in an envelop on which was written, "With Cecil's love," all of which Mrs. Trench tearfully explained she had promised to return only if she wished everything to be over between them.

"'HELEN! HELEN!' HE MOANED"

"But," she insisted, "you are on no account to say that I don't care for him any more — only that I mean to try not to because I know I ought to give him up. And I dare say," she added reluctantly, "it will be a relief in the end."

"I will explain," said Helen soothingly, and then she locked the little packet away among her most private papers.

But Cecil Cartwright never received it from her hands, because, the day after the ship left Aden, Mrs. Kenwithin died suddenly and quietly of failure of the heart, and the husband who had awaited her arrival so impatiently at Bombay was obliged to return to the square, thatched bungalow with only her boxes and personal belongings.

For him there followed days of bitter, aching darkness, during which he did his work mechanically, and wandered about the house and compound like a man in a dream, his wife's luggage piled unopened in her room, and the old ayah lingering disappointedly in the back premises.

Then at last Cartwright interfered, and offered to forgo his leave to England if Kenwithin would accompany him on a shooting tour in Assam. But the Major absolutely refused to take advantage of the other's good nature. So, finally, Cartwright took his furlough and departed, and perhaps his intended stoppage at Aden on his way home had somewhat to do with his arguing the matter no further.

Therefore it was not until long after Cartwright had gone, and the first agony of his utter loneliness was abating, that Kenwithin forced himself to go through his wife's things; and then it was that the little packet intrusted to Helen by Mrs. Trench fell into his hands.

A year later, when the Bombay mail train steamed into the large, echoing, up-country station at its accustomed hour, Cecil Cartwright and his wife were among the passengers who emerged from it.

The regiment had not been moved during Cartwright's furlough, but various changes had taken place, the most important being the retirement of Major Kenwithin. He had sent in his papers some weeks after his wife's death, which, it was generally understood, had changed him completely. Indeed, the few who had seen his haggard face and wild eyes previous to his departure feared that it had also affected his reason, a theory that was strengthened when it became known that he was not retiring to England, like other people, but meant to devote the remainder of his existence to sport in India.

Cartwright had written to his cousin on hearing of his retirement, but, receiving no answer, and being the worst of correspondents, had not done so again until shortly before his return, when he announced his approaching marriage with the widow of Colonel Trench.

"I believe our marrying so soon after her husband's death is considered positively indecent," he wrote; "but I have cared for her for so long. Do you remember my telling you about it the evening you had returned from seeing poor Helen off?"

He had expected an answer to his news to meet him at Bombay, but none was forthcoming, and therefore his surprise and delight were unbounded when, among the usual crowd on the platform, he caught sight of a face which, though altered so as to be hardly recognizable, he knew to be Kenwithin's.

"Great Scott! there's John!" he exclaimed. "Wait for me here a minute, Daisy"; and he shouldered and pushed his way through the moving throng. "John, my dear old man! Did you get my letter? Have you come to meet us? How are you, old chap?"

"Yes," said Kenwithin inertly, "I got your letter, and I came to meet you to ask you a question which you can answer here — *now*."

Cartwright looked anxiously at the altered face, all his ardor damped in a moment. There was evidently something more the matter with Kenwithin than undying grief at the loss of his wife.

"Yes, yes, anything you like, John; only come with us to the hotel; we shall be there until our bungalow is straight. Are you stopping there, or with the regiment?"

"Neither. I wrote to the colonel for the date of your return, and I came by this morning's train. I shall go on by this one when you've told me what I want to know. Get into this carriage — we have only ten minutes more" — and he pushed the other into the empty first-class compartment before which they had been standing.

"But my wife ——"

"Hang your wife! Look here; listen to me! Until I got your last letter I thought that — that — you and Helen ——"

"Helen!"

"Look at that!" and he thrust a crumpled packet into Cartwright's astonished fingers. "Look at your infernal picture! Look at your hair; look at the flowers, 'With Cecil's love.' What does it all mean? Speak, man, explain!"

Cartwright had opened the packet in silence.

"Yes, I can explain," he said calmly. "These things were given to Helen for me by my wife. The two were in the same cabin as far as Aden. Helen persuaded her to give me up; she told me when I saw her at Aden on my way home, and I suppose I ought to have written to you

about it. But I never dreamed — it never even occurred to me that you would think it was Helen for one moment. Why didn't you write and ask me? Good heavens! imagine your suspecting her like that!"

"Stop!" cried Kenwithin hoarsely. "Do you think I don't loathe myself? But it is your fault — yours! You said there was no harm in that cursed intrigue of yours with another man's wife. Well, there was this harm in it, that it has blasted my life — it made me wrong her memory! I could kill you! Get out of the carriage — the train's moving." And before Cartwright could answer he found himself on the platform. The crowd of natives yelled and surged, the hot odor of curry and ghee and black humanity rose around him, and he stood dazed and apprehensive, seeing as through a mist the bright figure of his wife waiting patiently for him by their luggage, while the train sped on through the warm, quivering, afternoon air, carrying a man who sat with his face hidden in his hands, suffering the torture of bitter, hopeless regret.

"Helen! Helen!" he moaned, "forgive! forgive!"

THE TRAIN

BY

RHODA HERO DUNN

I WAKE to feel that rain
Is falling; though no beat
From drops upon the pane
Speaks of it. But so sweet
Have grown the lilac flowers,
I know that drifting showers
Are in my garden bowers.

No sound. Till, clear and plain
As though the dusk would sigh,
The whistle of a train
Brings to me, where I lie,
The old, heart-breaking call
Of distances, and all
Fair fates that elsewhere fall.

Oh, to be in that chain
Of golden-lighted cars!
Through misty field and lane,
Quick stringing lines of stars!
On! Onward! Till the night,
Rimmed by the dawn's first light,
Finds cities, strange and white.

Yet all would be in vain!
Some spring night I should wake
To hear the falling rain;
And then my heart would break
To think that drifting showers
Are sweetening lilac flowers
Here in my garden bowers.

REMINISCENCES OF AN EDITOR

JAMES PAYN—CHARLES READE MRS. OLIPHANT

BY

WILLIAM H. RIDEING

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

ONLY the other day I was amused by a paragraph, the writer of which, searching for a figure to illustrate something dead,—very dead,—satisfied himself with "as dead as yesterday's novel." In the flood of modern fiction, little — minnow or herring — survives, and what is good is often swamped by what is merely new.

Thirty years ago James Payn was one of the "best sellers," as the word goes. His novels reappeared, after the first three-volume edition for the circulating libraries had worn itself out, in cloth at six shillings, and still later in those old-fashioned chromatic picture boards at two shillings or half a crown, which made a gaudy and eye-catching display on every railway book-stall in England.

In every colony and in America they were familiar. One of them, "Lost Sir Massingbird," had an extraordinary vogue, which put him on a footing not far behind that of Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon. It had been issued serially in a weekly, and had gladdened the publisher's heart by doing what every publisher hopes for whenever a manuscript is accepted — hopes for, not with confidence, but with misgivings that experience too often corroborates. It sent the circulation of that periodical up by leaps and bounds, by thousands of copies. The missing baronet eluded the reader ingeniously and provokingly until the author in his dénouement chose to reveal him.

It established Payn commercially in the trade as a money-maker, the only kind of author publishers welcome: it charmed the young Duke of Albany, and frequently thereafter Payn became a guest at Claremont. But he was more than a knitter of plots. He had a fluid and limpid style, akin to that of Mr. Howells, as airily natural, if less subtle, and, instead of the gravity of Wilkie Collins, who was as ponderous as a judge on the bench, he had an abounding and permeating humor which was always peeping out and slyly laughing round the corner. Perhaps he laughed in his sleeve at his own melodrama, though he resented all criticism that imputed a lack of painstaking in his work.

Humor was his strongest point, and it was lambent humor, expressed in happy turns of thought and unexpected inversions, over which one chuckled rather than guffawed, as one does over Stockton's stories.

An example of this humor is an account he gave me of a paper he edited while he was a cadet at Woolwich, ostensibly for his fellow students, but really for his own pleasure in making known those early writings of his which had no chance elsewhere. He had one chum named Raymond who could draw, another named Jones who could write like print, and a third named Barker who had a taste for finance.

Payn provided the literary part, which Raymond illustrated, and Jones made as many copies as were needed. The circulation of the paper was left to Barker, who fixed the price at sixpence a copy. Their schoolfellows did not appreciate the venture, but Barker was the treasurer of the school, and held in trust for the scholars a certain fund out of which he had to give them two shillings weekly for pocket-money. Seeing that they would not buy the paper willingly, he calmly deducted sixpence from each allowance, and gave a copy of the paper to make up for it.

"The 'masses' never know what is good for them," Payn said, in referring to this, "and

our schoolfellows were no exception to the rule; they called Barker a Jew, and, so to speak, 'murmured against Moses.' He was tall and strong, and fought at least half a dozen pitched battles for the maintenance of his objects. I think he persuaded himself, like Charles I., that he was really in the right, and set down their opposition to mere 'impatience of taxation,' but in the end they were one too many for him, and, indeed, much more than one. He fell fighting, no doubt, in the sacred cause of literature, but also for his own sixpences, for we, the workers, never saw one penny of them."

What of "Lost Sir Massingbird" now? At the booksellers' you may ask in vain for it, or for any of the seventy-five or eighty novels he wrote, and the easiest way to find it would be to uproot a dog-eared, brownish, smelly, and bethumbed copy from the shelf of some suburban or provincial library, whose readers, when unable to get the newest novel, quietly and without complaint divert themselves and are happy with forsaken books for which elsewhere there is "no call."*

Payn himself was more interesting than any of his novels, and more of a "character" than any of his fictitious personages, though he was, in his virtues and in his defects, only a typical Englishman of his class — one of those who value above all things what is sensible and what is sincere. Patient and generous with other faults and impositions, he was militant against humbug in every shape, and it was the only thing of which he was suspicious and against which he was bitter. I write of him as a friend and as an admirer, but I fear I must confess that he discredited some things for no better reason than his inability to understand or appreciate them. He discredited every form of the occult, the esoteric, the esthetic, and the mystical. And in that was he not sufficiently like thousands of his countrymen to justify us in speaking of him as a type?

As a publisher's reader he rejected "John Inglesant," and never recanted his opinion of it, though he was hard hit by its immediate acceptance and success through another house. I shrink from saying how many conventional things he did not care for.

Educated at Eton, Woolwich, and Cambridge, he hated Greek and never acquired a foreign language, not even a tourist's French or Italian, as Sir Leslie Stephen has said. Nor is he alone among Englishmen there, if we are candid. I repeat that there are thousands of others like him: Herbert Spencer did not swallow all the classics, ancient or modern, but disparaged Homer, Plato, Dante, Hegel, and Goethe. A smaller man than the philosopher, Payn resembled him in courage and frankness, and probably he did not overestimate the number of people who admire books they do not read and praise pictures they do not understand.

He did not thunder anathemas, like a Lawrence Boythorn, against the things he challenged and opposed. He spoke of them rather with a plaintive amazement at their existence, and protested rather than denounced. At the end of his charge his pale and mild face had the troubled look of one who sees error only to grieve over it. He was never boisterous, though he had a ringing laugh. One day, at the Reform Club, that laugh disturbed a testy member, who said in a voice loud enough to carry, as he meant it should, "That man has a mouth like a gorilla's." Payn heard it, and instantly flung over his shoulder the retort, "Yes, but I never could swallow you."

Those of us who have the dubious blessing of an imagination nearly always anticipate a meeting with the people we have heard of or known only through correspondence, and out of the slenderest material boldly draw imaginary portraits of them which are curiously and fantastically wide of the mark. I remember dining at the House of Commons one night — one of many nights — with that most genial of hosts, Justin M'Carthy, and being introduced to a tall, smiling, hesitating man, who seemed embarrassed by an inexplicable shyness. His smile had a womanly softness. From his appearance it was possible to surmise a sort of amiable ineffectiveness. I gasped and doubted my ears when I caught his name. It was Charles Stewart Parnell. I had always pictured him as stern, immutable, forbidding, dark in coloring and rigid in feature. That was the impression that all his photographs gave, for in his as in all cases photographs do not preserve or convey complexions or the full value of expressions.

It is M'Carthy who tells of a man who, longing to meet Herbert Spencer, sat next to him through a long dinner without recognizing him.

"I thought I was to meet Spencer," he murmured to his host.

"Haven't you met him? This is Herbert Spencer."

This — this quiet man at his elbow, whose diffidence had made conversation impossible!

"Yes, I am Herbert Spencer," the philosopher admitted, in the deprecatory voice of a culprit.

Of course I made a guess at Payn when he

* Since this was written a sixpenny reprint of "Lost Sir Massingbird" has appeared.

invited me to visit him at Folkestone, where, one summer in the early eighties, he was sharing a villa near the Lees with Sir John Robinson, then manager of the *Daily News*, who was one of the most devoted and intimate of his friends. He was by my inference to be a dashing, flaring, sounding, facetious person, on the evidence of a string of humorous stories he had gathered together under the appropriate head of "In High Spirits." I had heard something of his escapades in the days when he was a cadet at Woolwich — of how, stranded in London after a holiday, he had raised the money necessary to take him and a friend back to the Academy by playing the part of a street preacher and passing his hat among the crowd at the end of the service.

After leaving Woolwich he had been to Cambridge with the intention of preparing for the Church — a facile change of course taken without any change of heart or stability of purpose. His natural bent toward literature reasserted its claim, and it was fostered, cautiously and temperately by a friend and neighbor of his father's who lived at Swallowfield, near Maidenhead. This was Mary Russell Mitford, of "Our Village." She objected to his making a profession of it, and recommended it as an avocation, not as a vocation. He lent me a bundle of her letters to him, all written in a microscopic hand, more crabbed than his own became in later life, when it resembled nothing more than the tracks of a fly escaping from an inkpot. I have dozens of letters of his which to this day are partly undeciphered. Not only was Miss Mitford's writing small and angular, but after filling all sides of the sheet with the closest lines, she economized further by running postscripts edgewise all along the margins and even on the flaps of the envelops.

Miss Mitford's advice, by the way, is as good for any literary aspirant now as it was for him when it was given, sixty or seventy years ago, and it was reëchoed long afterward, in verification of her wisdom, by his own words: "There is no pursuit so doubtful, so full of risks, so subject to despondency, so open to despair itself. Oh, my young friend with 'a turn for literature,' think twice or thrice before committing yourself to it, or you may bitterly repent, to find yourself where that 'turn' may take you! The literary calling is an exceptional one, and even at the best you will have trials and troubles of which you dream not, and to which no other calling is exposed."

Through her he made literary acquaintances. She introduced him to Harriet Martineau, and Harriet Martineau in turn introduced him (among others) to De Quincey. At luncheon with De Quincey, he was asked what wine he would take, and he was about to pour out a glass of what looked like port from a decanter near him, when the "opium-eater's" daughter whispered, "Not that." *That* was laudanum, and Payn saw De Quincey himself drink glass after glass of it.

My guess at his appearance before our first meeting proved to be wide of the mark. The door of the cab that met me at the station was opened by one who had all the marks of a scholarly country parson or a schoolmaster — a pale, studious, almost ascetic face, with thin side-whiskers, spectacled eyes, and a quiet, entreating sort of manner. And his clothes were in keeping with the rest — a jacket suit of rough black woolen cloth, topped by a wide-brimmed soft felt clerical hat. His appearance, however, was deceptive. He was neither ascetic nor bookish, and his pallor came from the ill health that even then had settled upon him in the form of gout and deafness. His spirits were invincible. He made light of his sufferings, as, for instance, when, speaking of his deafness, he said that while it shut out some pleasant sounds, it also protected him from many bores. He loved a good story, and had many good stories to tell. It was almost impossible to bring up any subject that he would not discuss with whimsical humor, and his point of view, always original and independent, was untrammeled by any sense of deference to the opinion of the majority.

One day the three of us drove over to Canterbury, and with much persuasion Sir John and I induced him to go with us to the Cathedral. While the verger showed us the sights, and we became absorbed in them, Payn dragged behind. We stood at the foot of the steps worn deep by the pilgrims to Becket's shrine. He was sighing with fatigue and heedless of the verger's reproving eye. Then we heard him whisper, "How I'd like to sit on a tomb and smoke a pipe!"

After the visit to Folkestone I was seldom in London, during the rest of his life, without seeing him, either at his home in Warrington Crescent, with his devoted wife and girls,— one of whom married Mr. Buckle, the editor of the *Times*,— or at his office in Waterloo Place. He was then editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and his room was more like a pleasant study than a place of business. A fire glowed in the grate even on warm days, and in the afternoons the fragrance of tea sometimes mingled with that of tobacco. He lived by the clock. His

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THOMAS DE QUINCEY

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARCHER

JAMES PAYN

From a photograph in the possession of Mr. Rideing

forenoons were given to editorial work; then came luncheon at the Reform Club, and an invariable game of whist—the same players, day after day, year in, year out; another hour or so at the office, and a cab to Warrington Crescent.

One day an unannounced caller who had managed to evade the porter downstairs opened Payn's door. His hair was long, and his clothes were shabby and untidy. He had a roll of papers in his hand. Payn, surmising a poet and an epic several thousand lines long, looked up.

"Well, sir?"

"I've brought you something about Sarcoma and Carcinoma."

"We are overcrowded with poetry — couldn't accept another line, not if it were by Milton."

"Poetry!" the caller flashed. "Do you know anything about Sarcoma and Carcinoma?"

"Italian lovers, aren't they?" said Payn imperturbably.

The caller retreated, with a withering glance at the editor. Under the same roof as the *Cornhill* was the office of a medical and surgical journal, and it was this that the caller sought, for the disposal of a treatise on those cancerous growths with the euphonious names which, with a layman's ignorance, Payn ascribed to poetry. Payn was always playful, but it is not for me to prove his stories, and others will lose rather than gain by insisting on evidence.

HARRIET MARTINEAU
From a photograph

II

The publisher complains, often in a strain of sentiment and pathos, and I have known even a literary agent to say, that the author expects everything and objects to everything. "The only thing that satisfies him is being paid, and, if possible, being paid twice over." Undoubtedly he has become more sordid, or it may be fairer to say more businesslike, under the influence and instruction of the agent, who occasionally finds a once tractable and complaisant client transformed into a Frankenstein.

I like, however, to see the author have his turn, for until recent years he has been the under dog in the struggle for an equitable division of the money his work has produced. The publisher has had the cheese and he the holes—though not always. Tennyson especially, and Thackeray and Dickens knew how to take care of themselves. We smile as we recall Thackeray in his early days making a desperate effort to dissemble his rejoicing at an offer much larger than he expected, and the wiles of Gibbon when he instructed Lord Sheffield as to how that nobleman should negotiate with Nichols, the publisher, in his behalf. His lordship was to speak of the prospective book as if the idea

Courtesy of the Robert Appleton Company

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT
From a photograph taken when she was about twenty years of age

came from himself, "as it is most essential that I be solicited, and do not solicit." "Then," wrote Gibbon, "if he [Nichols] kindles at the thought and eagerly claims my alliance, you [Lord Sheffield] will begin to hesitate. 'I am afraid, Mr. Nichols,' you say, 'that we can hardly persuade my friend to engage in so great a work. Gibbon is old, and rich, and lazy. However, you may make the trial.'"

Was the trick ever played more cannily? Could any salt for a bird's tail have more efficacy? Still, I think that among authors in their business affairs there are and have been more geese than such foxes as Gibbon was in this instance. Why should we wonder if, at the end of a long period of ignorance of or indifference to commercial values, they strain them out of due proportion when they discover them, and lose sight of all else? The corollary is inevitable, and equity in suspense.

All this is a roundabout approach to saying that, in a varied editorial experience of more years than I can acknowledge with equanimity, I met only one author who thought that what we offered him for some of his work was too much, and, strange to relate, that was Charles Reade.

He had then lost his pretty house in Knightsbridge, that "Naboth's Vineyard," as he called it, against the loss of which he had fought with characteristic energy through long years in both the courts and Parliament, and had moved to Shepherd's Bush, a choice that was to me unaccountable and incredible. Of all places in

the world, one wondered, why Shepherd's Bush? And why Blomfield Villas, of all places there? As I sought the house, I thought that I must have made some mistake, and that none of those rows of stucco-fronted, small, vulgar, undistinguished domiciles, detached and semi-detached, in stony, pocket-handkerchief gardens, could possibly contain the great man I was looking for. The neighborhood spoke of city clerks, shopmen, and retired people — not "nice" retired people, half-pay officers and such, but retired plumbers, green-grocers, buttermen, and licensed victualers. Here and there one of them could be seen pottering, shirt-sleeved, in his crowded and heterogeneous garden, with an air of stolid and immitigable British satisfaction, his old briar fondly held between his pursy lips, and the fat of plethoric nourishment oozing on his face, a solid proof that I was astray.

When I came to the number given to me, I hesitated before ringing the bell, I was so confident of the futility of my inquiry, and the reply of the maid who answered the bell — "Yes, this is Mr. Reade's" — had to be repeated before it penetrated me.

Yes, this was Mr. Reade's, and I was shown into a littered and cramped study, corresponding to the drawing-room of the other houses, its shelves loaded with a series of scrap-books bursting with clippings on every subject, from newspaper articles. Occasionally, perhaps, he found inspiration and suggestions in them, for it was a point with him that truth was stranger than fiction,— and in that I might concur, taking Blomfield Villas as an example,— but my impression is that those sallow and bulging archives had their chief use in confounding the critics who ventured to challenge what seemed to be impossibilities in his works.

Was it in "Foul Play," or another story, that a white whale appeared? And did some scribe say that a white whale could not have been in the latitude and longitude given? Down came one of the scrap-books, and down its weight on the head of that critic, leaving him not a breath for rebuttal, or a leg to stand on. Within it was a faded extract from the log of a ship that had reported the phenomenon in the very spot in which Reade had placed it. And I believe that in such an achievement as this he took as much pride as in one of the best chapters of "The Cloister and the Hearth." If he could not demolish them, he loved to confuse those who "called him down," and the scrap-books were his arsenal.

I thought, in the timidity of my inexperience at that period, he meant to demolish me as he burst into the room, seeming to bring with him a gale that rattled the house and all its doors and windows. I had written a chaffing article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, pointing out some amusing errors of his in the American scenes of "The Wandering Heir," or "Singleheart and Doubleface," and for a moment I feared, forgetting that it was unsigned, that my sins were to overtake me there and then. But the tornado was of sound only, the breath of an impulsive and impetuous temperament, which at heart was essentially fine and gentle. Passing, it left in its place a presence that, though dogmatic, was far from disagreeable.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT
From a photograph in the collection of Robert Coster

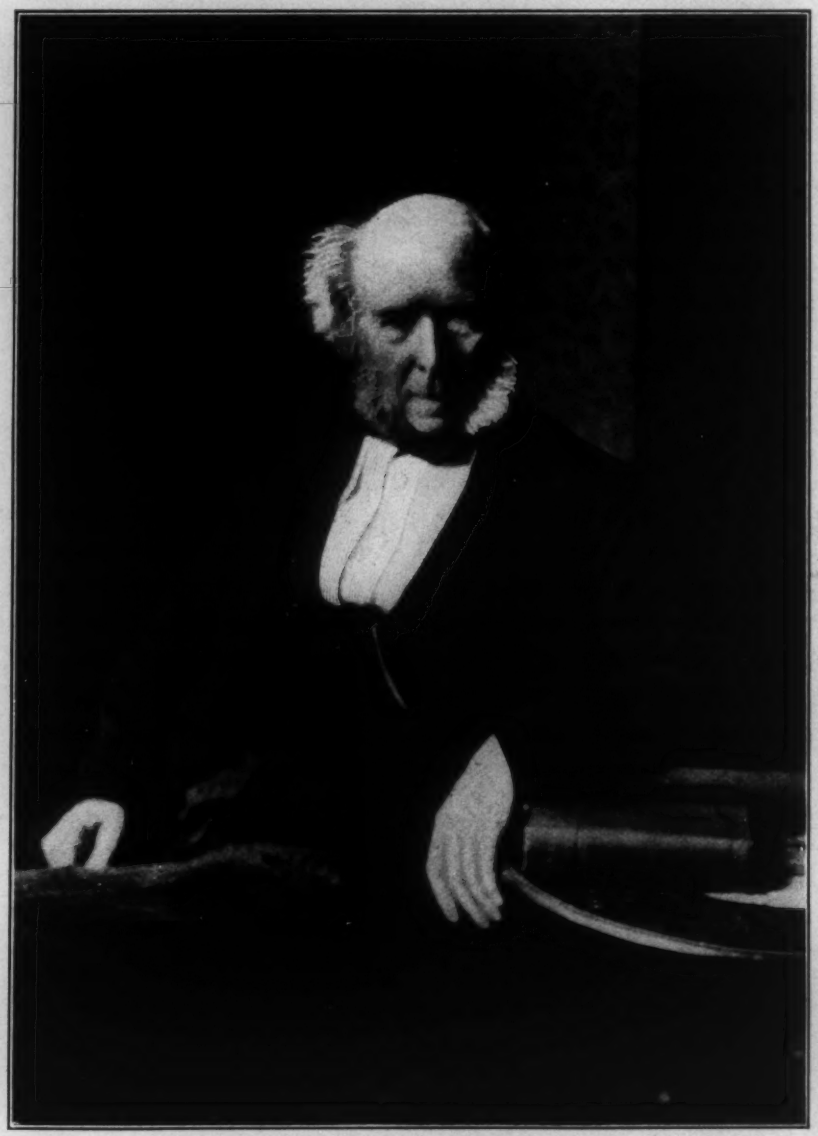
Following that visit to Blomfield Villas, I had a long letter from him which seems to me to be an epitome of the complex variety of his qualities, and in printing it I should explain, in reference to one of its passages, that I had asked him to write a serial story for a juvenile periodical, whose editors think an amorous interest is unwise in view of the age of their readers.

HOTEL SPLENDIDE,
CANNES,
28 Jan'y, '84

DEAR SIR: I beg to thank you for the munificent sum you sent me through Mr. Liston; it was too much for a mere dictated article of which you had not the monopoly; and shall be reconsidered if we do business together.

I must now tell you the real reason of my delaying so long to write to you: Your often repeated wish to have something from my pen, and your liberality, had made me desirous to let you have something good; now I have observed that it is extremely difficult for any author to increase the circulation of an established periodical, and, when it *is* done, fiction is very seldom the happy instrument. However, I have by me, in manuscript, certain true narratives called "Bible Characters," which I think will do a magazine more good than any number of fictions. The subject, of course, is old, but it is as good as new and better; because, up to this date, the treatment of such subjects by French, German, and English writers has been all a mistake, and a truly wonderful one. I cannot in the compass of a letter explain to you the many vital blunders in their treatment: I must confine myself to saying that it is so; and that everybody will see it when my manuscripts are printed.

Well, I must now tell you, under the seal of the most strict and honorable confidence, that I sent to ——— a short preliminary discourse and two Bible characters that pass for small characters only because the divines who have handled them have literally no insight into character whatever. The editor received this instalment of the subject with open arms, but



HERBERT SPENCER

From a copyright photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company

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MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

From a painting by an unknown artist

he has been shelving my fictitious stories, and editing me, making unjustifiable and very silly alterations, so that my text and my English copyrights seem neither of them to be safe in that magazine. I therefore requested him to send me back all my copy *without exception*, and I intended to do you a good turn with the Bible characters, both in your periodical and in book form; and I thought long before this my manuscripts would have come home; but probably my old friends Messrs. ———, the publishers, took alarm, and objected to part with them; at all events, the manuscripts were retained, most charming excuses made, and I was requested to reconsider the matter. I was not, on my part, the least disposed to quarrel, it would have been ungrateful; I therefore gave them the alternative under very stringent conditions — no editing, no interruption,— when once I begin,— and, in short, no nonsense of any kind. Now, if they accept these terms they will have the works, and if they do not they will lose them and find their mistake.

If they let them slip, you can have them if you like; if they retain them I see my way to write you a strong story, but there must be love in it: not illicit love, nor passionate love, but that true affection between the sexes without which it is impossible to interest readers for more than a few pages. Pray consider the subject, thus confined; it cannot be long hidden from the young that there is an innocent and

natural love between the sexes, and, in plain truth, successful fiction is somewhat narrow; love is its turnpike road; you may go off that road into highways, into byeways, and woods, and gather here and there choice flowers of imagination that do not grow at the side of that road; but you must be quick and get back again to your turnpike pretty soon, or you will miss the heart of the reader.

When I return to England and have my books about me, I could write you one good article about men and animals, their friendships, and how the lives of men have been sometimes taken and saved by quadrupeds, fishes, birds, and even reptiles, and could wind up with an exquisite story of how a man's life was once saved by a ladybird; but one such article, with my habits of condensation, would exhaust the whole vein, whereas fiction and biography are unlimited.

Then, as to the remuneration you were kind enough to offer, I do not see how you can afford $— per page. Publishers will pay for their whistle, like other people, and will buy a name for more than it is worth unless it is connected with work that would be valuable without a name. In my view of things, nothing is good that is not durable, and no literary business can be durable if the author takes all the profit. . . .

In spite of bronchitis, and some strange disorder in the intestines, I am fulfilling an engagement to write a serial story in ———, and I hope to finish it in a month, but I do not think I shall ever again undertake to write a story of that length. After all, condensation is a fine thing, and perhaps a story long enough to excite an interest, and paint characters vividly, a story in which there is no conversation, but only dialogue which rapidly advances the progress of the action, is more likely to be immortal than those more expanded themes which betray us into diffuseness.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

From the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

MRS. OLIPHANT

Copyright photograph by H. L. Mendelssohn

Please make allowances in this letter for any defects arising from dictation. I am not yet a good hand at that practice.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES READE.

There we have the man as he was, as he saw himself, and as he revealed himself: knowing better what a periodical wanted than its editors, and more of the Bible than the theologian; level-headed in such axioms as "nothing is good that is not durable"; arrogant as to conditions and fair-minded as to rewards; broad and liberal here, narrow and prejudiced there; sound in business; direct in method; and, above all, imperious and confidently omniscient.

Payn also had his joke at the exclusion of sexual love and the supernatural from a story

he attempted for the same periodical. "Never," he wrote, "since the Israelite was requested to make bricks without straw by his Egyptian master, was employee so put to it. I am bound to say that, though amply remunerated, that story" (his own) "did not turn out a success. Think of Hamlet with not only the prince left out but also the ghost! My position seems to be similar to that of woman in conversation. Almost everything that is really interesting is tabooed to her."

Our women contributors never found any difficulty in or objection to the restriction, nor did the interest of their work suffer from it: Mrs. Macquoid, the author of "Patty," whom I used to see at her old house in the King's Road, Chelsea, where she lived for many years; Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, frisky as a girl at eighty; Louisa M. Alcott, retired at Concord, and Mrs. Oliphant in her lodgings in Ebury Street or at Windsor or Wimbledon. *They* never murmured against Moses, or complained that they were asked to make bricks without straw, because passion and superstition were eschewed.

Mrs. Oliphant gave us some of her best work, and that, as I appraise it, came very near to the best of any woman novelist in English literature. The little it lacked in the measure of perfection could be charged to the harassing conditions of pressure and distraction under which it was produced. Her characters were never wraiths or puppets, or like the stamped patterns on wall-papers: they lived for us; we saw them back and front, within and without, through their bodies to their souls; and when they died they filled us with such a sense of desolation and of echoing void in the house of mourning as we received from that vivid scene of death in her "Country Gentleman." The wolf howled at her door, while her children clung to her skirts like the daughters of the horse-leech, crying, "Give, give." Much of her writing was done late at night. She told me that this had become a habit with her since her children's infancy, when it was necessary to have them in bed before she took up her pen, and it persisted after they grew up. A glass of sherry sustained her in it.

THE LIGHTED LAMP

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

IT was so great a light you held,
And yet you did not know.
I caught my breath for fear of it,—
You swung it to and fro.

If you had lost it, all the world
Could not have given it back.
You went unconscious as a rose,
With power that emperors lack.

A little laugh might blow it out;
The sacred oil might spill;
A step might shatter it, yet you looked
With eyes as calm and still

As one who had no secret gold,
No treasure under key,
Though what was yours would be, if lost,
Lost irredeemably.
And I, who read this in your face,
Prayed God it might not be.

IN VAUDEVILLE

BY

HELEN GREEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GLACKENS

"YOU never turned down the McGuffeys Three before," argued a lean young man from the top step of the theatrical boarding-house in East Fourteenth Street. "This here place was allus open to vodeveel teams. Ain't you got jest one room left, Mis' de Shine?"

The buxom landlady shook her tightly curled blond "front" and gazed sternly at the pleading faces of the McGuffeys Three.

"In this age yuh gotta progress or be set down fur a dead one," said she. "Pers'nally, I got nothing against the vodeveel purfession. But I'm raisin' my standard, an' in future only players in the legit — man'gers an' act's what's lifted 'emselves above the ord'nary level — will be took. Meanin' no offense to nobuddy present, Mista McGuffey, fur I do not."

"Bill, don't stick there to be insulted," put in Clara McGuffey excitedly. "I remember the time when she was darn glad to git us. Come on away."

"I hope you don't regret it," remarked Clara's brother Harry threateningly, "but you'll git yours yet!"

"They ain't no call fur hard langwitch," replied Mrs. de Shine haughtily. "A party has a right to add more tong to their own joint, I b'lieve; an' I'm doin' it."

She shut the door upon them and retired to a rocker in the parlor. Her meditations were interrupted by loud voices.

"Whatever is a-comin' off out here?" she exclaimed, advancing into the hall.

The North Platte Quartette, composed of four men in garments of exaggerated cut, set off by rakish hats and scarfs of gay hues, were quarreling violently with a blue-uniformed and brass-buttoned youth.

"They say they won't be put out, an' I can't make 'em!" shouted the page, fleeing toward Mrs. de Shine.

"What's the ideer of havin' a kid dressed up like a comedy act an' tellin' us to beat it?" demanded Mr. White, first tenor of the North Plattes.

"He's lucky we didn't tear all them buttons off," observed the stout baritone.

"Mebbe we will yet," rumbled the basso.

"Will I run to the corner fur a cop, mum?" the page shrilled tremblingly.

"No, Vernon; I kin handle 'em," said the landlady. "The ideer is, ge'lmun, that a raise from seving to twelve bucks a week fur each puhson has been made, an' the payin' guests gave the refusal of them terms. Yuh said nothin' doin', wherefur I gotta have yer rooms. The Garibaldi Dramatic Comp'ny is due on a late train, an' they're the kinda people what expects their apartmunts to be swep' up and made ready on time."

"'A PARTY HAS A RIGHT TO ADD MORE TONG TO THEIR OWN JOINT'"

"He said I was a impident puppy," complained the page. "Well, he's a big stiff, he is!"

"Why don't somebody give the brat a kick?" asked the second tenor.

"'Cause they betta not, that's why," responded Mrs. de Shine. "Four growed men jumpin' on a little boy like yuh done is small credit to yuh. An' now I want yuh to kin'ly be on yer way."

The Quartette became humble and promised to conduct themselves quietly and to refrain from assaulting Vernon if Mrs. de Shine would only let them keep their rooms.

"We're willin' to pay twelve. Kin a guy say fairer?" begged Mr. White.

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THE NORTH PLATTE QUARTETTE

"Ge'lmun, I gotta decline," said the landlady firmly. "The Garibaldi Comp'ny, comprisin' nine purformers, has hired them accommodations; an' I'm not the woming to lay down on my word."

The Quartette mournfully packed their effects and left. A "single singing turn" of the feminine gender was ousted as summarily as the North Plattes.

"As I'm to be the same as throwed into the street," said the angry artiste, "all I have to remark is that, if your old Garibaldis are so particular, maybe they'll insist on havin' clean curtains oftener than every six months. The trouble with me was, I'm too easy, an' I'm sufferin' for it."

"I bid yuh a p'lite farewell, maddim," retorted the landlady. "Ef yuh didn't like it, I'm s'prised at yuh bein' so sore when ast to leave."

"I'm only weedin' out the undesirables," she explained to the remaining boarders at dinner. "Them now in the house is welcome to remain. Beginnin' to-morra, I'll have finger-bowls an' three extry courses, with fish an' meat both to each party. It's expensive, but yuh kinnot give the rull genteel finish without payin' high fur it. The Garibaldis is sutten to tell their frien's about me. I was knowed by the hull vodeveel purfession in no time, an' I oughta git there jest as rapid with the legits."

"I never heard of this troupe," observed Birdie de Wallop, of The De Wallops, the celebrated European acrobats.

"While I myself ain't met none of 'em," said the landlady, "I had a lovely letter from Giovanni Garibaldi, an' I cud feel a sympathy with him at onct."

"Them wops are allus shootin' the bunk," observed Johnny Trippit, world's champion buck dancer.

"Yuh oughta be ashamed to be showin' jealousy of a ge'lmun placed above yuh in stage life, Mista Trippit," rebuked the landlady. "I bettcha he wudn't knock yuh."

"He won't if he's a wise guy," remarked Trippit ominously. "No legit that ever got hissed kin gimme any guff."

"I s'pose the ladies will consider themselves superior to us," said Mrs. Spangle, of the Balancing Spangles, whose billing is "Queen and King of the Slack Wire."

"Don't notice 'em," advised Mr. Spangle. "Let them seek the introduction. We won't. Gimme the putatas."

"Ef the Garibaldi Comp'ny's to be received in sech a hateful spirut, I'll simply set 'em at a special table," said Mrs. de Shine, "an' I serve notice to all present that they'll eat when the comp'ny's through, too. Or else treat 'em respectful."

A mutinous muttering followed. Vaudeville was plotting war against the legitimate.

"'I'M TOO EASY, AN' I'M SUFFERIN' FOR IT'"

It was midnight when a loud ring called the landlady to the front door.

"This Meesa de Shine? Me, I am Garibaldi," began a pleasant-voiced Italian. "My peop' they are delay bicos that so beega fool rail-away he maka beega mistak'. You giva me key, an' I breenga my peop' back; mebbe two, mebbe t'ree 'clock biffor I do thees. Yes, ma'am."

"Ain't that dretful?" cried the landlady. "Now, listen. I'll show yuh the rooms, an' here's a key. Them railroads is so irritatin'. When I was in the business myself our show was allus bein' late or sumpin'. This way."

Signor Garibaldi bowed impressively after he had viewed the quarters for his company. With his hand on his heart, he said that they were almost too good.

"Yuh folks must feel yuhselves right to home," said Mrs. de Shine graciously. "Yuh got the run of the entire house, an' my hull desire is to make my payin' guests comfortable."

The regular boarders went to breakfast in a compact body, determined not to give way an inch before the Garibaldis.

"They ain't et yet?" queried Trippit, anxiously eyeing nine vacant spaces.

"No," replied the landlady, "but they're prob'ly in a exhausted state, fur they got in so late an'— here they come."

The vaudevillians, maintaining a dignified silence, looked in another direction. They were startled by a wild scream from Mrs. de Shine.

"Help! Oh, Mista Garibaldi! What's that behind yuh?" she shouted.

The boarders sprang to their feet, staring.

"'HE WON'T IF HE'S A WISE GUY!'"

Johnny Trippit grasped a pickle-bottle. The Spangles got behind the table as Birdie de Wallop disappeared beneath it. George and Wilbur Dooley — known as the Daring Dooleys, Emperors of the Hoop Rolling Art — dashed for the kitchen door, departing thence to the seclusion of the back yard.

"I no understanda thees beega fuss," said Garibaldi. "Signori an' signoras, here ees Pietro, Alessandro, Catalina, Giuseppina, Giuseppe, an' t'ree bambini — the Garibaldi Companee. I thanka you — why they run away, pleesa, ma'am?"

"Take 'em outa my house this instant, or I'll holler fur the police!" shrieked the landlady. "Mista Trippit, are yuh a man or a mouse, that yuh don't aid a woming in distress?"

"Gee, I dunno how to go at 'em," protested the buck dancer weakly. "They're outer my line."

"Pietro, Alessandro, pleesa to taka your seat," said Garibaldi, addressing two of the company, who paused just inside the door. "Theesa peop' maka me seek."

"They — they kinnot," quavered the landlady. "It's agin the rules! They gotta be took out immejut!"

"'Scusa me," said Garibaldi mildly, as he seated his entourage. "I hava your let', signora. Board for me an' my troupe. Eet's contract — same as t'eatrical."

"And we was bawled out on account of such as them," said Birdie de Wallop, whose reappearance was heralded by a thump of her head against the table-top. "As for me, I certainly won't take my meals with that bunch."

Garibaldi's company, careless of the feelings of others, reached eagerly for various dishes. Giuseppina, in her haste, upset the fried eggs. Mrs. de Shine put her hands to her eyes and burst into hysterical sobs.

"I take back my letter!" she wailed. "No court'd hold me."

"'Scusa me once more," said Garibaldi. "So say a signora een Peetsaburg. Yet she have to feeda my peop'."

Hunger had driven the Spangles back to their chairs.

"Here, don't you shove my plate, you wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Spangle indignantly, as Pietro appropriated a slice of bread that she had daintily broken.

"The whole outfit's got the manners of hawgs," said Mr. Spangle.

Pietro, entirely unmoved by this candid comment, drew Mrs. Spangle's cup across the table and noisily drank her coffee.

"Oh, this is unbearable!" she shrilled. "Let me out!"

Alessandro, quite forgetting himself, leaped nimbly upon the table.

"Cussed if I'll stay in a house with these monks!" said Trippit vigorously. "It's expectin' too much of a feller!"

"You calla my peop' the monk?" reproached Garibaldi. "'Scusa me, sare! Chimpanzee—vary different theeng. My companee are educate. They lady an' gentlemans."

The younger members of the company glared at the empty dishes and chattered agitatedly.

"Whatever they are, we ain't sank low enough to associate with 'em," said Mrs. Spangle tearfully, addressing Mrs. de Shine, "an' you can just git summon else fur our room."

Pietro, who was clad in a suit of blue-and-white checks, seized his red waistcoat at the waist-line, flapping it up and down, while he uttered alarmed cries. The bambini emitted plaintive wails. Alessandro, throwing off his little jacket, put up his fists in boxing attitude and darted upon Mr. Trippit.

"ALESSANDRO LEAPED NIMBLY UPON THE TABLE"

The boarders, led by Birdie de Wallop, fled past Garibaldi and his talented simians and broke for the upper stories. Mrs. de Shine, quite overcome, staggered after them, leaving the Garibaldis in possession. She joined the conference which was held in the room of the Balancing Spangles.

"I b'lieve he kin make that letter stick," said Mr. Spangle thoughtfully. "Now, leavin' out how we all feel, here's what you might do. Make 'em eat in their own rooms—see? And charge 'em extry for service!"

Mrs. de Shine, considerably calmed, descended to the kitchen, where the Garibaldis were ransacking cupboards and ice-box, and ordered their manager to stand forth.

"But allaways my peop' stay in the eye publica," remonstrated Garibaldi. "That ees gooda advertise, signora."

"Mista Garibaldi, I'm only a delikit female, an' none too strong, even ef I do look so hearty," began Mrs. de Shine; "but I'm boss here, an' either them animals remains quiet an' decent in the third floor back an' seckind floor front, or out yuh go, letter or not. That's all."

Garibaldi reflected briefly. A suitable lodging for select chimpanzees is difficult to find. He bowed agreement.

"But no one shall see," he said gloomily. "Beega peety, signora. My peop' they maka you famous—beega crowd all the time come to look."

Mrs. de Shine smiled coldly.

Three rooms had been allotted to the company. Pietro and Giuseppe were placed in one; Giuseppina, Catalina, and the "bambini" in a second; Garibaldi occupied a third, with the talented Alessandro. Meals were conveyed to them by Vernon, the page.

The vaudevillians in adjacent rooms complained bitterly, for the chimpanzees fought incessantly, smashing chairs and mirrors, and generally disturbing the hours dedicated to slumber. Pietro's group amused themselves by hanging from a window that looked upon the street.

"Oh, ef this week is ever done, it's all I ast!" exclaimed the landlady to a visitor, Tuesday. "He's paid fur bustin' the furniture, but it ain't his money I want."

The caller's vaudeville name was "Princess Lalla," exponent of the languorous dances of the Orient. The Princess was not lacking in intelligence.

"Law, it'd be a cinch to get rid of 'em," said she, with a smile. "Put me next door for to-night. I'll show you how to do it."

Mrs. de Shine moved Birdie de Wallop to the fourth floor, and installed the Princess Lalla within ear-shot of Signor Garibaldi's company.

Late the following afternoon Garibaldi sought Mrs. de Shine. He was pale and greatly upset.

"Lasta night my poor Pietro he hear a beega noise; scare heem so he riffuse to do hees treek at mat'née to-day," he complained. "Beega

"GARIBALDI AND HIS BURDEN TUMBLED AFTER THEM"

hees! Lika snake, signora. What you theenk theesa can be?"

"I rully got no ideer," answered the landlady. "Also, I suttenly ain't int'rusted in no monkeys."

Garibaldi sighed, gazed at her sadly, and plodded up to his company.

Princess Lalla entered her temporary abode at six o'clock. Ten minutes later dinner was served to the Garibaldi company in Pietro's room, with Garibaldi present to keep order.

"Leave the door open a foot when you're handin' it in," directed the Princess.

Vernon nodded and rapped. Pietro admitted him with joyful cries.

Something long and smooth and blotchy brown undulated between Vernon's legs. It emitted a dreadful hiss as it darted into the room. Pietro dropped the tray. Catalina bounded, by way of a wash-stand, to the top of the wardrobe. Alessandro flung himself upon Garibaldi, who roared:

"Assassinato! Help! Eet ees a snake!"

"Oh, mercy! Clarence is loose!" called Princess Lalla from the hall. "Don't be scared. He can't bite!"

Garibaldi did not stop to argue. Catalina leaped from the wardrobe to her master's shoulders. Pietro, chattering, scrambled to

his back. Alessandro and Giuseppina and Giuseppe caught up the baby chimpanzees and galloped madly over Vernon. Garibaldi and his burden tumbled after them.

Birdie de Wallop kindly held open the front door. As it closed upon the Garibaldi Company, Princess Lalla poked her trained boa constrictor with one foot, saying sharply:

"Clar-ence! That's enough! You won't get none them for supper. C'mere to me!"

With Clarence gracefully twined about her, the Princess joined the boarders, who were massed in the hall below.

"Oh, how kin mere words thank yuh, dearie?" ejaculated Mrs. de Shine.

"It was a real pleasure," said the Princess lightly.

Vernon, the page, approached.

"The McGuffeys Three are here again, mum, astin' is they anything vacant," said he.

"Bring 'em in quick," ordered the landlady happily, "fur the Garibaldi Dramatic Comp'ny has jest gave up their rooms!"

DEPARTURE

BY

CAMILLA L. KENYON

O LITTLE house, so plain and bare,
My slow feet linger on your stair
For the last time. I shall no more
Come hither. When I close the door
Upon you now, I shall be through
With all the dear, sad past, and you.

Dear house! And yet, I did not guess
Before there was this tenderness
Hid in a heart that often swelled
With angry yearning, and rebelled
At your low walls, the humble guise
You wore to careless stranger eyes.
I chafed so at the meager ways,
The narrow cares, the fretted days,
The life you were the shell of; yet
Now, for your sake, my cheeks are wet.

Oh, wild dark sea of change and chance!
Oh, varying winds of circumstance!
How kind, how sure, this haven seems,
How dear the past — its hopes, its dreams,
The old, old love, the toil, the care.
Forth to the future now I fare,
Yet still with backward gaze that clings
To the old, worn, familiar things;

With backward gaze that seems to see,
Bidding their still farewell to me,
Dim shapes, whose wistful eyes entreat
Remembrance. Ah, unechoing feet,
Ah, unheard voices, sad and kind,
These too, these too, I leave behind!
Here, with the old dead years, alone
I have you safe — you are mine own.

Farewell; my hand has left the door
That opens to me now no more.

FINDING A LIFE WORK

BY

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

IN those colleges where the choice of a course is left to the student, it is always interesting to inquire into the motives that guide the preference. Of the hundreds who flock to a course in history, or economics, or chemistry, or literature, certainly there are many who know that they have chosen the course that they need and the one that will be most profitable for their inner development. But there are others, and those others are far too many. Some students select a course because their friends are taking it, others because they have heard that it is a "soft snap." Sometimes a course is chosen because the lecturer is well known for his witty remarks, sometimes because the lecture hour conflicts least with the training for athletics, and again because the lecture room is conveniently located downstairs or because the books needed for the course are small enough to be carried in the pocket.

On the whole, this situation also pictures the methods by which the American youth chooses his life work. The overwhelming majority must enter upon a bread-winning life when the graded school has been passed. Here also a large number certainly have an aim and a goal, and with firm step they enter the chosen path. But a discouraging number of boys and girls are drifting here and there from haphazard motives and most trivial causes. The hasty advice of an incompetent friend, a chance advertisement, a superficial liking for some surface features of a calling without any knowledge of its real duties, a vague, illusory idea as to the great financial rewards of a line of work, push a boy in this or that direction. Not having been trained for any definite thing, and having neither a conscious preference nor sufficient knowledge of the social world with its openings and its opportunities, he is glad to slip in anywhere.

All this repeats itself, not very differently though on a somewhat higher level, with that smaller part of the population that has passed through the high schools. To be sure, those four additional years have given to many a boy a wholesome opportunity to find himself and to discover his aptitudes and interests. But, if we watch the further development, we witness the depressing sight of the same haphazard selection of a practical career, the same ignorance, the same valuation of petty circumstances, the same drifting. The most important step in life is often taken with hardly more deliberation than many of those boys would use in selecting a new suit of clothes.

The Reckless Choosing of Careers in America

The student who recklessly chooses his lecture course in college may lose the highest gain, but the result will not be serious harm. Every course is planned so as to give him something of value. But an unsuitable life course may result in real harm — yes, in failure and wreck. Surely the divorce mills of the country have enough to do; but the cases in which a man is divorced from his profession, or at least ought to be divorced from it if his life is not to be misery to him, are even more numerous. Yet, the cases of failure are not the only ones that count against the present system. From the national point of view, the absurd wastefulness condemns this reckless scheme no less. The boy who drives a butcher's cart, then becomes call boy in a hotel, afterward goes to work in a factory, and a few weeks later tries the next chance job that offers itself, loses the great advantage of systematic training for a definite task.

No one can deny that this careless shifting and unprepared entrance upon a life career is dangerously favored by certain conditions of American life. Politics and the whole social structure of the country have always encouraged the view that everybody is fit for everything. The traditional disrespect for the expert, the old-fashioned spoils system, the tendency of democracy to put the technical government of towns into the hands of untrained men, have too long reinforced the impression that nothing but the possession of intelligence and energy are necessary to fill any place. The absence of social barriers and the predomi-

nance of the money influence, the lack of discipline and authority in the education of the youth, and, perhaps strongest of all, the natural wealth of the nation, work in the same direction. The country could afford the limitless waste of human energies, just as it felt justified in wasting the timber resources of the forests.

But in recent years all this has changed. The more complex conditions of modern life, the progress of science and economics, of sanitation and education, have gradually taught the country a new respect for the services of the expert; the devastating spoils system has had to yield, and the national conscience has forcefully awaked in its protest against the waste of the national resources. This new spirit has at last started a growing conviction among thinking people that something must be done for the youth who seeks a vocation.

Shall the School Develop Children into Little Specialists?

To many the most natural way would seem to be in a reorganization of the schools. Indeed, it has often been proposed to give to the child a greater chance for specialization, even in the lower schools. In this way the school might develop little specialists who would be better prepared than others for certain lines of work, and who would be more successful through such early training. Moreover, the school would have opportunity to adjust such early specialization to the gifts and predominant interests of the individual boy or girl. But a more thorough study of the functions of the public school sounds a decided warning against this tendency. Dangers lurk there on all sides. The safety of the nation demands a real common ground for the whole population, a common education in the fundamentals of the national life. The more years the youth of the country can devote to a general education, the more wholesome will be the state of society and the stronger the inner life of the individual. The school must give to everybody that which binds us all in a common social intercourse, in an understanding of the public life and of nature. The school would be hampered in this its highest mission if its program were encroached upon by the demands of personal calling.

But the dangers of a pseudo-professional work in the schools would result no less from the intrusion of an element of personal whim and fancy. The child would follow his personal liking at a time when he needs to learn nothing so much as to overcome his mere likes and dislikes. In the years that should be devoted to the learning of the highest task, to doing one's duty, the boys and girls would be encouraged in the ruinous habit of following the path of least resistance. The vocational aspect ought to be excluded absolutely from the public schools. Even subjects like manual training, which may become most useful for certain practical callings, in the school-room ought to be kept in the position of a formal discipline. The boy should learn in his manual training lesson that power of accuracy and observation, of attention and energy, that will be helpful to him in every walk of life; he should not learn carpentry there in order to become a carpenter. Truly, they are the youth's best friends who insist that this principle ought to hold even up to the higher stages of school life. There may be allowed more elasticity in the high school, and still more in the college work; but even these will ultimately be the more helpful the freer they are kept from professional aspects. Only when the schools have poured out their floods must the stream be guided into safe channels.

The Advantages and Dangers of the Vocational School

In the institution of vocational schools a most important step forward has been taken. Industrial education and trade schools have at last won the interest of progressive countries. By means of these perhaps more than by anything else, modern Germany has made its rapid strides forward. The boy of fourteen who cannot afford to prolong his general education cannot do better than to get thorough instruction in a specialized line. The advantage of these vocational schools would have to be acknowledged without reservation if we did not face one serious danger. The school is excellent for the boy who would otherwise spend his time in a desultory bread-winning activity; but such a school is harmful if it draws the boy away from a further pursuit of liberal education. It would be most regrettable if the industrial schools should contribute still more to the growing depletion of the high schools. The vocational school is the desirable solution for those who cannot afford the higher school, but it is undesirable for those who, for practical reasons, prefer it to a further liberal training. Yet, if this danger is kept sufficiently in view, the blessing of the vocational school for the youth who is seeking a life work must be most heartily acknowledged.

Similar in importance is the establishment of vocation bureaus, a movement that was started by the late Professor Parsons in Boston, a true benefactor to the community, and that has been taken up in various other places. It

represents an innovation of unlimited possibilities. Parsons' posthumous work on the choice of a vocation outlines his plans and suggests vividly the manifold cases that have been helped by the work of the vocation bureau. He recognized clearly that the need for guidance is at no time in life more essential than in the transition from school to work. He saw that inefficiency and change of vocation, with all the waste and cost involved, "are largely due to the haphazard way in which young men and women drift into employments, with little or no regard to adaptability, and without adequate preparation or any definite aim or well-considered plan to insure success."

How the Vocation Bureau Guides Boys and Girls to a Career

The effort of the vocation bureau is to remedy these conditions through expert counsel and guidance. The immediate means consist, first, in furnishing the young people with a knowledge of the requirements and conditions of success, the compensations, opportunities, and prospects in different lines of work; second, in guiding the candidate to a clear understanding of his own aptitudes, abilities, interests, resources, and limitations. Moreover, the officers of the vocation bureau must act as true counselors, reasoning patiently with the boy or girl on the practical relations between their personal qualities and those objective conditions of the social fabric. Thus the goal of the bureau is to find for every one the occupation that is in fullest harmony with his nature and his ambitions and that will secure for him the greatest possible permanent interest and economic value. No doubt much depends upon the wisdom and judgment, the sympathy and insight, of the counselor; and not every manager of such an institute will equal, in that respect, the founder of the first vocation bureau. Certainly, for such a task, thorough preparation is needed, and the equipment of a pioneer school for the training of vocational counselors was, therefore, necessarily the next step.

The gathering of objective data that are needed to furnish all possible information has been most successfully started, and the little guide-book already contains unusually rich material regarding the conditions of efficiency and success in different industries; a classification of industries; a most suggestive list of ways of earning money that are open to women at home and away from home, indoors and out of doors, skilled and unskilled. The bureau has also prepared schedules showing the earnings for each industry, the average wage, sex, and nativity of persons engaged in various occupations, the movement of demand in about two hundred vocations during the last decades, and many similar facts that would furnish the background for the discussion of any industrial case. All this becomes significant when applied to the personal qualifications of the candidate.

The Average Man Incapable of True Self-Analysis

The methods employed to determine these individual facts are, so far, of a more tentative character. Here, decidedly, discussion is still open. And this is the point at which the interest of the experimental psychologist is attracted, and it appears his duty to take part in the discussion. The emphasis of the inquiry lies, as yet, on a self-analysis and on the impression of the counselor. In order to get the fullest possible self-analysis, the candidate is asked to answer, in writing, a large number of questions that refer to his habits and his emotions, his likings and his ambitions, his characteristics and his resources, his experiences and his capacities. It seems in a high degree doubtful whether the results obtained by this method really throw a clear light on those mental factors that the counselor needs for his advice. Such self-analysis is very difficult and, above all, very easily misleading. The average man knows his mental functions as little as he knows the muscles that he uses in walking or speaking. For instance, the boy is asked questions like the following:

Compare yourself as to courage with others of your age.
Is your attitude toward employers cordial and sympathetic or not?
If you could have your every wish fulfilled, what would be your first half dozen wishes?
What sort of people do you prefer to live with?
Mention the limitations and defects in yourself.
Do you cultivate smiles and laughter by right methods?
Do you take care to pronounce your words clearly?
Do you look people frankly in the eye?
Are you a good listener?
Are you thoughtful of the comfort of others?
Can you manage people well?
Are you planning to form further friendships?
Do you talk a good deal about yourself?
Are your inflections natural and cheery?

Such questions, representative of the most varied fields of inquiry, may yield bits of suggestion as to character in some cases, but they may, no less frequently, be answered misleadingly. To estimate the value of his replies we should have to know the boy thoroughly; yet we seek those replies in order to get that thorough knowledge. Hence we move in a circle without advancing. If we desire a careful, exact analysis of mental functions, we must

not forget that the last decades have brought the science of the mind to a point where such an analysis can be performed by means of an exact experimental science. The modern psychological laboratory disentangles the mental functions with a subtlety that surpasses the mere self-observation of practical life as much as the search with the microscope surpasses the viewing of objects with the naked eye.

Discovering a Man's True Calling by Psychological Experiment

It is true that the modern psychological laboratory has been interested primarily in the finding of general laws for the mental life. But in recent years the attention of experimental psychologists has turned more and more to the study of individual differences and to the development of methods designed to bring these differences to the clearest perception. We now realize that questions as to the mental capacities and functions and powers of an individual can no longer be trusted to impressionistic replies. If we are to have reliable answers, we must make use of the available resources of the psychological laboratory. These resources emancipate us from the illusions and emotions of the self-observer. The well-arranged experiment measures the mental states with the same exactness with which the chemical or physical examination of the physician studies the organism of the individual.

Of course, the psychological experiment does not enter into such complicated questions as those quoted. It turns to the elements of mental life. And just here lies its strength. As the organs of man are merely combinations of cells and tissues, so his mental personality is a complex combination of elementary states. If we know the simple parts, we can calculate beforehand the fundamental direction of the development. On the other hand, we can analyze every calling and vocation in order to find there, too, the essential elements and fundamental features. We can determine which particular mental activities are needed for special lines of life work, and can then compare these demands with the table of results from an experimental analysis of the special mind. Only the application of experimental tests can give to the advisory work that subtle adjustment by which discrimination between similar tasks becomes possible.

To give an illustration, there are mills in which everything depends on the ability of the workingman to watch, at the same time, a large number of moving shuttles, and to react quickly on a disturbance in any one. The most industrious workman will be unsuccessful at such work if his attention is of the type that prevents him from such expansion of mental watchfulness. The same man might be most excellent as a worker in the next mill, where the work demanded was dependent upon strong concentration of attention on one point. There he would surpass his competitors just because he lacked expanded attention and had the focusing type. The young man with an inclination to mill work does not know these differences, and his mere self-observation would never tell him whether his attention was of the expansive or of the concentrated type.

The psychological laboratory can test these individual differences of attention by a few careful experiments. The psychologist, therefore, is in a position to advise the youth at which type of factory to apply for work and which to avoid. Under present methods all would be largely a matter of chance. The man with the focusing attention might seek work in the mill where distributed attention is needed, and would feel sure that his industry and good will were sufficient to make him successful in his work. And yet the result would be disappointment and failure. Discouragement would ensue. He would soon lose his place, and drift on. The psychologist would have turned him in the right direction. The laboratory would have reproduced the essential characteristics of those various machines, and would have measured, perhaps in thousandth parts of a second, the rapidity, and in millimeters the accuracy, with which the reacting movements were performed at the various types of apparatus. These differences of attention are most important in various callings; and yet, the layman is inclined to discriminate only between good and bad attention. He is not aware that there exist a large variety of types of attention, each of which may be favorable for certain life works and very unfavorable for others.

The Psychological Test of a Good Stenographer

To be sure, all such laboratory tests presuppose a real knowledge and careful analysis of the work to be performed. Dilettantism here would easily lead into blind alleys. I remember a case where the Boston Vocation Bureau asked me to examine the auditory reaction time of a young man who wanted to become a stenographer. The examination was to determine whether his response to sound was quicker or slower than the average. If it were slower, he was to be warned against the career of a shorthand-writer.

I refused to undertake the test, because I considered that the conclusion would be mis-

leading. Even if the boy reacted slowly, so that the first word that he heard were written down by him possibly a fifth of a second later than his competitor wrote it, would that really show him to be less efficient? If both were to write from dictation for a whole hour, the boy with the slower reaction time would still, at the end of the hour, be just a fifth of a second behind the other, which, of course, would be of no consequence. The quickness of the other man's sound reaction would not make it at all certain that he would hold out with his shorthand-writing as long as the slower man. In the imagination of the counselor, it appeared that the delay of a fifth of a second on the first word would bring an additional delay on the next word, and that the time lost would in this way accumulate. What really needed to be examined was the rapidity of successive action and the retention in memory of the spoken words.

This problem of retention, too, demands very subtle inquiry. The future stenographer knows that he needs a good memory, but to him the word "memory" covers mental functions that the psychologist must carefully separate. The young man confidently asserts that he has a good memory for words, because after a long interval he remembers what he has learned. Yet, that is an aspect of memory that is of no consequence for his shorthand work. The memory he needs is that of immediate retention. Experimental analyses demonstrate that this retention and the later remembering are two quite independent functions. For instance, the child has strong power of remembering, but small power of retention, while in the adult the power of retention surpasses that of remembering. The child must hear a number of words or figures more often than the adult before he can repeat them correctly. But, once the adult and the child have learned those figures, the chances are that the child will remember them after a longer time than the adult. The laboratory experimenter would always have to separate the test for such immediate reproduction from that for the later recall, and would have to consider carefully in which vocations the one or the other is an essential condition of success.

Mental Traits that Fit One to be a Chauffeur, a Secretary, or a Mill-Worker

But if the psychological conditions of different vocations were scientifically disentangled and the mental analysis were carried through with all the discriminations that the progress of experimental psychology suggests, the vocation bureau would secure data that would be of the highest service. The association of ideas and the apperception of the outer world, the imagination and the emotions, the feelings and the will, the attention and the discrimination, the accuracy and the effort, the suggestibility and the judgment, the persistence and the fatigue, the adaptability and the temperament, the skill, and even the character, with a hundred other functions and their interrelations, could be mapped out by decisive experiments. No boy ought to become a chauffeur, however his fancy is excited by motor-cars, if his reaction times in the laboratory indicate that he would not be quick enough to stop his automobile if a child ran in front of the wheels. No one ought to try for secretarial work who shows in the laboratory lack of inhibitory power and therefore a probable inability to be discreet. The boy who shows no sensitiveness for small differences ought not to work in a mill or factory in which his labor would be a constant repetition of the same activity. He would be oppressed by the uniformity of the work, it would soon be drudgery for him, and, with his interest, he would lose the good will. The next boy, who is sensitive to small differences, might find in the same work an inexhaustible pleasure and stimulus, as no two repetitions would be alike for him.

The other day I wired from Boston to a friend in another town that I should expect him the next day at the Hotel Somerset. The telegram arrived with the statement that I should be at the Hotel Touraine. The operator had substituted one leading hotel of Boston for another. No good will on his part can help that young man. He is not in the position of another Boston operator, whom I recently gave a cablegram to Berlin, and who, as he looked up the rate, asked: "Berlin is in France, isn't it?" The geography of the latter can be cured, but the mental mechanism of the former, who under pressure of rapid work substitutes an associated idea for the given one, is probably fundamental. The psychological laboratory would easily have found out such mental unreliability, and would have told the man beforehand that, however industrious he might be and however suited for a hundred other professions, that of the telegraph operator would not be one in which he could reach the fullest success.

What Psychological Examination for a Career Would Cost

The establishment of psychological laboratories as part of municipal vocation bureaus would by no means demand a very costly and elaborate outfit. An intelligent assistant with thorough psychological training could secure much of the material with a minimum of

apparatus. There are hundreds of psychological experiments that can be carried out with some cardboard and sheets of paper, strings and pins and needles, little outline drawings and printed words, small colored tops and levers, hairpins and cardboard boxes, balls and boards, picture-books and smelling-bottles, a pack of cards and a set of weights and perhaps a cheap stop-watch. Where ampler funds are at the disposal of the bureau, an electrical chronoscope ought to be added, and, if possible, a kymograph. But in all cases the experiments themselves may be relatively simple, and even the most modest apparatus can furnish an abundance of insight into psychological differences of which the mere self-observation of the candidate does not take any account and for which any gaze of the outer observer would be insufficient.

The educational psychologists on the one side, the physicians, and especially the psychiatrists, on the other, have shown us the way in this field. The educator may ask a child to strike out the letter *e* wherever it occurs in a given page, and to do it as quickly as possible. He measures the time it requires and the accuracy with which it is done by seeing how often a wrong letter has been canceled and how often the right letter has been overlooked. He knows that even such a rapid test indicates more with regard to the attention and accuracy and swiftness of the child than he can find out by the regular school tests. He knows that only such elementary inquiries with exactly measurable results can discriminate between the various factors that are involved in any complex school work. Or the educator examines the power of the children to learn or to count at various hours of the day, and draws from it pedagogical conclusions as to the best arrangement of the school program. Of course, the school work must be adjusted to the average, since all must have school work at the same time. Yet, such experiments demonstrate the great individual differences. The curve of fatigue is different for almost every individual. Moreover, the psychological experiment can analyze the great varieties of fatigue, the fluctuations, the chances for a restitution of energy after fatigue; and it is evident that every result can be translated into advice or warning with regard to the vocational choice of the boy or girl. There are machines to which people with one type of fatigue could never be adapted, while those with another type might do excellent work.

Even the natural rhythm of motor functions is different for every individual. The pace at which we walk or speak or write is controlled by organic conditions of our will, and is hardly open to any complete change. Again, it is clear that the thousands of technical occupations demand very different rhythms of muscle contraction. If a man of one natural rhythmical type has to work at a machine that demands a very different rhythmical pace, life will be a perpetual conflict in which irritation and dissatisfaction with his own work will spoil his career and will ruin his chances for promotion. In a similar way, simple experiments might determine the natural lines of interest in a boy or girl. We might show pictures of farms or factories, of ships or railroads, of mines or banks, of natural scenery or street scenes, of buildings or theater stages, and so on. How much is kept in memory and how much is correctly apperceived after an exposure of a few seconds, how they affect the emotional expressions, and similar observations of objective character, may quickly point to mental traits that must be considered if a harmonious life work is to be hoped for.

There is no fear that such institutes, with their psychological laboratories, would play the guardian in too rigid and mechanical a way, restricting too much the natural freedom of the youth. On the contrary, nothing but the counselor's advice would be intended, and no one who did not want to listen to a warning would be restrained from following his own inclination.

The young genius will always find his way alone, and even his severe disappointments are a beneficial part of his schooling for higher service; but the great average masses do not know this powerful inner energy that magnetically draws the mind toward the ideal goal. They do not know the world and its demands; they do not know the opportunities and the rewards, the dangers and the difficulties; and they do not know themselves, their powers and their limitations. The old Greek legend tells us that when a man and woman find each other for life, it is a reuniting of two separate halves that have been one whole in a previous existence. This ought to be the way in which a man and his profession might find each other. But not every marriage nowadays suggests the Greek legend, and the unity of vocation and individual seems still less often predestined. And if fate has not decided the union in such a previous life, society ought at least to take care that in this life the choice be made with open eyes and with the advice of a counselor who knows how to fructify the psychological knowledge of our age.

CANADA'S WORK FOR HER FARMERS

BY

L. S. BROWNELL

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"HERE is the man who has done more for Canada than all the politicians." In these words a distinguished member of the Canadian Government the other day expressed his estimate of the services rendered his country by Dr. William Saunders. This simple and unassuming gentleman was the creator, and has ever since its foundation been the Director, of Canada's system of Experimental Farms. In twenty-three years of untiring work he has scoured the earth for things of service to Canada; he has increased the potential yield of every acre of her farms; he has given the cold north plains fruits for their joy and wheats for their nourishment: and in all this he is making of his work a great educational Extension Service for the training of the intelligence of the Canadian farmer.

Canada's farming problem stretches across the continent. East of Maine lie the Maritime Provinces; north of New England is Quebec, overlapping Ontario as far west as Buffalo; Ontario reaches on north of all the Great Lakes and almost all of Minnesota; Manitoba carries us half across North Dakota; while north and west of her sweep the great provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, until we come to British Columbia and the Pacific. The main activity of this immense region is agriculture,— nearly half of the whole Canadian population is agricultural,— and the problems awaiting solution are as full of variety as the country itself. No greater service can be rendered the people of Canada than aid in solving these agricultural problems of theirs.

Canada Attacks Her Agricultural Problems through the Experimental Farm

So Sir John Carling saw when he was chosen Minister of Agriculture in 1885, and to him belongs the honor of setting about a systematic answer. He inaugurated his coming into office by sending Dr. Saunders, then a business man who had long made a hobby of horticulture, on a mission to study what was being done by other nations to help their agricultural life. Returning, Dr. Saunders presented his report to the House of Commons, and within a few months found himself the newly created Director of five Farms not yet in existence. This was in 1886. The following day — the Director wastes no time! — he set out for three months of continuous traveling to determine the placing of his five Farms. In that year he threaded back and forth across the Dominion, and the autumn of 1887 found three Farms established, their heads appointed, and their work begun. The following two years saw the creation of the fourth and fifth.

The Central Farm, where the Director was to live, had to be in the neighborhood of the capital, Ottawa. The first Branch Farm, that for the Maritime Provinces, was set as near as might be to the boundary line between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, in the latter, at Nappan. The second, for Manitoba, was placed at Brandon, in full view of the passing trains of the Canadian Pacific — a typical bit of country, fertile valley farm-land on the river, sloping up through bluffs slit by wooded ravines to higher lands above. The third, for the Northwest Territories, was set at Indian Head, also in full view of the railroad — more than six hundred acres of bare prairie-land stretching on and on, neither tree nor bush in sight.

The Director's object was to place each Farm where it could be readily seen, readily visited, yet where it would be under no specially favoring circumstance, but would have to solve for itself the average problem of the region it was to serve. The Indian Head problem is that of the open prairie. At the last Farm, at Agassiz, British Columbia, the problem is that of fruit

and nut tree growing in a mild climate, and two thousand kinds of fruits and nuts are now flourishing on its fertile valley land and mountainside.

At the present time a number of small supplementary stations are being established. The most interesting of these is the "farthest north" — Fort Vermilion, on the Peace River, in northern Alberta, six hundred miles above the United States boundary. In the spring of 1907 the first lot of seeds, trees, and plants was sent there for experiment, via Edmonton, from the Central Farm. On the first of May, "as there was no immediate prospect of the breaking up of the rivers"— the usual line of travel — these supplies were driven for seventeen days over four hundred miles, and ferried on a raft three hundred miles farther till they reached Fort Vermilion. By the first of June the seeds were in and the land was fenced. It cannot be said that the Experimental Farms are not squarely facing Canada's problems.

The heart of this system is the Central Farm. Everything that can be done is done here once, and under one head, the Branch Farms being left to deal with regional problems only. Here the distinctively scientific experiments in cross-fertilization, breeding, soil analysis, and the like, are carried on. The staff consists of a Chemist, a Botanist, an Entomologist, and a Cerealist, who make tests and publish bulletins applying to the problems of any of the Branch Farms, or of any farmer who chooses to appeal to them; and of a Horticulturist, an Agriculturist, and a Poultry Manager, whose work is chiefly for eastern Canada.

The Farm itself lies three miles out of Ottawa, spreading its four hundred and fifty sunlit acres for all to see — its arboretum, its belts of forest trees, its lawns and ornamental shrubs and gay flower beds, its hundred specimen hedges, its mile-long border of hardy perennial flowers, its orchards of cross-bred fruits, its test plots of standard, or new, or hybrid grain. The general public flock there from Ottawa and the surrounding country; and from its central offices and chemical laboratory go forth 340,000 letters and reports, and eighty tons of special and priceless seed, every year.

How the Soil is Made to Increase Its Yield

The first object of the Farms is, through improved methods, to increase the yield of every acre of Canadian farm-land. By tests extending over a long series of years, they have shown that it pays to sow plump seed of productive varieties; that there is a loss of more than half the value of barn-yard manure when it is allowed to rot; that plowing in clover with grain increases the grain yield by nearly thirty per cent; that sowing wheat only a week after the right moment means a loss of nearly one third of the crop; and these profits and losses can be gaged with almost mathematical precision. An increase of one bushel only to the acre in the oat crop of the Dominion would put an extra $2,000,000 a year into the pockets of the farmers; a like increase in wheat would add nearly double as much. Arithmetic of this sort no farmer is too dull to follow; and putting its own lessons into practice where all could see the results, the Central Farm, in its first ten years, increased its oats twenty-three, barley twelve, and wheat four bushels to the acre. In a report of five years ago the Director notes that Ontario has increased her yield of oats till she now averages 42 bushels to New York's 37; but he shrewdly adds that the yield on the Central Farm has reached 62 bushels per acre.

One Money Crop the Ruin of the Farmer

But the Farms devote by no means all their attention to grain. With the lesson of our cotton-growing South before him,— five States living and dying by one money crop,— the Director has set himself to preaching the lesson of "mixed farming," and above all of dairying and pork-raising, from end to end of the great grain regions of Canada. By this system the farm-land profits no less than the farmer — it keeps itself fertile automatically. Thus, if we sow grain alone and sell it as raw grain, we must sooner or later convert a portion of our cash into fertilizer for the reënrichment of the soil. In mixed farming the accounts run: grain, hay, and ensilage; these fed to stock give pork and butter; pork and butter give cash. But meanwhile fertility has been restored to the soil by the stock; at no point does cash have to be turned in on the land again for fertilizer.

A still greater advantage in this system is the insurance it secures for the farmer against the seasons when grain fails — and the farmer who raises only grain fails too. The 20th of August, 1900, recorded five degrees of frost at Indian Head. Heavy rains followed, and the grain of all the surrounding country was spoiled. The Superintendent at Indian Head reported the loss, with a plea to the settler almost dramatic in intensity: "Nothing is so agreeable as the raising of wheat, yet nothing is doing so much harm to the country." But Dr. Saunders' comment is characteristically calm: "This visitation will be followed by compensating advantages." It was worth all it cost if the farmer could be made to think, and to calculate his chances and his risks.

"Made to think"! Does not the greatest ad-

vantage of all lie here — an advantage to the nation beyond even the mighty arithmetic of crop values? Instead of waiting through a season for one crop, harvesting it in bulk, selling it for cash, and then living on the proceeds till the next harvest time, the farmer has here the intellectual stimulus and training of attending to a variety of things, seeing after a profit here, practising a small economy or avoiding a loss there — the same training that turned out from our stony New England farms so many of our ablest men. The calculable results of the system are already impressive. In 1884 Canada exported cheese to the value of $7,000,000. Ten years after the founding of the Farms this had become $17,000,000. In the same period the value of exported butter had doubled. Pork outdid them both with a phenomenal record of an increase of from less than a million dollars in 1884 to $8,000,000 in 1898. The Superintendent at Indian Head reports, with a note of relief: "Only in a few districts is wheat still 'king.'"

Covering the Northwest Prairies with Tree Belts

With the founding of the Central Farm, tree-planting was begun, and the first year saw it laid out into hundreds of seed and nursery beds, bristling with seedling trees. One of its most interesting exhibits is a hundred specimen hedges where the visiting farmer may examine samples of the best thorny protection against cattle, while his wife has her pick between Japanese rose and nodding blue Hungarian lilac.

But tree-planting on Eastern farms is almost a luxury; on the Northwest prairies — miles and miles with neither tree nor shrub, the winds rushing over them sometimes at thirty miles an hour — it becomes a vital necessity. We in the East have no conception of what such conditions mean to the farmer. Every attempt to grow our most hardy fruit was proving utter failure. The Northwest homestead longed for shelter from the choking, dust-laden winds of summer as much as from the winter blizzards at "thirty below."

On his Northwest Farms, accordingly, the Director began to develop tree belts; first, chiefly of the native Manitoba maple and the native ash; when these were established, of evergreens, in their shelter. Under this almost wind-proof protection areas were hedged off in checkerboard pattern with poplar, maple, lilac even; and garden planting was begun within these boxlike squares.

Indian Head started without a tree or a bush. In four years she reported herself as "practically provided with shelter belts, forest clumps, avenues, and hedges." It was apparent soon that the problem of shelter for the Northwest prairie farm had been solved. In the snug squares and garden plots were growing strawberries, raspberries, currants, table vegetables, and flowers in phenomenal luxuriance, and a few young apple trees which had never before been wintered in that region.

One day in the summer of 1890, on his visit to the Western Farms, Dr. Saunders noticed, as he drove through the wooded country, that the native forest trees were heavy with seed. Owing to frost, trees of that region do not fruit oftener than once in two or three years; but seed ripened in that cold climate develops into trees especially able to resist the cold, and is on that account very desirable. The Director therefore gave orders to the superintendents of the two Prairie Farms to hire a corps of helpers to collect tree seeds by the bushel.

Money was scarce on the prairies, and settlers, Indians, and half-breeds saw their chance for extra earnings. They did not stop at bushels — they got seeds by cart-loads. The result was between two and three tons of seeds. Seven acres were sown at each of the Branch Farms, and a ton and a half of seed was forwarded to Ottawa. From there, one thousand cotton bags, each containing a pound of seed, went out at once to settlers in the Northwest; next year two thousand more. From one pound of seed the most careful growers got from three to five thousand seedlings. Even average care would give eight hundred little trees. In six or seven years the young tree begins to bear seed on its own account, in the favorable seasons. With his interest awakened, there was no limit to what a settler could do.

In the annals of Canadian tree-growing, the red-letter year is 1890, for it saw also the beginnings of the distribution of seedling forest trees. This distribution was advertised through the newspapers of the Northwest. The farmer who made application to the Central Farm presently received through the mails a package done up in manila paper with a layer of oiled paper beneath. Within, rolled in moss still damp, though it had been on the road for possibly fourteen days, were a hundred little forest trees from ten to fifteen inches high, each variety bearing a wooden label with its name upon it. A note of directions for planting and cultivating accompanied them, ending:

"You will be expected to take such notes as will enable you to make a report on the behavior of each variety. Reports will be expected, whether favorable or unfavorable."

One hundred thousand little trees thus went out; the following year twice as many. Ten

CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS FROM THE FIRST HARDY CANADIAN FRUIT TREES

years after the starting of the work, the Director reported that seven tons of hardy tree seed had been distributed, that one and a quarter million little seedlings had been sent to "individual lovers of trees," and that there were on homesteads in almost every part of the Northwest plantations of forest trees for shelter and beauty.

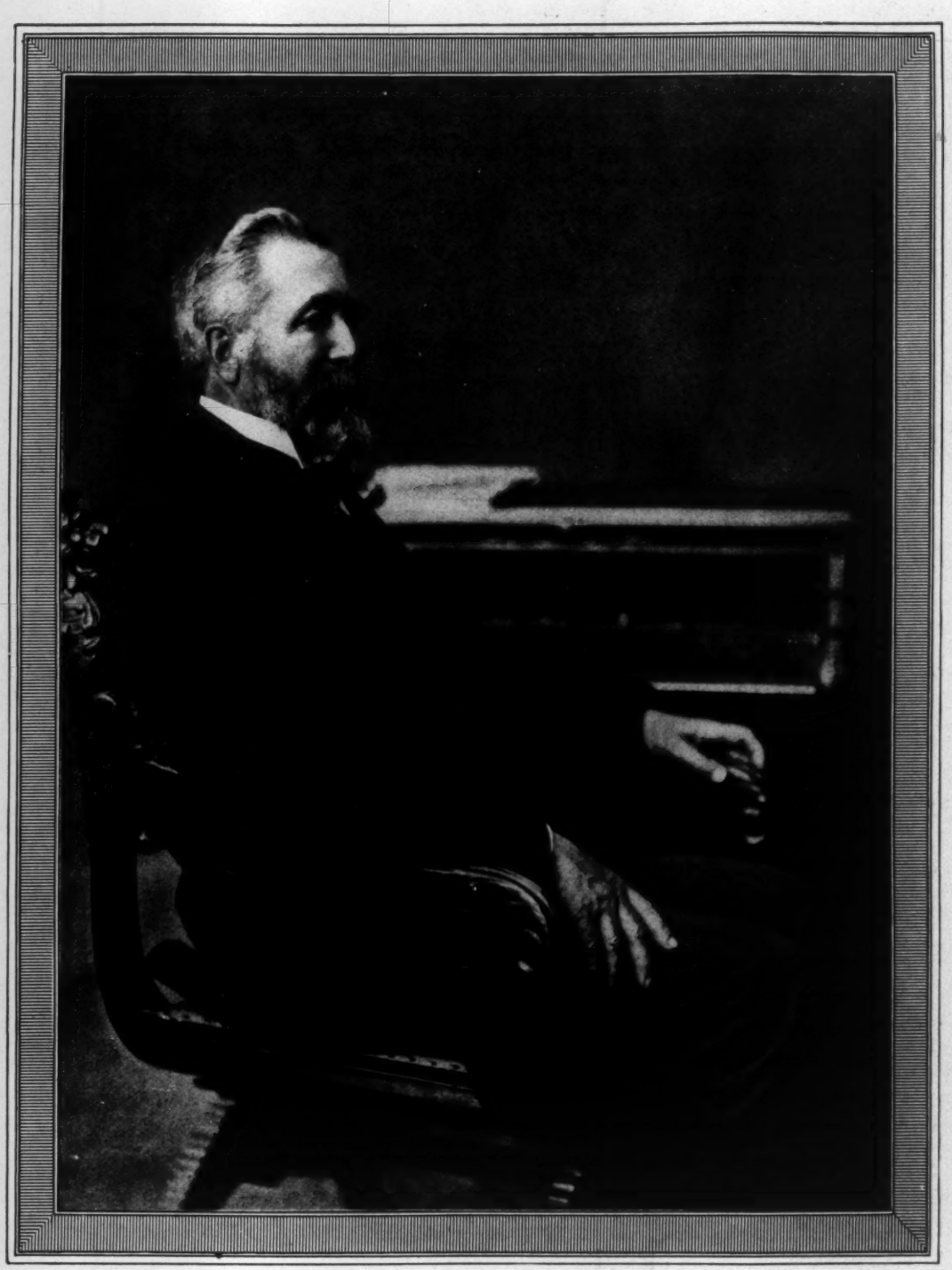
For beauty as well as serviceableness is an object with the Farms. Our Director has a way of going about his professional journeys with his pockets stuffed with flower seeds, so that the farmer's wife may have something, as well as her good man. The Central Farm wears to the casual visitor much the air of a pleasure park. The Branch Farms, too, have their arboretums and perennial borders; they publish reports on roses that may be grown with some hope of success a few hundred miles, more or less, north of the Dakotas, and on the geraniums that make the bravest show in the garden before the advent of the early autumn frost. The attempt is being made here, an early report announces proudly, to grow flowers, as well as to raise No. 1 Hard wheat.

The Earth Scoured for Things of Service to Canada

One great division of the work of the Farms is the testing of new things from elsewhere, to ascertain their serviceableness for Canada. If they stand the test, they are promptly introduced to the farmer. An illustration of the immediate usefulness of some of these importations is the awnless brome-grass (*Bromus inermis*). This hardy Russian grass has so exuberant a vitality that in favorable soils it soon rejoices as a weed. Where, however, other pasture can scarcely be grown, or where its season is discouragingly short, brome-grass is proving a godsend. It thrives on drought and bitter cold. It offers pasture on its young green shoots two weeks earlier than the native grasses, and bears a heavier aftermath, holding its head up several inches, persistently green, through the first snows. Additional weeks of succulent food mean additional weeks of rich milk, and brome-grass is preparing the way for the onward march of the cattle trade, and of the butter and cheese industries.

Another important function of the Farms is the seed distribution. This began in the first year of their work with the sending out of a number of small bags of an early-ripening wheat just imported from Russia to test its behavior in Canada. For the first object of the distribution is to gain information by supplementing the experience of the Farms with that of other districts throughout the Dominion. The other object is to increase the quality and yield of the farmer's crops by introducing to him varieties better or more productive than his own. A farmer who wishes a free sample must make application for it himself direct to the Farm. He then receives enough grain to sow one twentieth of an acre. He is expected to grow it in a plot by itself; to thresh it separately by hand; and to use the product as seed the next year. Meanwhile, he is to send a report of it, "favorable or unfavorable," to the Farm.

At first about two thousand bags of samples supplied the demand. The fourth year, when the Farm had become known, fifteen thousand farmers suddenly applied, and got seed. Within a year or so, some of the grains sent as samples, carefully harvested, propagated, and reharvested, were becoming leading varieties throughout the Dominion. One report may serve as a specimen of hundreds that come in:



DR. WILLIAM SAUNDERS
DIRECTOR OF THE CANADIAN EXPERIMENTAL FARMS

"We got a sample of oats from you six years ago. The people about here think very highly of them and there are thousands of bushels of them grown. The farmers are coming here for seed from twenty miles around."

Each year the interest has steadily grown, and now the number of co-workers in these tests is over 45,000, and the seed sent them — often of varieties that money could not buy — amounts to eighty tons. The reports that come in bear witness to the recipients' good faith, ardor, and appreciation.

"I didn't have good results with my plot this year," one recently writes; "my dog killed a ground-hog in the middle of it."

Lamentations that "my horse ate the heads off my wheat plot," or "the chickens scratched up my seeds," only go to prove that the fault with many is over-care. Really, the plot would do better if set down in the middle of the grain-field. Still, Dr. Saunders has full right to allude to the farmers as his "army of co-experimenters," and to boast that no such gigantic and practical coöperative work for the improvement of the more important farm crops has ever been undertaken and successfully carried out before.

ROWS OF SPECIMEN HEDGES, AT THE CENTRAL FARM IN OTTAWA

We come now to the work of the Experimental Farms, which is the most romantic of all in the appeal it makes to the imagination, and to the possible future development of the continent — the creation of things altogether new, fruits that will survive the long winters of the Northwest and grains that will ripen during its brief summers.

A FERTILE VALLEY OF THE LAST FARM AT AGASSIZ, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Long before Dr. Saunders began his public work he had a garden of his own in which he had cross-fertilized and experimented for years; and, coming to the Central Farm, he brought with him from his little trial ground at London, Ontario, over eight hundred seedlings, raspberries, gooseberries, and currants, the results of his own crosses. To receive these he laid out on the great new Farm a small private garden with a strong fence about it, a hedge, now ten feet high, and a padlocked gate. Within this he stowed his precious collection. It included many sorts that are

SHELTER BELTS OF TREES FOR PROTECTING GARDEN PLOTS FROM THE STRONG WINDS OF THE PRAIRIES

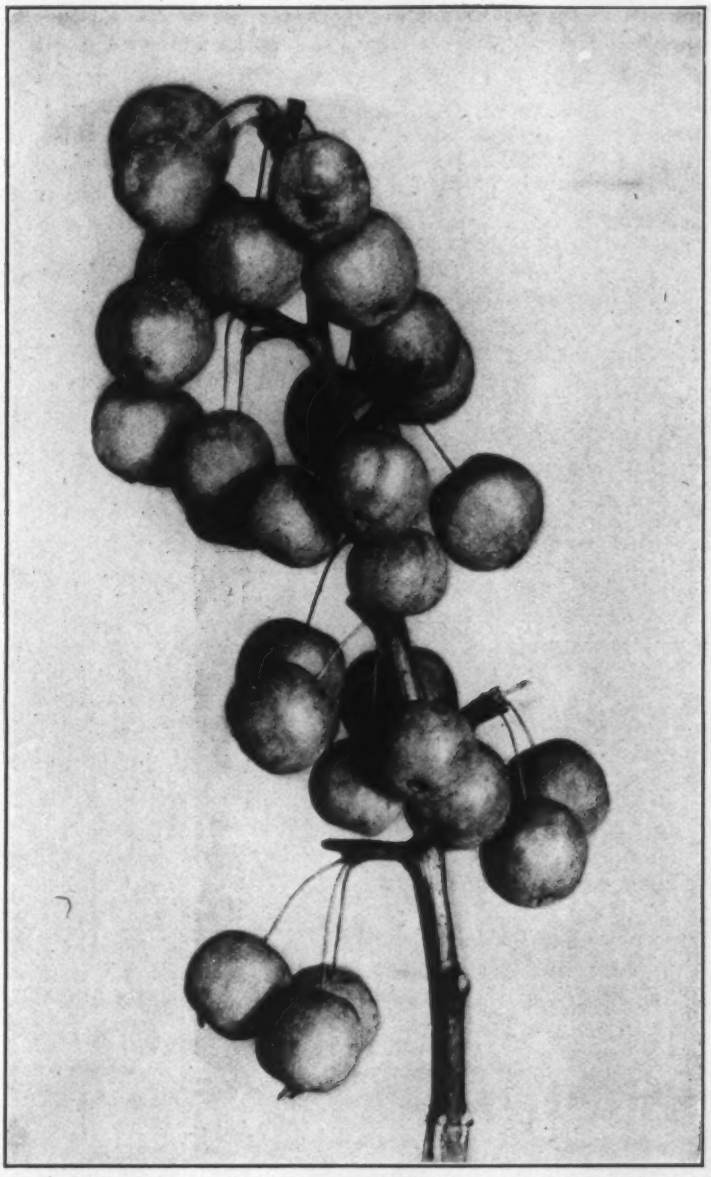
ACTUAL SIZE OF GOOSEBERRIES GROWN ON THE CANADIAN FARMS

of value in the climate of Ontario, but they were not available for the Northwest Provinces, where scarcely any fruits were hardy enough to survive, except the native Manitoba plum and a few wild berries like the sand-cherry. Of these fruits as table delicacies the less said the better — even so hardened an optimist as the Superintendent of a Northwest Farm can claim no more for them than that they are "excellent for canning." Yet the people of the Northwest were no less fruit-hungry than other people.

The fruit a farmer most wants is the apple, and in the Northwest Provinces the apple would not grow. Apples were tried by the hundreds — hardy apples from other parts of Canada; apples from Russia; seedlings raised from Russian seed in Ottawa; crabs of the toughest sort; apples grown as bushes when the trunks killed back, and trees wrapped in canvas and tar-paper till May — all were tried, and all failed.

The Evolution of the First Apple of the Northwest

The Western Farm Reports took on an unusual, apologetic tone. "I regret," and "Unfortunately," became the opening phrases of the sections on APPLES. The casualties were dreadful: "died this spring," or "killed, root and branch," occur with deplorable persistency. In more cheerful moments a "List of Survivors" was penned. Even garden roses were easier to



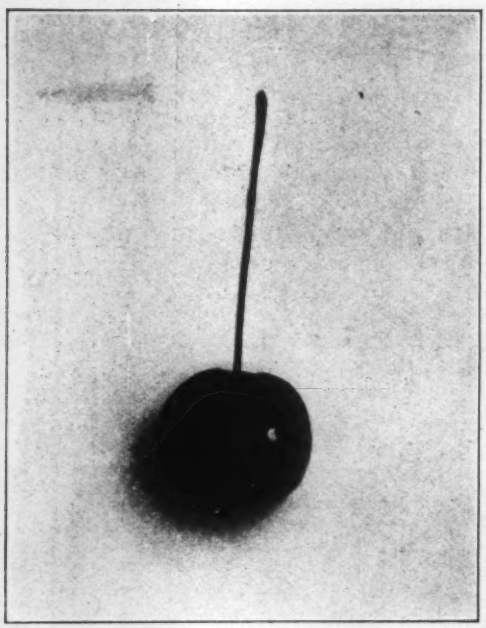
ACTUAL SIZE OF A FRUITING BRANCH OF CROSS-BRED CRAB-APPLE

raise. Brandon succeeded in growing one Transcendent crab — by casing up its stem and filling it about with earth each winter — which had reports all to itself for several years under the heading, "Standard Crab-apple"! But this as a promise for the future of apple-growing in the Northwest left something to be desired.

In 1887 there had come to the Farm from the Imperial Botanic Gardens at St. Petersburg, among other packets of seeds of hardy shrubs and trees for trial, a packet of the seed of the hardy crab-apple of Siberia, *Pyrus baccata*, the berried crab. Seedlings raised from this on the Farm bore tiny fruits the size of a cranberry, and very astringent; but when they were sent to the Northwest Farms to be tested, they were reported in due time as "perfectly hardy."

The excitement they created is tragi-comic. The Farms could scarcely believe that an apple tree had wintered in the open and stood hardy to the tips. But not till 1898 could Indian Head — the testing ground for the Northwest — triumphantly report: "The first crab-apples ever produced on this Farm were grown this year." Ten trees, it seems, were covered with blossoms, till a late May frost culled all but a few, which ultimately developed into six crabs! "They were not large," says the report complacently, "but nevertheless they were perfect apples." (The largest was the size of a pie-cherry!)

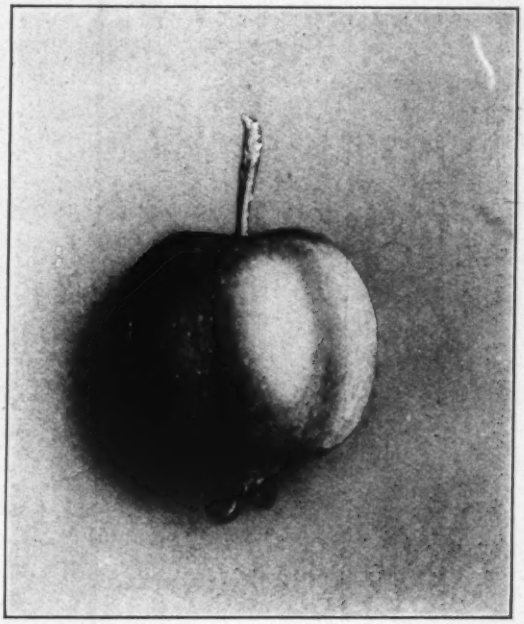
Three years later, the trees were so heavy with



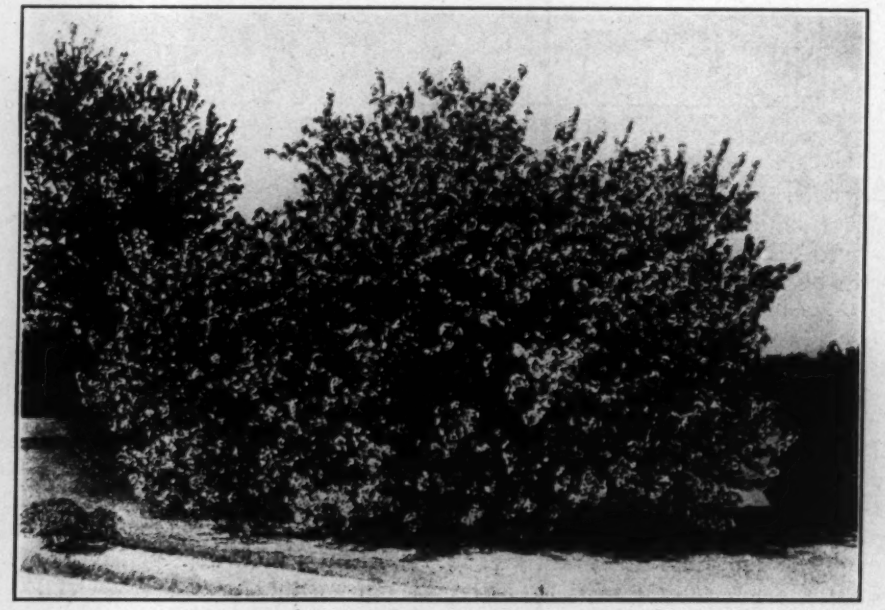
NATURAL-SIZED SPECIMEN OF THE PYRUS BACCATA, A HARDY SIBERIAN CRAB, WHICH WAS THE FIRST APPLE TO WEATHER A CANADIAN WINTER IN THE NORTHWEST

fruit that they had to be propped to keep them from breaking. The Farm then busied itself with making up samples of jelly and pickles — "for either of these commodities nothing better could be desired."

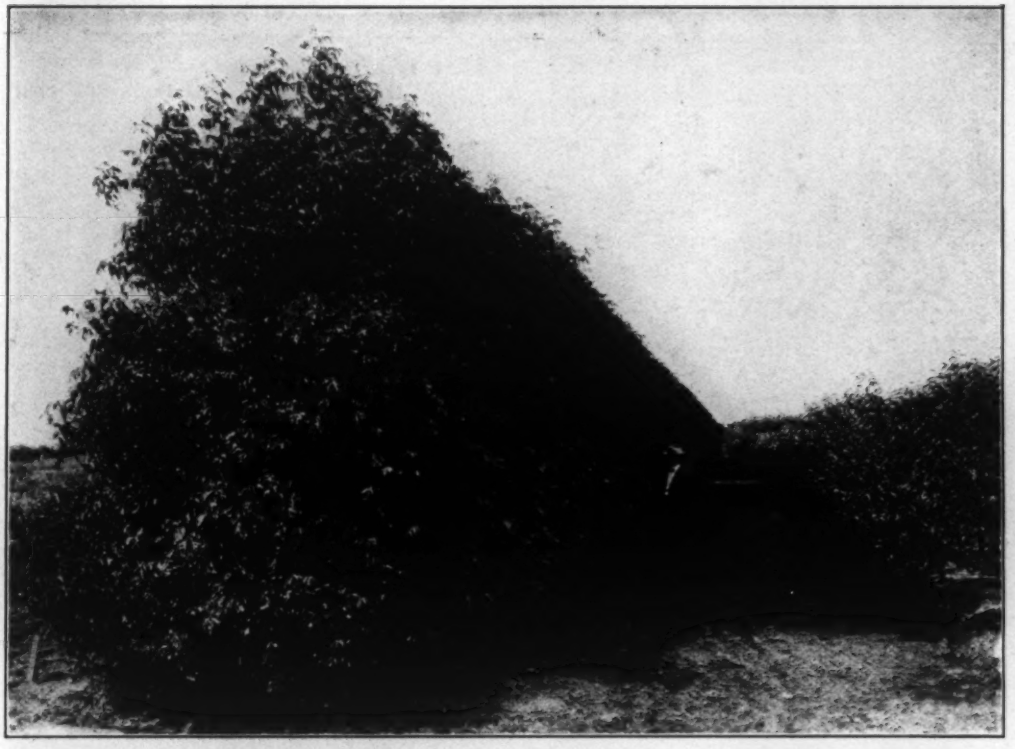
But far more important than the jelly these tiny fruits could produce was the promise they contained in their hardy sap of a possible apple for the Northwest plains. The Director took immediate advantage of it. He crossed the berried crab, and also its cousin, *Pyrus prunifolia*, a fruit a little larger and equally hardy, with a few good eating apples that were absolutely hardy at Ottawa. Four years after the first seed was planted, these prompt little cross-breds began to bear. Their fruit was several times larger and many times more palatable than that



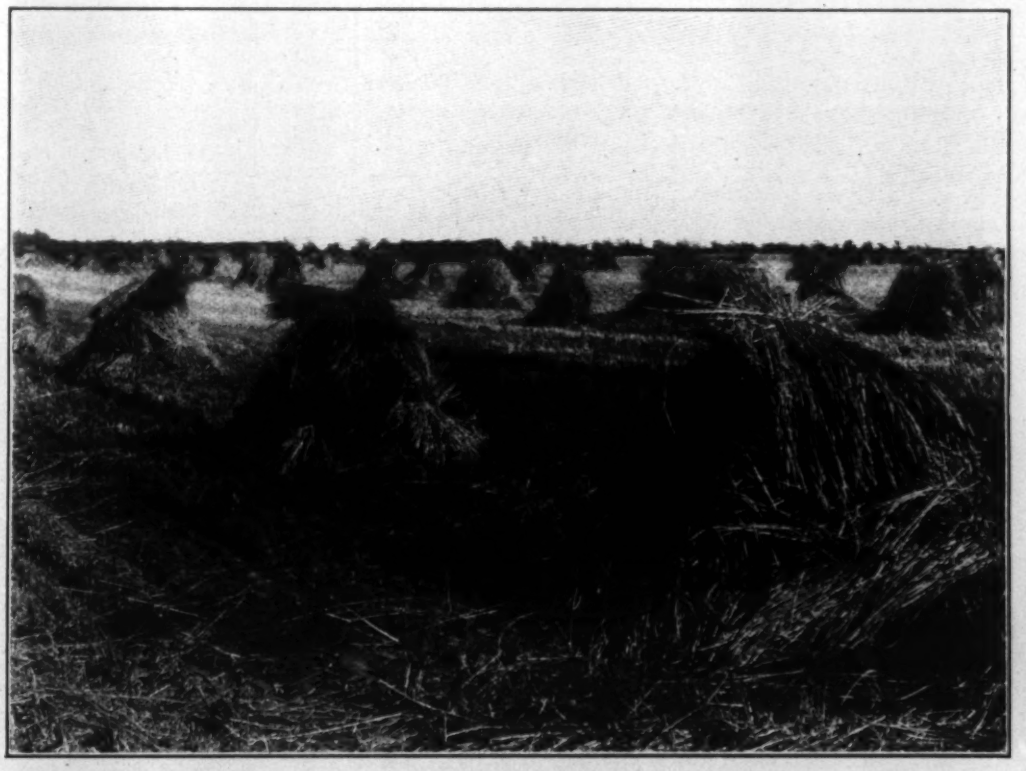
THE RESULT OF CROSS-BREEDING AN EASTERN TABLE APPLE ON THE SIBERIAN CRAB SHOWN IN THE FOREGOING PICTURE



ONE OF THE CRAB-APPLE TREES ON WHICH THE CROSS-BREEDING WAS DONE



A SHELTERING HEDGE OF THE NATIVE MANITOBA MAPLE AT BRANDON



A FIELD OF THE FAMOUS RED FIFE—THE LARGEST YIELDING WHEAT IN CANADA

DISTRIBUTION OF SEEDS FROM THE CENTRAL FARM

of their sour little mother. It was less astringent, sweeter, and juicier, ranking very fairly with our standard crab-apples. They were at once grafted on to the stock of their tough parent, the berried crab, and were distributed, as fast as Nature would permit, to the Northwest Farms.

Some Experiments in Grafting

Meanwhile, these Farms had been trying their own experiments. They were grafting on young trees of the berried crab such table apples and crabs as had proved most nearly hardy through the long winters. And they were raising seedlings from them, too, in the hope that such as survived might prove stronger than the parent tree. Each of these ventures turned out successfully. Apples not hardy on their own roots proved to be so on the wood of the tough crab tree. Seedlings of crabs that had succumbed came up and themselves lived. Best of all, snugly hedged within the little plots that had been made ready for their reception, the new cross-breds began to bear. Each of the Northwest Farms could boast an "orchard."

The Director was not satisfied yet. As his new crosses fruited, he continued to work. Of some he saved the seed as it stood — there was likelihood that it might "sport" still farther from the original tiny grandmother crab, and, while retaining her hardiness, show nearer approach to the size of the other grandparent. This hope has just been realized. Last September the first of these seedlings of seedlings to show an increase in size over its parent crosses fruited in the "cross-bred orchard." From one tree I plucked several, larger around than a good-sized egg, a handsome, dark red fruit, slightly astringent still, but making a close approach to a good dessert apple. There is a very promising group of "second crosses" — crosses with good Eastern table apples on the first hardy cross — which are just beginning to show fruit. The fruit is larger in almost every case than that of the first cross. Whether the race will be sufficiently hardy can be determined only by the ordeal of the winters at Indian Head.

Still another venture has been made. In the early years of the Farm there was placed in the arboretum a specimen tree of the wild European apple, *Pyrus Malus*, bearing a tough, scarcely edible fruit, but hardy, and at least larger than the berried crab. The Director bethought him of a cross on this too. The crosses

were made when blooming season came, and a ten-foot fence was erected in the arboretum around the little tree. But the arboretum is a popular resort for the dear public, and, despite the ten-foot fence, the fruits were stolen before they were ripe. The Northwest had therefore to wait for its crosses on *Pyrus Malus* until a tree could be grown to bearing size behind a boy-proof hedge in the Director's own little padlocked garden. There it now stands, but its crosses have not yet borne fruit.

Of recent years a new enemy to the precious cross-breds has appeared — the twig blight. *Pyrus baccata* and its crosses are specially subject to this disease. The trees begin to die at the tips of their branches, and nothing yet discovered stays the progress of the mischief. A very large number of the crosses, established after so many years of effort, have succumbed at Brandon and are completely dead. But some of the best still stand, and our courageous hybridizers are now turning to the blight-resisting sorts as the basis of a new strain that shall both bear good fruit and withstand the blight. One day the Northwest shall have its apple, hardy, blight-proof, and good to eat.

The Test of a Wheat's Market Value

Dear as a good eating apple would be to the settler in the Northwest, his real need is for a wheat. His ideal wheat must be of the very highest market value, in order to outweigh the cost of transportation to the far distant Atlantic seaboard. Roughly speaking, it is hardness of kernel and flour strength that determine a wheat's market value. After a new wheat has been bred, therefore, its flour strength must at once be put to the test. By the "strength" of a flour is meant its ability to take up a large quantity of water when mixed to a dough, and to produce a high loaf of even crust and firm texture. It can be finally determined only by an actual baking trial. But from a few kernels of a new wheat an expert like the Cerealist of the Central Farm can get an idea of the value by the "chewing test." This consists in chewing the kernels for four or five minutes and then examining the gluten thus obtained. The gluten most elastic when squeezed between the fingers marks the wheat that will make the strongest flour. The work requires patience, the Cerealist observes, and a fairly good set of teeth — both essential to all breeders of wheat!

After a certain amount of a wheat has been grown, it is subjected to an actual baking test. Something over a pound of it is passed through the two pairs of rollers and the twelve sieves of the experimental mill. The flour is kept for a month or so, and then baked in tiny pans one inch high by three inches across — a compromise between the American bread baked in the high-sided baking-tin and the English cottage loaf baked with no support. For the flour is being tested for use in both England and America. The resulting loaf looks like a very tempting "raised breakfast biscuit." Minute observations on it are recorded, one of the most important facts to the baker being the amount of water taken up by the flour (a large amount gives a dough easier to work) and the amount of water retained during baking (a large amount of water sells profitably at several cents a pound). Nutritive value and flavor are not important enough to record. A commercial flour is for the commercial baker, the consumer, here as elsewhere, takes his chance.

The strongest flour, therefore, does not inevitably make the best bread; but it is in demand throughout the world's markets for mixing with other sorts too low in strength, and the supply of it is limited. The No. 1 Hard wheat that produces it, therefore, always commands the highest price.

How an Accident Produced Canada's Finest Wheat

For Canada, the chief source of No. 1 Hard wheat is the famous "Red Fife," introduced as long ago as 1842 by a Scotchman, David Fife, then living in "Canada West," now Ontario. The *Canadian Agriculturist* of 1861 gives this account of its origin: A Glasgow friend sent Mr. Fife, early one spring, a quantity of wheat that he had got from a cargo straight from Dantzic. Mr. Fife sowed it in the spring, but it proved to be a winter wheat that should have been kept till the autumn to be put in. None of it ripened save three ears, sprung, apparently, from a single plant — a plant that was to prove a veritable Jack's bean-stalk in its growth for Canada. Mr. Fife wanted a wheat for spring sowing, and saved the seed from his three precocious ears, planting it the following spring. He sowed it too late and in a shady place,— so this fairy tale of wheat-growing tells us,— yet at the harvest it stood free from rust when all the wheat in the neighborhood had rusted. Mr. Fife carefully preserved the seed again, and from it sprang the wheat that will perpetuate his name forever in Canada. The search-light of modern criticism has recently been turned on this charming story. A few years ago the Cerealist of the Central Farm discovered that one of his imported wheats from Galicia (three hundred miles from Dantzic) was completely identical with Red Fife: Canada's greatest wheat came to her as a chance grain or so in the wrong bundle!

Red Fife, with its variety White Fife, is so high in quality and so large in yield that it serves as a standard throughout the Dominion. Carried by settlers from Ontario to Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, it seemed only to improve; and, where it can be grown, it takes the lead among Canadian wheats. Many millers are unwilling to buy any other kind.

But Red Fife is slow to ripen. Up to a certain latitude it can be depended upon to produce the much-desired No. 1 Hard. Beyond this, farther north in the plains, or up in the higher altitudes with their shorter summers, the settler was brought up short every year with the question as to whether he could harvest his crop as No. 1 Hard before the dreaded August frost, or should have to dispose of it, after freezing, as "Grade 5," for cattle feed. Farther north still, he realized that, despite the richness of the untouched soil, the question was taking the form, Can I raise wheat at all?

Pushing the Wheat Line Northward

The Story of Wheat is one of the romances of humanity. If Canada was to grow, she must grow northward; and there her need was for a wheat of the highest grade, but, above all, of the earliest ripening. Millions of fertile acres waited to yield up their holdings to him who had in his hand a wheat that could mature in that short summer. Every day that could be saved by early ripening would push the wheat line one step farther northward. This was the challenge of the North to man. How was it to be met?

Letters from a Moravian missionary "laboring in the higher altitudes of the Himalayas" had fallen under the eye of Dr. Saunders, and he was quick to notice the significance of references in them to native wheats, ripening in the brief season of those mountain-sides. Lord Dufferin, then Viceroy of India, had been Governor-General of Canada. His interest was readily enlisted, and through his coöperation several bushels of different wheats "collected by the Government of India for the benefit of Canada," some of them from an altitude of eleven thousand feet, came over to try a new climate. The Himalayan wheats ripened, the earliest of them, in ninety days. Red Fife takes one hundred and five days. But they yielded only three and a half to ten bushels an acre, where Red Fife yielded twenty-five. It was obvious that they were not worth considering.

However, early-ripening wheats may be found in high latitudes as well as at high altitudes. Russia is a great wheat country, so it was natural to turn next in the search to her northern regions. Upon application, Goegginger, the noted seed dealer of Riga, recommended to the Farms a wheat from Lake Ladoga north of St. Petersburg — a latitude six hundred miles farther north than the city of Winnipeg. This Ladoga wheat was imported in quantity, part of the shipment being distributed to farmers throughout the Northwest. It did better than the Himalayan. It ripened ten days before Red Fife and gave a large yield; but it produced a yellowish flour, and though it has already proved a boon to the settler of the far Northwest for his own use, its quality is not high enough for an export wheat.

But if these imported wheats are not in themselves valuable, why might they not be made the basis of a new stock? Why should it not be possible, by cross-breeding them with Red Fife, to produce a wheat that should combine the earliness of the foreign parent with the yield and quality of the home-bred? Work to this end was begun in 1888 by the Director, with the able assistance of Mr. W. T. Macoun, Horticulturist of the Central Farm.

The Long Search for an Early-Ripening Wheat

The wheat flower is one of those in which both the stamens and the pistil are found in the same bloom, so that, left alone, each flower fertilizes itself, the pollen falling from the anthers upon the pistil. To cross-fertilize, the covering chaff must be separated from one of the tiny wheat flowers that has not yet reached maturity. With a pair of small forceps the anthers are removed. This flower is now ready to be fertilized with pollen brought from the matured flower of another variety. An anther from such a flower is brushed gently over the pistil to be fertilized, till the latter is covered with pollen. The flower case is then closed as before. When the operation is completed, the head is tied up in a little paper bag to protect it from foreign wind-borne pollen, and attached to a bamboo cane to hold it upright, and so left till harvest time. Each kernel, when sown the following season, forms the starting-point of a new variety. With all the skill trained hands can bring to the work, the ripened kernels are always few. After six years of experiment, Dr. Saunders reports seven hundred kernels produced — half a teacupful — the result of five thousand flowers carefully worked.

From these first crosses have sprung several wheats now widely grown in the Northwest. The best three are of one parentage — Red or White Fife crossed with Ladoga — and are named Preston and Stanley and Huron. They were sent, as early as possible in their existence, to the Northwest Farms, and from the first made

a brave showing on the test plots there, side by side with Red Fife, sometimes outranking it in productiveness, and always maturing earlier. They ripened, in favorable seasons, from four to six days earlier than Red Fife; in a cold and backward year, when the ripening was slow and there was need for speed, they seemed to outdo themselves, their advantage in earliness being then ten or twelve days. In some instances Preston won by as much as two weeks. As to their quality, they were pronounced by experts to be practically on a par with Red Fife, both for bread-making and for general selling. The farmers reported hundreds of acres planted with the new sorts, particularly Preston, and many millers paid the same price for it as for Red Fife.

Records Made by the New Wheats

The new wheats have kept every promise they made on the test grounds. They not only ripen from four to twelve days earlier than Red Fife, but they often give a better yield, even in a good season; and always, when frost has to be endured. They have done wonders for wheat-growing in the colder districts in the past few years. Unfortunately, their flour is of a deeper yellowish color than that from Red Fife, and, a more serious defect, it does not possess the same extraordinary baking strength. Dr. Charles Saunders, now Cerealist at the Farm, by the utmost care in re-selection, breeding in each case from one particularly promising plant, has already improved these strains. His new Stanley now produces flour of a color identical with that from Red Fife.

A still more precious single plant he spied one day six years ago when walking through the trial plots. It is such moments as these that lend dramatic touches to the life of the hybridist. In a plot of Red Fife, one plant stood ripe four days before the rest of the plot was ready for harvest. The seed sprung from that plant now amounts to several bushels — absolutely priceless. Only a Red Fife a few days early; but a "few days" in this campaign to the northward means hundreds of miles and millions of bushels.

One other wheat promises better still — the best of all, so far. It has been named the "Marquis," and was distributed for the first time last year. Here is a wheat that ripens with Preston and Stanley and Huron, ten to twelve days before Red Fife. Better still, in color and flour strength, the few bushels thus far grown actually surpassed Red Fife of the same year. Marquis sounds too good to be true; a position above Red Fife is not finally assured by the records of only one season. But there is little question that this variety is the greatest achievement in wheat-raising at the Farms. By this year's returns, which have just come in, Marquis still holds its lead; Brandon, where a high yield for Red Fife is forty-five bushels, reports for Marquis in 1909 a yield of fifty bushels to the acre.

Hundreds of new wheats, sprung from his crosses in the past few years, are now being propagated by the Cerealist, and other hundreds are coming forward. "The work," he says, "is just now reaching the period of greatest interest, during which the most rapid advances may be expected" — and this after twenty years! Of these wheats only a few will be wanted in the end. The task of crossing, propagating, fixing, testing, and finally of deciding between them and throwing out the less worthy, is long and hard. New strains are not established overnight. It is very easy to "create" a large and miscellaneous collection of hybrid plants; but the perfect fixing of a type is often the labor of years. The "sensations" of horticulture look better on paper than they do in the field. The real progress is slow and incredibly silent-footed.

Dr. Saunders and his assistants have been very careful not as yet to recommend any of their new varieties to displace Red Fife as a main crop, where early autumn frosts are not feared. Even in such districts, however, the early wheats give the settler a chance to make the best use of his always limited "help." Where a wide crop is ripe and ready within a few days, he must cut some of his wheat still unripe in order to get the rest cut before it shells; with the same acreage ripening by relays, the harvesting is spread over several weeks, and the entire crop may be cut when at its best.

Millions of Acres Opened to Settlement by the New Wheats

But the real achievement of the new wheats is their march north, across the parallels. Offering their harvest a week, and in the more unfavorable seasons even two weeks, earlier than the old sorts; making a better pace, too, as the days lengthen to seventeen or eighteen hours of sunlight; they are conquering for wheat-growing slowly, surely, millions of acres of virgin land lying north of the present wheat-fields. Dr. Saunders, says a witty observer, has made the Canadian summer ten days longer.

And the great national result of all this? The land is of the richest; its price is enticingly low; the new wheats are ready to grow on it. Canada offers land and wheat, and bids the new settler welcome by every means in her power. As a result, there are pouring across her borders and over her great plains every year, now, tens of thousands of the best of our farmers from the

Dakotas, Minnesota, Iowa — the best in experience, in initiative, in equipment of implements and money — an exodus comparable only to the New England exodus of half a century ago which built up our own great West. The last fiscal year saw the largest emigration on record — sixty thousand American citizens, and wealth estimated at sixty million dollars, gravitating, almost the whole of it, to the great Canadian wheat-lands. Canada is solving her immigration problem in a way of which she may well be proud — at the expense of the United States.

If, of the lands available for wheat-growing, but still unoccupied, one quarter were under wheat at the average yield, Dr. Saunders estimates that the wheat crop of Canada would be over 850,000,000 bushels annually, and Canada would be the largest wheat-producing country in the world. And if these figures seem overlarge, too full of the buoyant hope of the man whose life has been spent to help them come true, at least they do not stand alone. Set beside them the utterance this past summer of a countryman of our own, Mr. W. C. Tiffany, one of the editors of the *Northwestern Miller*. He is speaking of the Province of Saskatchewan alone: "Ten years ago, Saskatchewan produced less than 5,000,000 bushels of wheat; last year she produced over 43,000,000. In ten years more she promises completely to change the conditions of the wheat markets of the world."

Saskatchewan's wheat crop for the present year, estimated at 84,000,000 bushels, shows that this great prophecy is already on the way to fulfilment. In helping it come true the Experimental Farms will have contributed their impressive share.

SEA-LAVENDER

BY

MILDRED McNEAL-SWEENEY

HERE lay the perilous gray sea,
And there the anxious-minded land,
And still the gale at the pebbles and the sand
Was tugging manfully.

And if the fields were green, not we,
Here trudging to the wind, could know;
And deemed far-wandering Spring too wise to sow
Her flowers against the sea.

It seemed a mist the storm had blown
About our feet — so pale it grew.
It glanced and turned; and briefly it was blue,
Then gray as every stone.

Fast rooted where the boulders were,
And breasting out the August gale,
We found our only flower. It was the pale,
The brave sea-lavender.

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

CHARACTERS

Sir Charles Worgan, Newspaper Proprietor. } Brothers.
Francis Worgan, Wanderer. } Brothers.
John Worgan, Provincial Doctor. } Brothers.
Saul Kendrick, Manager of Worgans, Ltd.
Holt St. John, Theatrical Manager.
Samuel Cleland, His Stage Manager.
Simon Macquoid, Dramatic Critic.
James Brindley, Earthenware Manufacturer.
Edward Brindley, His Son.
Page-boy.
Emily Vernon, Widow.
Mrs. Cleland (Henrietta Blackwood).
Annie Worgan, Wife of John Worgan.
Mrs. Worgan, Mother of the Worgans.
Mrs. Downes.
Servant at John Worgan's.

TIME: To-day.

SYNOPSIS OF ACT I

The first act opens with a meeting between Sir Charles Worgan, the most powerful newspaper proprietor in London, and his brother, Francis Worgan, a traveler and dilettante, who has just returned to England after an absence of nineteen years. Francis Worgan, not having kept in close touch with his family, is surprised to learn that his brother has become a millionaire and a knight through the vast power that he wields as the owner of the biggest and most sensational London daily and about forty lesser publications. His remarkable success as a yellow journalist is, however, somewhat counterbalanced by the fact that "cultured" people consider his newspapers vulgar and refuse to take him seriously. His brother Francis suggests that the only way to overcome this prejudice is to marry some charming, intelligent woman, and proposes Emily Vernon, a former playmate of theirs, who is now a young widow, and has gone on the stage. In the course of their conversation Emily Vernon enters, having come to ask Sir Charles to give his financial backing to the Prince's Theatre, an "advanced" theatrical enterprise in which she is involved, and which is tottering on the verge of ruin owing to the impractical business methods of its manager. Sir Charles promises his support and consents to see her manager on the following day.

ACT II

Notes on Characters in This Act

Holt St. John.— Theatrical manager. A man of the finest artistic taste. Otherwise a brute, especially in manner. A biggish man. He cares for nothing and nobody when his artistic ideas are at stake. Occasionally there is something wistful in his voice. Age about 50.

Henry Cleland.— Stage manager. A little, obsequious man with sharp features. A time-server, and capable of duplicity. Profound admirer of his wife. Age 46.

Mrs. Cleland (Henrietta Blackwood).— A fine actress. Too good for the public. Wearing out after a long and arduous career; but she can still play virgins. Disillusioned, naturally. Isn't quite sure whether she has ever been a genuine "star" or not, in the eyes of the public. Kind-hearted. Great admiration for St. John. Age unknown.

Same scene. Time: Monday morning. (*Disk, blue.*) Sir Charles *is alone, dictating into the dictaphone.*

Sir C. I must have a reply by return, or it is off. Yours faithfully. . . . Lord Rugby. My dear Rugby, All my excuses for not coming round last night to the smoker. I was prevented by the most urgent business. You never know in my trade what may turn up. See you, I suppose, at the Committee— [*Enter* Kendrick *and* Emily Vernon, R.]

SIR C. [*finishing quickly*] — meeting of the A. C. next Thursday. Yours sincerely. [*He jumps up.*]

KENDRICK. I met Mrs. Vernon in the street and piloted her up.

SIR C. [*nervous, shaking hands with* EMILY]. Good morning. Have this chair, will you?

EMILY [*questioningly*]. No worse for the adventure?

SIR C. [*smiles awkwardly*]. Oh, no!

KENDRICK [*to* SIR CHARLES]. I say, have you had the figures of the *Sunday Morning News?*

SIR C. No.

KENDRICK. You were right about that "Crimes of Passion" series, by Jove! Thirty-six thousand up! Twenty-five thousand up last week! What about it, eh? I came across a ripping one yesterday. The Halifax murder in 1886; began with an adultery. I just wanted to ask you ——

SIR C. [*slightly disturbed*]. All right! All right! I've got a meeting on here at twelve. Half a moment! [*Hastens to door* L. *and opens it.*] I say, Frank. Oh! you *are* there! Come and look after Mrs. Vernon. [*To* EMILY.] Excuse me two seconds, will you? Now, Kendrick! [*Exeunt* SIR CHARLES *and* KENDRICK, R. *Enter* FRANCIS, *taking off his gloves.*]

FRANCIS. Well, Emily. [*They shake hands.*]

EMILY. You seem to be quite installed here.

FRANCIS. I'm the darling of the place. My dramatic criticism is said to be snappy without being vicious. And now I've been appointed head of the obituary department, at my own request. Add this to my chairmanship of the Prince's Theatre, Limited ——

EMILY. Why the obituary department?

FRANCIS. It seemed to give the widest scope for humour. And, you know, humour is just what this place is short of.

EMILY. I thought you published lots of comic papers.

FRANCIS. Have you ever *seen* one of our comic papers?

EMILY. No.

FRANCIS. Well, have a look at one. . . . No, that's hardly friendly. Don't have a look at one.

EMILY. And is that your room now? [*indicating door* L.]

FRANCIS. That is my room. I'm on the very steps of the throne.

EMILY. I should never have guessed that you would settle down here.

FRANCIS [*mock-confidentially, in a lower voice*]. I sha'n't. My only rule is never to settle down. But as an amateur of human nature I couldn't miss such a unique opportunity of studying the English mind as fed by the Worgan press, and the English ideal as mirrored in the British theatre. Could I? I shall probably give myself a year of this excitement. More would not be good for me. I suppose you're here for the meeting?

EMILY. Yes. It seems it isn't exactly a formal meeting.

FRANCIS. Merely a chat, I'm told. Instead of being chairman I shall be just a plain person, like you or Charlie or the Chief.

EMILY [*quietly*]. Charlie was talking to me about it yesterday.

FRANCIS [*slightly lifting his eyebrows*]. Oh! Sunday!

EMILY [*looking away from* FRANCIS]. He called to see me.

FRANCIS. Where?

EMILY. The natural place. My rooms. Where should you have called if you'd wanted to see me? . . . However, I'll be candid with you. I was just as startled as you are — more, even!

FRANCIS. I'm — why should you be startled? Unless, of course, it's a nunnery that you inhabit.

EMILY. Put yourself in the position of the poor but virtuous actress spending a pleasant Sunday afternoon washing imitation lace — when in walks Sir Charles Worgan, millionaire.

FRANCIS. But, after all, Charlie is only Charlie.

EMILY. That's where you're wrong. He's a good deal more than Charlie. So I concealed the lace.

FRANCIS. Did he come in the motor?

EMILY. He came on his feet. Why?

FRANCIS. Nothing. Only he started out in the motor.

EMILY. I daresay it broke down.

FRANCIS. And he came back in it.

EMILY [*impatiently*]. Indeed! Well, there's *another* mystery of a motor-car, that's all! The point is that he called to consult me.

FRANCIS. What about?

EMILY. About the next production at the Prince's. You see, I have always read plays for the Chief. That's really how the Chief came to take me on, and I suppose that's why they gave me a share in the company and called me a director. He seemed to be quite disturbed.

FRANCIS. Who? Charlie?

EMILY. Yes. He said he understood that the next production was to be "The Merchant of Venice."

FRANCIS. So it was.

EMILY. The Chief appears to be changing his mind. Just recently he's read "The Lion's Share" — that Welsh piece by Lloyd Morgan.

EMILY [*deeply moved*]. YOU AREN'T GOING TO THROW ME OVER?

FRANCIS. Stage Society?

EMILY. Yes. He went to one of the rehearsals, and he's tremendously keen on it.

FRANCIS. Really! [*Taking tickets and programme from his pocket.*] Yes. That's it. I'm going to see it this afternoon. They've sent me a couple of tickets. Care to come?

EMILY. You needn't be so stuck up with your two tickets. I went last night.

FRANCIS. Why, you informed me not long since that it was impossible to get tickets for Sunday night performances of the Stage Society. You said even duchesses were glad to crowd into the gallery, and critics hadn't a dog's chance.

EMILY. Charles had got tickets somehow. He left a stall for me and asked me if I'd go. He told me he might be there himself, but he wasn't sure.

FRANCIS. And was he?

EMILY. Yes. [*With a trace of self-consciousness, after a pause.*] He had the next stall to mine.

FRANCIS [*nodding his head*]. Extraordinary how shy that youth is about being intellectual! He told *me* he was going to a smoking concert. Was it a success — the Welsh thing?

EMILY. Oh, yes. But that's nothing. Anything would be a success in London on Sunday night. People are so *grateful.*

FRANCIS. Then you didn't like it?

EMILY. On the contrary. I adored it.

FRANCIS. Did Charlie?

EMILY [*shakes her head; a little pause*]. He didn't *see* it.

FRANCIS. I suppose it's one of those disagreeable plays, as we say in the *Mercury* — the disastrous effect of French influence on the Nonconformist mind.

EMILY. It was so real that I could have ——

FRANCIS. You confirm my worst suspicions.

EMILY [*smiling*]. *You're* bound to enjoy it.

FRANCIS. But Charlie didn't?

EMILY. And yet, you know, he *is* clever — don't you think so? Just look at what he's done with the Prince's! Don't you think he's frightfully clever?

FRANCIS. Clever isn't the word.

EMILY. What is the word?

FRANCIS. There isn't a word. I've lived with Charlie now for four months, and I've looked carefully through the dictionary, and I've satisfied myself that there isn't a word. Charlie baffles.

EMILY. Yes, that's why he's so fascinating. I was only thinking, as I walked back last night —— [*stopping; in a different voice*] I may as well tell you we walked back together after the theatre to my square. It was such a lovely night.

FRANCIS. It was. [*Enter* PAGE-BOY *with* ST. JOHN.]

PAGE-BOY. Mr. St. John. [*Exit.*]

FRANCIS [*rising*]. Good morning, St. John. How are you?

ST. JOHN. Mondayish. [*To* EMILY.] Hello! What are you doing here?

EMILY [*shaking hands with him*]. Good morning, Chief. Sir Charles asked me to come.

ST. JOHN [*displeased*]. Oh! [*Enter* SIR CHARLES, R., *quickly.*]

SIR C. Morning, St. John. [*Shakes hands.*] Thanks for being so prompt.

ST. JOHN. I thought you wanted to have a chat with *me?*

SIR C. So I do. But it occurred to me afterwards there couldn't be any harm in asking all the other directors. [*He takes record out of dictaphone.*]

ST. JOHN. Do you mean to say Cleland and his wife are coming?

SIR C. Well, my dear St. John, surely your stage manager and your leading lady ought to be consulted, if any one ought, especially as they're directors.

ST. JOHN. Is this a board meeting, or isn't it? If it is, why hasn't it been properly summoned? I don't set up as a cast-iron devotee of business rules, but ——

SIR C. Not strictly a board meeting.

FRANCIS. Rather, a meeting of the board. [*To* SIR CHARLES.] There's no "chair," I take it?

SIR C. No, no; quite unnecessary. Now, St. John, I just want to state a few things [*looking at clock*]. Well, of course, if the Clelands are late, we can't help it. Anyhow — [*pause, as if making up his mind*] — I've been going into the accounts, and it may be said that we've turned the corner — but not very far. There's been a profit of about a hundred pounds on the last three months — since the company was definitely formed. A hundred pounds in three months is not much. It will just pay the interest on the debentures. Of course it would have been larger but for the matinées of "The Broken Heart." On the other hand, it would have been smaller — in fact, there would have been a loss — if we had paid proper salaries. The directors get nothing, as directors. Mr. Cleland and Miss Henrietta Blackwood accept rather nominal salaries, partly because they're together, but no doubt partly on account of Mrs. Cleland's — er — advancing age; the other members of the troupe are equally ill-paid. As for you, St. John, your remuneration as manager is — well, inadequate.

ST. JOHN. Don't you worry about that.

You can put it that what I receive is for playing a small part now and then. For my producing, there's no question of adequate remuneration. Couldn't be! Frohman himself couldn't remunerate me adequately for my producing! I'm the greatest producer on earth. Every one knows that.

SIR C. Well, there it is! All I want to point out is that we are at a critical period in our career. We mustn't be too satisfied with ourselves. We must consolidate our position. The future depends on what we do now. Our present bill will probably run another couple of months.

ST. JOHN. It may, or it mayn't. I never like to run a piece out. I want to have something else ready in three weeks, and I can do it.

SIR C. That's just what I'm anxious to discuss. Do you really mean that you can do a Shakespearean production in three weeks?

ST. JOHN. I've decided against "The Merchant of Venice." I thought you understood that. I'm going to do "The Lion's Share." I saw it last night, and I practically arranged with the author — Lloyd Morgan, or Morgan Lloyd, or whatever his name is. It's a great thing. Let everybody take notice of what I say! It's a great thing!

SIR C. I also saw it last night. It may or may not be a great thing — I don't pretend to be a judge ——

ST. JOHN. That's all right, then. I do.

SIR C. But I pretend to be a judge of what will succeed. And I don't think "The Lion's Share" would succeed. I'm quite sure it isn't a certainty.

ST. JOHN. It's no part of my scheme to produce certainties. As far as that goes, I've never met one. More money has been lost on certainties than would pay off the bally National Debt. My scheme is to produce masterpieces.

SIR C. And if the public won't come to see them?

ST. JOHN. So much the worse for the public! The loss is theirs!

SIR C. It seems to me the loss will also be ours.

FRANCIS [*soothingly*]. St. John means that the public and ourselves will share the loss. But whereas we shall know exactly how much we have lost, the public will be under the disadvantage of never guessing that it has lost anything at all.

SIR C. [*in a low tone to* FRANCIS]. Just let me speak, will you? [FRANCIS *gives a courteous, humorous smile of consent.*]

ST. JOHN. Besides, who says the public won't come?

SIR C. I do. Another thing — "The Lion's Share" contains no decent part for Miss Blackwood.

ST. JOHN. I can't help that. At my theatre the company has got to fit the play. Let the old girl have a rest. God knows, she's been working like a camel. [*Enter* PAGE-BOY *with* MR. *and* MRS. CLELAND.]

SIR C. [*to* PAGE-BOY]. Boy! [PAGE-BOY *comes round to* SIR CHARLES *and waits.*]

MRS. C. I do hope we aren't late. The fact is, we met my dear old father in the Strand. I hadn't seen him for months, and it gave me quite a turn. How d'ye do, Sir Charles? [*greeting him*].

CLELAND [*who has been shaking hands round, quietly to* SIR CHARLES]. I got your letter this morning.

SIR C. [*nods*]. Now, Mrs. Cleland — have this chair. St. John is thinking of producing a play with no part for you. What do you say to that? [*Hands dictaphone records to* PAGE-BOY. *Exit* PAGE-BOY.]

MRS. C. [*after shaking hands round and kissing* EMILY]. I know what I should have said twenty years ago. But I often say nowadays that my idea of bliss is a dozen oysters and go to bed comfortably at ten o'clock. So long as you pay my salary, I don't mind. Salaries have been so *very* regular lately, I wouldn't like it disturbed. Would *you*, my dear? [*to* EMILY].

SIR C. The question is, how long we should be able to keep on paying salaries, with you out of the bill.

MRS. C. Now that's very nice of you, Sir Charles.

CLELAND [*rubbing his hands*]. "Lion's Share," I suppose you're talking about?

SIR C. What's your view of this wonderful piece, Cleland?

CLELAND [*askance at* ST. JOHN]. Well, I only saw the dress rehearsal. Of course, it's clever, undoubtedly clever. It may please the Stage Society; but if you ask me my frank opinion ——

ST. JOHN. Sam's opinion is worth nothing at all, especially if it's frank. When he tries to imitate me it isn't always so bad. I didn't engage Sam as a connoisseur. I engaged him because his wife can *act* ——

MRS. C. My old father said to me this morning, "Henrietta," he says, "you and I are the only members of the Blackwood family that can really *act*. I could act a railway engine. And I believe you could, too," he says. Didn't he, Sam? Excuse me, Chief.

ST. JOHN. And also because he's the only stage manager in London who'll do what you

tell him without any damned improvements of his own. But as for his views — they are invariably vulgar. Sam would make a fortune if he were let alone.

CLELAND. I should. Just give me a chance.

ST. JOHN. Not much, Sammy! Not if I know it!

SIR C. What is your opinion of "The Lion's Share," Mrs. Cleland?

MRS. C. [*indignant*]. Don't ask me. How should I know? My own nephew's playing in it, but could he get a seat for me for last night? No! I've been before the London public for twenty-six years, but could I get in on my card? No.

FRANCIS. If you'll give me the pleasure of your company this afternoon, Mrs. Cleland, I've got a couple of stalls.

MRS. C. Much obliged, Mr. Worgan. But if I can't go on Sunday I don't go at all. I'm not proud; but either I'm Henrietta Blackwood or I'm not! At least, that's how I look at it.

SIR C. Mrs. Vernon has seen the play ——

MRS. C. Congratulations, my dear!

SIR C. But I haven't yet asked her views, formally ——

ST. JOHN. You needn't, Sir Charles. I feel somehow that I can struggle on without 'em.

SIR C. But she was put on the Board simply because she'd always been used to reading plays for you! How often have you said what fine taste she has!

ST. JOHN. That's true. I value her opinion — when I want it. But in this case my mind is made up. You were sitting together last night, you two! I saw you.

SIR C. That was a mere accident.

ST. JOHN. Agreed! Accidents will happen. [*Hums an air.*]

SIR C. [*controlling himself*]. As I said before, I don't pretend to be a judge ——

ST. JOHN. As I said before, I *do*. That about settles that, doesn't it?

SIR C. [*gravely and obstinately*]. No. Speaking simply as a member of the public, my objections to the piece, if only I could put them properly — of course it's not my line to explain ——

ST. JOHN. Don't let that trouble you. I can explain your objections. You've got three objections. The first is that this play is true to life, the second is that it's original, and the third is that it's beautiful. You're a bold financier, but you're afraid of beauty; you detest originality; and as for truth, it makes you hold your nose. Do you think I don't know all about your confounded objections? I'm turned fifty. I've spent a quarter of a century in trying to make this damned town appreciate beauty, and though I've succeeded once or twice, the broad result is that I can't look my greengrocer in the face. But I wouldn't swap places with you. It would be like being blind and deaf. [*Suddenly to* FRANCIS, *as to one who understands.*] I wish you'd seen "The Lion's Share." I know what you'd say!

SIR C. [*quickly*]. Come, now, St. John, whatever the private opinions of any of us may be, I am quite sure we shall all be agreed that this wonderful play of yours won't please the public. [*Looks at* EMILY *as if for confirmation.*] It would be bound to be a frost. . . . You yourself ——

ST. JOHN [*springing up*]. Nothing of the kind! Nothing of the kind! No one ever caught me saying that any play on earth would be a frost. No really new thing ever yet succeeded but what all the blessed wiseacres who know the public best swore it would be a rank failure. Let me tell you that in the end you chaps are always wrong. Public taste is continually changing. Is it you chaps who change it? Not much, by heaven! It's we who change it. But, before we can begin to work, we must get past a pack of infernal rotters who say they have their finger on the public pulse. [*More quietly.*] Well, we *do* get past; that's one comfort.

MRS. C. Oh, Chief! How you carry on, to be sure! It's worse than a rehearsal. And this isn't your stage, you know.

SIR C. [*smiling*]. That's all right, that's all right. St. John is always enthusiastic. A month ago he was just as enthusiastic for Shakespeare.

ST. JOHN. Yes, but then I hadn't got my eye on a good modern piece.

SIR C. I suppose you'll admit that "The Lion's Share" is not as good a play as "The Merchant of Venice." I've been reading "The Merchant of Venice" myself. A most interesting old play! Now, *there's* beauty, to use your own word, if you like.

ST. JOHN. Sudden discovery of a hitherto neglected author by the proprietor of the *Daily Mercury*.

SIR C. All this is not argument.

ST. JOHN. My excellent Sir Charles, any ass of an actor-manager can produce Shakespeare.

FRANCIS. Excuse me, St. John, I don't wish to interrupt a duel, but you told me exactly the contrary not long since. You said there wasn't an actor-manager in London who understood Shakespeare enough to make even a decent call-boy in a Shakespearean production.

ST. JOHN. And I was right. Some day I'll show 'em. But I'm not going to spend my time on Shakespeare when I've got a first-class modern production all waiting. It's the Shakespeares of the future that I'm on.

SIR C. Now, seriously, St. John —— [*A pause.*]

CLELAND. The wife is a really tremendous *Portia*, Chief. Aren't you, Henrietta?

MRS. C. He knows. He saw me at the old Novelty in '89.

SIR C. And I was thinking that *Jessica* was the very part for Mrs. Vernon — I hope you won't deny that it's about time Mrs. Vernon had a decent show [*half laughing*].

ST. JOHN [*coldly*]. Since you've mentioned it, I may as well tell you, I've decided that Mrs. Vernon must leave the Prince's company.

EMILY. Chief — you aren't —— [*Stops.*]

SIR C. [*annoyed*]. Now what's this? [*General surprise.*]

ST. JOHN. I'm not satisfied with her work. The truth is, I never was. I was taken by her enthusiasm for a good thing. But what's that got to do with acting?

EMILY [*deeply moved*]. You aren't going to throw me over? I've always tried my very best. What do you think I shall do if you throw me over?

ST. JOHN. I don't know. Whatever you do, you oughtn't to act any more. Because it ain't your line. You're simply painful in "The Mayor of Casterbridge," and no one knows it better than you.

MRS. C. Don't listen to him, Emily.

ST. JOHN [*growling*]. You needn't think I'm not sorry for her. But I won't have all my productions messed up for evermore just because I've been unfortunate enough to engage an actress who can't act. I want a fine production, and I mean to have it. I don't care twopence for anything else. I'm not a philanthropist. I'm a brute. Everybody knows that. [EMILY *moves away from the others, and tries to control herself.*]

SIR C. You're not going to ——

ST. JOHN [*challenging him with a stiff look*]. I'm not going to have any favourites in the company.

SIR C. Favourites?

ST. JOHN. Yes, favourites. I mean nothing offensive. But I've had this on my mind some time. You began the subject. Now you know!

SIR C. But Mrs. Vernon is a director of the company.

ST. JOHN. Who made her a director of the company? You did; just as you made your brother the nominal chairman. Not that I mind that in the least. She can be a director of forty companies so long as she doesn't act on my stage.

SIR C. Your stage?

ST. JOHN. My stage.

SIR C. The company's stage.

ST. JOHN. Damn the company!

SIR C. You can't damn the company. The company saved you when you never expected to be saved. The company put you on your legs, and put the theatre on its legs. The company gave you two thousand pounds' worth of shares for a goodwill that was worth nothing. The company gave shares to Mr. Cleland and Miss Blackwood for arrears of salary, and the same to Mrs. Vernon. My brother and I bought shares. On all these shares the company will pay good interest, if only a little common sense is shown. Surely Mrs. Vernon has deserved better of you than to be dismissed! Without her ——

ST. JOHN. Without her I shouldn't have had your help.

SIR C. Exactly, since you care to put it that way.

ST. JOHN. Well, since I care to put it that way, Sir Charles, I don't know that I'm so desperately grateful. What have you done, after all? You insisted on an orchestra, to keep the audience from thinking; you invented a costume for the programme girls, and made a rule that they must be under twenty-five and pretty; and you put up the price of the programmes from twopence to sixpence. You plastered the West End all over with coloured posters that would make a crocodile swoon. And that's about all.

SIR C. I put order into the concern; and I gave you the support of all my journals, including the most powerful daily paper in London.

ST. JOHN. Thank you for nothing! The most powerful daily paper in London has got me laughed at by all my friends. I'm not likely to forget the morning after the first performance of "The Broken Heart," when the most powerful daily paper in London talked for three quarters of a column about the essential, English, breezy, healthy purity of the Elizabethan drama.

MRS. C. I remember they called me Harriet instead of Henrietta.

FRANCIS. A misprint. [*To* ST. JOHN.] It was all a misprint.

SIR C. [*quietly*]. Still, the public comes now.

ST. JOHN. Yes, and what a public!

SIR C. There's only one sort of public. It's the sort that pays.

ST. JOHN. Let it fork it out, then, and accept what I choose to give it! I'll choose my plays, and I'll choose my players. I'm sorry for Emily, but I can't help it. So long as I'm the manager, I'll be the manager. I'll keep a free hand.

SIR C. [*threateningly*]. If you wanted to keep a free hand, you ought not to have accepted my money.

ST. JOHN. Look here, Sir Charles, don't you try to come the millionaire over me. You may be a millionaire in your private capacity, but when you discuss the theatre with me you're simply a man who doesn't know what he's talking about.

MRS. C. Chief, you're losing your temper.

ST. JOHN. Shut up!

SIR C. You are the manager, but I'm the largest shareholder, and I hold all the debentures. I can always outvote you. I won't consent to Shakespeare being shelved. Shakespeare was your own idea, not mine. Why can't you stick to it? Why do you want to produce a morbid play that *must* fail? You may take it from me, I've got no use for a frost. Every one knows I'm in the Prince's. I don't choose to be associated with failures. And, above all, I won't consent to the dismissal of Mrs. Vernon. Is that clear?

ST. JOHN [*approaching him, very quietly*]. Do you want to get rid of me?

SIR C. No. I only want you to behave reasonably.

ST. JOHN. Oh! That's all you want, is it? Will you buy me out?

SIR C. Certainly, if you wish it.

ST. JOHN [*furiously*]. Well, then, do! I resign! See? I resign. You've saved a fine enterprise, and ruined it at the same time. Cleland's your man. Put your two wooden heads together, and you're bound to make a howling success of the Prince's. Cleland'll carry out your theories for you. Cleland's notion of realism in art is potted primroses on a river's brim. Get it at once. In six months you'll be playing musical comedy at the Prince's — [*pause*] and "House full" over the portico [*scornfully*] — a thing that's never been seen in my time! . . . I resign.

SIR C. You aren't serious.

ST. JOHN. Do you take me for a bally clown? [*Solemnly.*] I'm always serious. [*To* MRS. CLELAND.] Good-bye, old girl! [*Exit back, with a violent banging of the door.*]

MRS. C. [*with a passionate outburst, rising*]. St. John!

CLELAND [*to his wife*]. Sit down and be quiet.

MRS. C. [*half hysterical*]. Loose me! St. John! [*She rushes out after him, crying. Noises in the corridor.*]

SIR C. [*to* FRANCIS]. Just go and quieten them, will you? There'll be a regular scene out there in a minute. We can't have the whole building upset.

FRANCIS. That's all very well ——

SIR C. [*insisting*]. There's a good fellow. [*Exit* FRANCIS.] I say, Cleland.

CLELAND. I'll look after her.

SIR C. [*a little anxiously*]. She won't throw us over?

CLELAND [*confidently*]. Leave that to me.

SIR C. [*after a glance at* EMILY]. I'll telephone you later in the day with an appointment. I haven't time now.

CLELAND. Good! [*Shakes hands.*] Splendid, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*]

EMILY. I must go too [*rising*].

SIR C. Here! Wait a bit. Sit down half a minute. You can't go like that.

EMILY [*sits*]. I don't suppose there ever was another man as rude as the Chief. What a *brute!* But he's always the same — simply never cares for anything except his own ideas. There's nothing he wouldn't sacrifice for them. Nothing!

SIR C. Well, he'd got *me* to deal with!

EMILY. The thing that surprised me most was the way you kept your temper.

SIR C. Oh! that's nothing! I can generally keep my temper when I see the other man is losing his. It was only when he began talking about favourites that I nearly let myself go.

EMILY. Seeing us together last night at the theatre — that must have made him think we'd been plotting against him.

SIR C. And yet we hadn't, had we? I don't know even now what you really think about that play.

EMILY. "The Lion's Share"? I quite agree with you that it wouldn't have a chance with the public.

SIR C. But you think it's a fine play?

EMILY. Why do you think I think that?

SIR C. Well, from what you said last night.

EMILY. I was careful not to say. We both rather kept off it, *I* thought.

SIR C. Then from what you didn't say.

EMILY. Yes, I think it's fine.

SIR C. Do you? [*genuinely puzzled.*] And you think Francis'll like it too?

EMILY. Yes.

SIR C. Queer! I suppose there must be

something in it. I wish you'd explain it to me — I mean, what you see in it.

EMILY. Oh! I can't explain. It's just a matter of taste.

SIR C. You explained lots of things in "The Merchant of Venice," anyway.

EMILY. Oh, Charlie, I didn't! I only just——

SIR C. Yes, you did. In fact, you made me quite keen on it. That's one reason why I was determined not to let St. John throw it over. But if "The Merchant of Venice" were a great success, I wouldn't mind "The Lion's Share" being done at matinées.

EMILY. That wouldn't satisfy him. He'd never give way. And, what's more — he'd never give way about me. [*Thoughtfully.*] He's quite right, you know. I can't act. [*Smiles.*] I expect it's because I'm too intellectual.

SIR C. Of course you can act.

EMILY. How do you know? You've never seen me.

SIR C. I'm sure you can.

EMILY. And what's going to happen *now?*

SIR C. Happen? Nothing! The theatre will go on. Do you think I can't run a theatre? I knew there'd be a rumpus. In fact, I brought it on, because things were bound to come to a crisis between St. John and me sooner or later, and sooner is always best. So I came to a clear understanding with Cleland in advance.

EMILY. Did you?

SIR C. Yes. I had to know exactly where I stood. And Cleland is a very good man. You'll see. I'll make that theatre hum.

EMILY. It was awfully good of you, sticking up for me.

SIR C. Not at all. I'll sign you a contract for three years, if you like.

EMILY [*nervously*]. Well, of course I'm not in a position to refuse offers of that kind. But, really, you are awfully kind. I must tell you — I'd no idea you were so good-natured. Most people have got an entirely wrong notion of you. *I* had at the start.

SIR C. How?

EMILY. They think you're as hard as nails. And the truth is, you're fearfully good-natured.

SIR C. No, I'm not.

EMILY. Well, look how you've behaved to me! I can't thank you, you know. I never *could* thank any one for anything — anything serious, that is.

SIR C. [*pleased at this revelation; confidentially*]. That's funny, now! I'm just the same. Whenever I have to thank people, I always begin to blush, and I feel awkward.

EMILY. I know, I know. [*After a pause.*] And yet, I ought to thank you. This makes twice you've saved me.

SIR C. Saved you? What are you talking about?

EMILY. Well, what do you suppose I should have done if you and Francis hadn't been in the affair and St. John had had his way? Where should I have been? I've got nothing to fall back on. I've been alone for four years now, and every penny I've spent I've had to earn. And till this year I never made a hundred and twenty pounds in a single year. I wasn't brought up to earn, that's why. I'm very conceited, and, if you ask me, I think I'm a fairly finished sort of article; but I can't do anything that people *want* doing. You don't know what I've been through. No one knows except me. You don't know what you've saved me from. No! I couldn't have begun that frightful struggle over again, I couldn't have faced it. It's too disgusting, too humiliating. I should have——

SIR C. [*disturbed*]. But look here, Emily——

EMILY. Yes, I know! One oughtn't to speak like that. It makes everybody so uncomfortable. Never look back at a danger that's passed! And yet — the first time I saw you here, and I managed to joke about altering frocks —— Never shall I forget my relief; it was painful how glad I was! I'm always looking back at that. . . . And then, to-day, without a moment's warning! Oh, dear! . . . And now you say a contract for three years! [*Gives a great sigh of relief.*] Why, it's heaven; it's simply just Paradise!

SIR C. [*going to door* R. *and opening it*]. I say, Kendrick. Just see I'm not disturbed, will you? Put a boy outside my door.

KENDRICK [*off*]. All right! Meeting still on!

SIR C. Yes. [*He puts red disk up, and then comes back to* EMILY]. Now — er — look here, of course, I'm rather peculiar; I can only do things in my own way; but look here — there are one or two things I want to talk to you about. To begin with, do you know why I've never been to a performance at the Prince's when you were in the cast?

EMILY. No.

SIR C. Well, it was because I didn't want to see you acting in public. [*Walks about.*]

EMILY. But——

SIR C. I'm like that, that's all. I knew you were obliged to earn your living, but I couldn't stand seeing you doing it on the stage. You may call it sentimental. I don't know. I'm just telling you. There's another thing. Do you know why I insisted on you and old woman Cleland being on the Board of Directors?

EMILY [*shakes her head*]. I don't think anybody quite understood that.

SIR C. Well, it was because I thought if you were on the board I should have good opportunities of seeing you without being forced to make them. I simply added Mrs. Cleland as a cover for you, so that you wouldn't look too conspicuous. What price that for a scheme?

EMILY. Now, Charlie, don't go and make me feel awkward.

SIR C. You've got to feel awkward. And so have I. I've told you those two things so that you can't say I'm being sudden. I'm putting the matter before you in a straightforward way. I want you to marry me.

EMILY. Charlie!

SIR C. That's what it is. I know I'm peculiar, but I can't help it — I can't say what I want to say. I mean I can't bring myself to say it. Now, for instance, there's that word "love." Curious thing — I can't use it! When I hear of men saying to women, "I love you," I always think to myself, "Well, *I* couldn't say it." Don't know why! It would be as much as I could do to say, "I'm awfully fond of you." And I couldn't say even that without being as awkward as if I were giving thanks. And yet, I *am*.

EMILY. You are what?

SIR C. You know what. Of course, if we hadn't been born in the same town, and almost in the same street, I expect I shouldn't have been able to talk like this to you. I should have had to be most rottenly artificial. Understand me, don't you?

EMILY. Perfectly. I'm just the same.

SIR C. *Are* you? That's all right, then. I suppose everybody from the Five Towns *is*. Well, what do you say?

EMILY. It's so sudden.

SIR C. Oh! damn it all, Emily. That's really a bit too thick, that is! After what I've told you! Are you going to sit there and stick me out that you'd no idea I was above a bit gone on you?

EMILY. I — Charlie, you *are* awful!

SIR C. Did the idea ever occur to you that I might ask you to marry me? Or didn't it?

EMILY [*after a pause*]. As questions are being put — when you got up this morning, did you intend to propose to me to-day?

SIR C. No. But every morning I say to myself, "One of these days I shall have to do it."

EMILY. When did you make your mind up to do it to-day?

SIR C. About five minutes ago.

EMILY. Why?

SIR C. Because of the way you talked. How do I know? Because you made me feel so queer. I couldn't bear for another minute the notion of you worrying yourself to death about a living and the future, while all the time I — I —— There are some things I can *not* stand. And one of 'em is your worrying about starvation. . . . It's quite true, I *am* as hard as nails, but I'm all right. Nobody else can say it for me, so I must say it myself. I'm all *right* ——

EMILY [*leaning forward*]. How much are you worth?

SIR C. About a million and a quarter.

EMILY. Well, can't you see how ridiculous it is, you marrying me? I haven't a cent.

SIR C. Now listen here, Emily. If you're going to talk nonsense we'll chuck it. What in the name of heaven does it matter to me if you haven't a cent?

EMILY. I — I don't know ——

SIR C. No. I should imagine you didn't!

EMILY. You could marry — high up [*lifting her arm*]. In the peerage. Why, you could marry practically anybody.

SIR C. I know.

EMILY. Well, why don't you?

SIR C. Because I don't. You're the sort of woman for me. What you said just now is true.

EMILY. What was that?

SIR C. You're a fairly finished sort of article. You're an intellectual woman. I know I'm not so very intellectual, but it's only intellectual people that interest me, all the same.

EMILY. Charlie, don't call yourself names!

SIR C. You can help me, more than anybody. You've done a good bit for me as it is.

EMILY. Why, what have I done?

SIR C. It's thanks to you that I'm in this theatre affair. And I like that. It's the kind of thing I'm after. And do you know who gave me the idea of giving a hundred thousand to Oxford? You! The first time you were here!

EMILY. Really?

SIR C. Certainly.

EMILY. I ought to tell Oxford about that.

SIR C. We should have the finest house in London, you know. I'd back you to do the hospitality business as well as any duke's daughter that was ever born. You'd soon get hold of the right people.

EMILY. What do you mean by the right people? Not what they call "society" people? Because if you do ——!

SIR C. [*stamping his foot*]. No, no! Of course I don't. I mean intellectual people, and the

johnnies that write for the reviews, and two or three chaps in the Cabinet. I could keep you off the rotters, because I know 'em already.

EMILY. It's all too dazzling, Charlie.

SIR C. Not a bit. I used to think that millionaires must be different from other people. But I'm a millionaire, and I'm just the same as I always was. As far as dazzle goes, there's nothing in it; I may as well tell you that. Well ——?

EMILY. I can't give you an answer now.

SIR C. Oh, yes, you can. You must. I'm not the kind of man that can wait.

EMILY [*rather coldly*]. I'm afraid you'll have to wait.

SIR C. [*crestfallen*]. But you surely must know what you feel?

EMILY. My dear Charles, I do *not* know what I feel.

SIR C. [*disappointed*]. When shall you know?

EMILY. I can't say.

SIR C. Honest?

EMILY. Of course.

SIR C. But can't you give me an idea?

EMILY. Of what?

SIR C. Whether it'll be yes or no.

EMILY [*with an outraged air*]. Certainly not.

SIR C. Well, I can tell you one thing: if you throw me over — I — I don't know what I shall do. No, I'm damned if I do.

EMILY [*stiffly*]. Good morning, Charlie.

SIR C. Look here. Why are you cross?

EMILY. I'm not cross.

SIR C. You look as if you were.

EMILY. Well, good morning. [*She goes to door, back, and opens it.* BOY *is seen standing there. Then she shuts the door and returns to* SIR C.]

EMILY. I —— [SIR C., *after gazing at her, suddenly seizes her and kisses her — a long kiss.*]

EMILY. I suppose I did know all the time.

SIR C. What are you crying for?

EMILY [*inconsequently and weakly*]. This kind of thing must be awfully bad for the heart.

SIR C. [*reflectively*]. Well! So that's done. I say —— [*Kisses her again. The telephone bell rings. They start guiltily.*]

SIR C. [*at instrument*]. Hello! Who is it? Yes. It's me. Oh! [*To* EMILY.] It's Francis.

EMILY [*quickly*]. You mustn't tell him.

SIR C. No, no, of course not. [*At instrument.*] What did you say? Yes. Yes. She's — er — still here. All right. I say, he doesn't seem like giving way, I hope? . . . Good! [*Rings off.*]

SIR C. Francis has gone off with St. John to the Garter ——

EMILY. The Garter?

SIR C. The restaurant where we generally lunch. He wanted to warn me to go somewhere else. He says St. John is quite calmed down now, but the sight of me might rouse him again. Like Francis, isn't it?

EMILY. I forgot to tell you that no one must on any account know for at least three months.

SIR C. All serene. But why?

EMILY. I can't do with it seeming too sudden — after the scene this morning, and with Henrietta here, too! Besides, when it's known, we shall have to go down at *once* to Bursley, to see your mother. You may depend on that!

SIR C. Think so? I don't seem to see myself doing the happy lover in Bursley.

EMILY. Neither do I. But it will come to that. And I must have time to get my breath first.

SIR C. Let's go and have lunch somewhere, eh?

EMILY. Where?

SIR C. The Carlton?

EMILY [*after a sigh*]. How lovely! [*Goes to glass to pat her hair.* SIR CHARLES, *looking at her, gives a little boyish, absurd gesture of tremendous glee, then rings a bell. Enter* PAGE-BOY.]

SIR C. [*sternly*]. Taximeter.

CURTAIN

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE MARCH NUMBER)

THE BRENNAN MONO-RAIL CAR

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

IT was November 10, 1909 — a day that will surely have its place in history beside that other day, eighty-five years ago, when George Stephenson drove the first railway locomotive between Stockton and Darlington. In the great square of the Brennan torpedo factory at Gillingham, where the fighting-tops of battleships in the adjacent dockyard poise above the stone coping of the wall, there was a track laid down in a circle of a quarter of a mile. Switches linked it up with other lengths of track, a straight stretch down to a muddy cape of the Medway estuary, and a string of curves and loops coiling among the stone and iron factory sheds. The strange thing about it was that it was single — just one line of rail on sleepers tamped into the unstable "made" ground of the place.

And there was Brennan, his face red with the chill wind sweeping in from the Nore, his voice plaintive and Irish, discoursing, at slow length, of revolutions per minute, of "precession," and the like. The journalists from London, who had come down at his invitation, fidgeted and shivered in the bitter morning air; the affair did not look in the least like an epoch in the history of transportation and civilization, till —

"Now, gentlemen," said Brennan, and led the way across the circle of track.

The Trial of the First Practical Mono-rail Car

And then, from its home behind the low, powder-magazine-like sheds, there rode forth a strange car, the like of which was never seen before. It was painted the businesslike slatyblue gray of the War Department. It was merely a flat platform, ten feet wide by forty feet long, with a steel cab mounted on its forward end, through the windows of which one could see a young engineer in tweeds standing against a blur of moving machine-parts.

It ran on the single rail; its four wheels revolved in a line, one behind another; and it traveled with the level, flexible equilibrium of a ship moving across a dock. It swung over the sharp curves without faltering, crossed the switch, and floated — floated is the only word for the serene and equable quality of its movement — round and round the quarter-mile circle. A workman boarded it as it passed him, and sat on the edge with his legs swinging, and its level was unaltered. It was wonderful beyond words to see. It seemed to abolish the very principle of gravitation; it contradicted calmly one's most familiar instincts.

Every one knows the sense one gains at times while watching an ingenious machine at its work — a sense of being in the presence of a living and conscious thing, with more than the industry, the pertinacity, the dexterity, of a man. There was a moment, while watching Brennan's car, when one had to summon an effort of reason to do away with this sense of life; it answered each movement of the men on board and each inequality in the makeshift track with an adjustment of balance irresistibly suggestive of consciousness. It was an illustration of that troublous theorem which advances that consciousness is no more than the co-relation of the parts of the brain, and that a machine adapted to its work is as conscious in its own sphere as a mind is in its sphere.

The Car Takes Sharp Curves While Unevenly Loaded with Forty Passengers

The car backed round the track, crossed to the straight line, and halted to take us aboard. There were about forty of us, yet it took up our unequally distributed weight without disturb-

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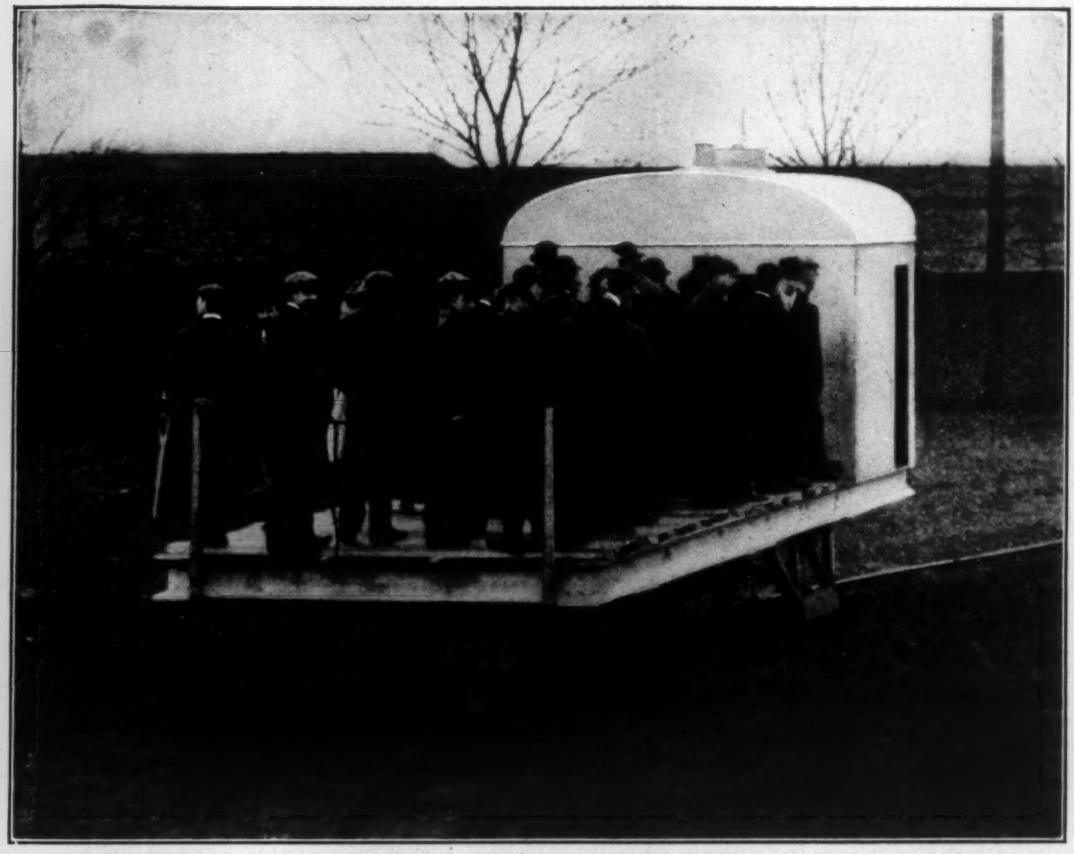
RAILROAD CROSSING OVER NEW YORK—THE "BOSTON-WASHINGTON LIMITED"



THE FIRST MONO-RAIL CAR ON ITS TRIAL TRIP

SHOWING THE CAR TAKING A CURVE WHILE UNEVENLY LOADED WITH PASSENGERS. THE EQUILIBRIUM WAS PERFECTLY MAINTAINED BY MEANS OF TWO GYROSCOPES WEIGHING THREE FOURTHS OF A TON EACH, AND MAKING THREE THOUSAND REVOLUTIONS A MINUTE

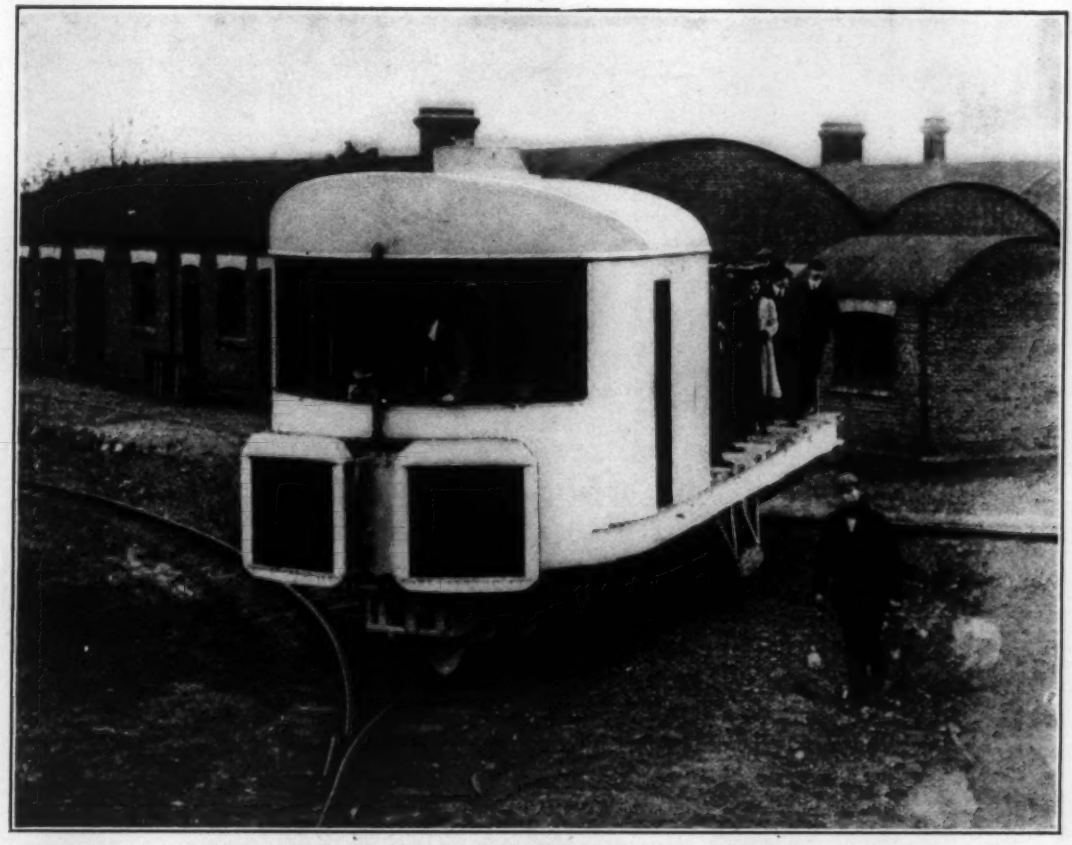
ance. The young engineer threw over his lever, and we ran down the line. The movement was as "sweet" and equable as the movement of a powerful automobile running slowly on a smooth road; there was an utter absence of those jars and small lateral shocks that are inseparable from a car running on a double track. We passed beyond the sheds and slid along a narrow spit of land thrusting out into the mud-flanked estuary. Men on lighters and a working-party of bluejackets turned to stare at the incredible machine with its load. Then back again, three times round the circle, and in and out among the curves, always with that unchanging stateliness of gait. As we spun round the circle, she leaned inward like a cyclist against the centrifugal pull. She needs no banking of the track to keep her on the rail. A line of rails to travel on, and ground that will carry her weight—she asks no more. With these and a clear road ahead, she is to abolish distance and revise the world's schedules of time.

"A hundred and twenty miles an hour," I hear Brennan saying, in that sad voice of his; "or maybe two hundred. That's a detail."

In the back of the cab were broad unglazed windows, through which one could watch the tangle of machinery. Dynamos are bolted to the floor, purring under their shields like comfortable cats; abaft of them a twenty-horse-power Wolseley petrol-engine supplies motive power for everything. And above the dynamos, cased in studded leather, swinging a little in their ordered precession, are the two gyroscopes, the soul of the machine. To them she owes her equilibrium.

Simplicity of the Car's Mechanism

Of all machines in the world, the gyroscope is the simplest, for, in its essential form, it is no more than a wheel revolving. But a wheel revolving is the vehicle of many physical principles, and the sum of them is that which is known as gyroscopic action. It is seen in the ordinary spinning top, which stands erect in its capacity of a gyroscope revolving horizontally. The



FRONT VIEW OF THE BRENNAN MONO-RAIL CAR

THE PLATFORM OF THE CAR WAS TEN FEET WIDE BY FORTY FEET LONG, WITH A STEEL CAB FOR THE ENGINEER ON ITS FORWARD END. DURING THE TRIAL TRIPS IT CARRIED FORTY PASSENGERS

apparatus that holds Brennan's car upright, and promises to revolutionize transportation, is a top adapted to a new purpose. It is a gyroscope revolving in a perpendicular plane, a steel wheel weighing three quarters of a ton and spinning at the rate of three thousand revolutions to the minute.

Now, the effect of gyroscopic action is to resist any impulse that tends to move the revolving wheel out of the plane in which it revolves. This resistance can be felt in a top; it can be felt much more strongly in the beautiful little gyroscopes of brass and steel that are sold for the scientific demonstration of the laws governing revolving bodies. Such a one, only a few inches in size, will develop a surprising resistance. This resistance increases with the weight of the wheel and the speed at which it moves, till, with Brennan's gyroscopes of three quarters of a ton each, whirling in a vacuum at three thousand revolutions per minute, it would need a weight that would crush the car into the ground to throw them from their upright plane.

Readers of McClure's Magazine were made familiar with the working of Brennan's gyroscope by Mr. Cleveland Moffett's article in the issue of December, 1907. The occasion of that article was the exhibition of Brennan's model mono-rail car before the Royal Society and in the grounds of his residence at Gillingham. For a clear understanding of the first full-sized car, it may be well to recapitulate a few of the characteristics of the gyroscope.

When Brennan made his early models, he found that, while the little cars would remain upright and run along a straight rail, they left the track at the first curve. The gyroscope governed their direction as well as their equilibrium. It was the first check in the evolution of the perfect machine. It was over ten years before he found the answer to the problem — ten years of making experimental machines and scrapping them, of filing useless patents, of doubt and persistence. But the answer was found — in the spinning top.

A spinning top set down so that it stands at an angle to the floor will right itself; it will rise till it stands upright on the point of equal fric-

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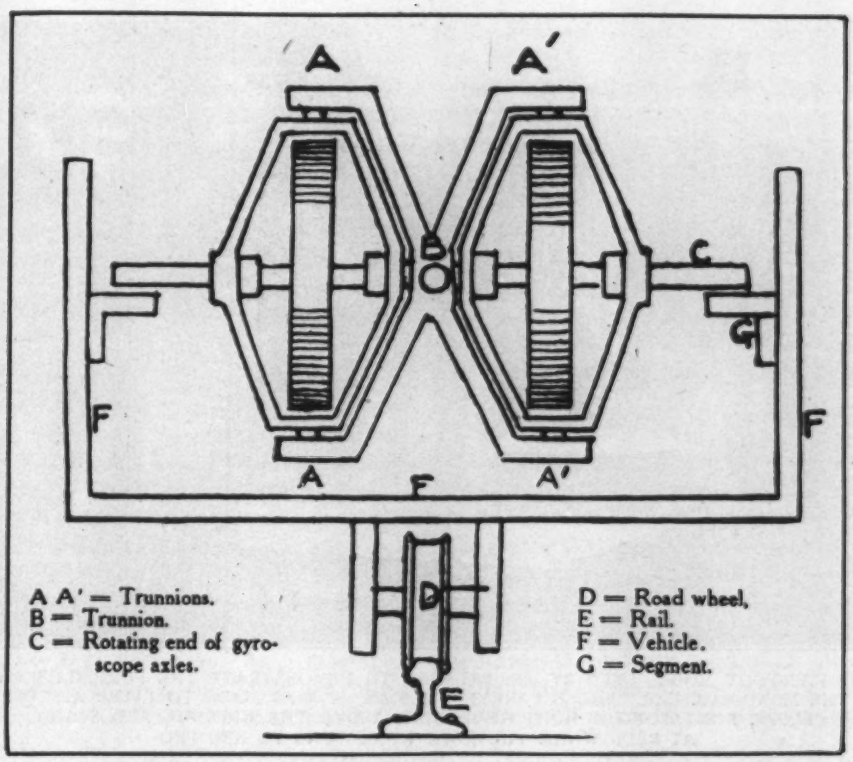
ACROSS THE CAÑON ON A MID-TWENTIETH-CENTURY EXPRESS



THE TWO BALANCE-WHEELS OF THE GYRO-CAR

The axle-end (C) corresponds to the point of the top. If, in turning a curve, the car-body (F) should commence to lean to the left, the projecting segment (G) would rise and touch the axle (C) of the right-hand balance-wheel. The balance-wheel would thereupon tend to rise at right angles with G, just as a top tends to rise at right angles with the surface on which it spins. This action would counteract the leaning tendency of the car-body and restore the equilibrium of the car.

tion. Brennan's resource, therefore, was to treat his gyroscope as a top. He enclosed it in a case, through which its axles projected, and at each side of the car he built stout brackets reaching forth a few inches below each end of the axle.

The result is not difficult to deduce. When the car came to a curve, the centrifugal action tended to throw it outward; the side of the car that was on the inside of the curve swung up and the bracket touched the axle of the gyroscope. Forthwith, in the manner of its father, the top, the gyroscope tried to stand upright on the bracket; all the weight of it and all its wonderful force were pressed on that side of the car, holding it down against the tendency to rise and capsize. The thing was done; the spinning top had come to the rescue of its posterity. It only remained to fit a double gyroscope, with the wheels revolving in opposite directions, and, save for engineering details, the mono-rail car was evolved.

What Would Happen if One of the Gyroscopes Broke

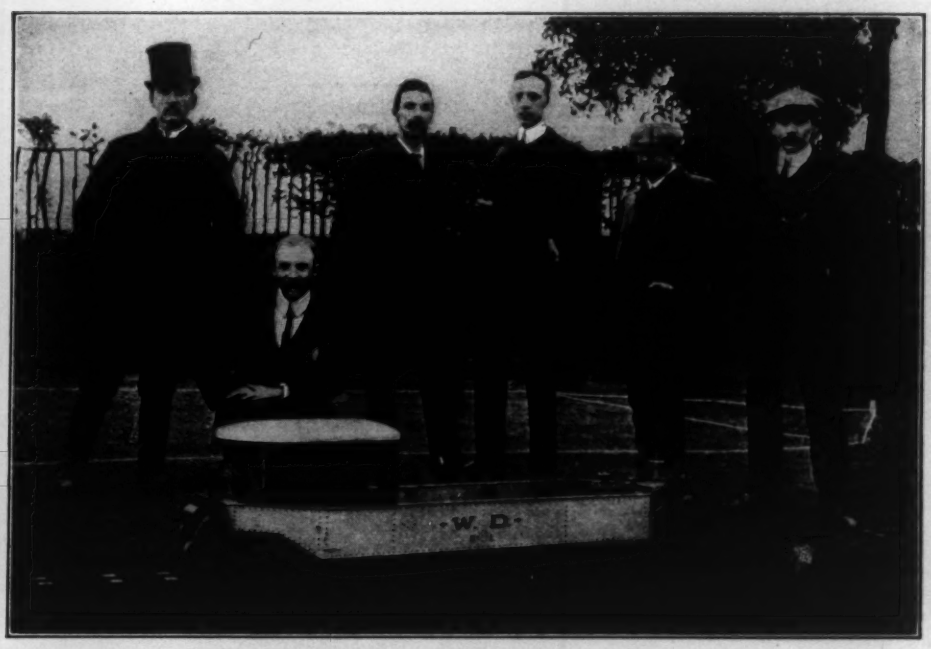
Through the window in the back of the cab I was able to watch them at their work — not the actual gyroscopes, but their cases, quivering with the unimaginable velocity of the great wheels within, turning and tilting accurately to each shifting weight as the men on board moved here and there. Above them were the glass oil-cups, with the opal-green engine-oil flushing through them to feed the bearings. Lubrication is a vital part of the machine. Let that fail, and the axles, grinding and red-hot, would eat through the white metal of the bearings as a knife goes through butter. It is a thing that has been foreseen by the inventor: to the lubricating apparatus is affixed a danger signal that would instantly warn the engineer.

"But," says Brennan, "if one broke down, the other gyroscope would hold her up — till ye could run her to a siding, anyway."

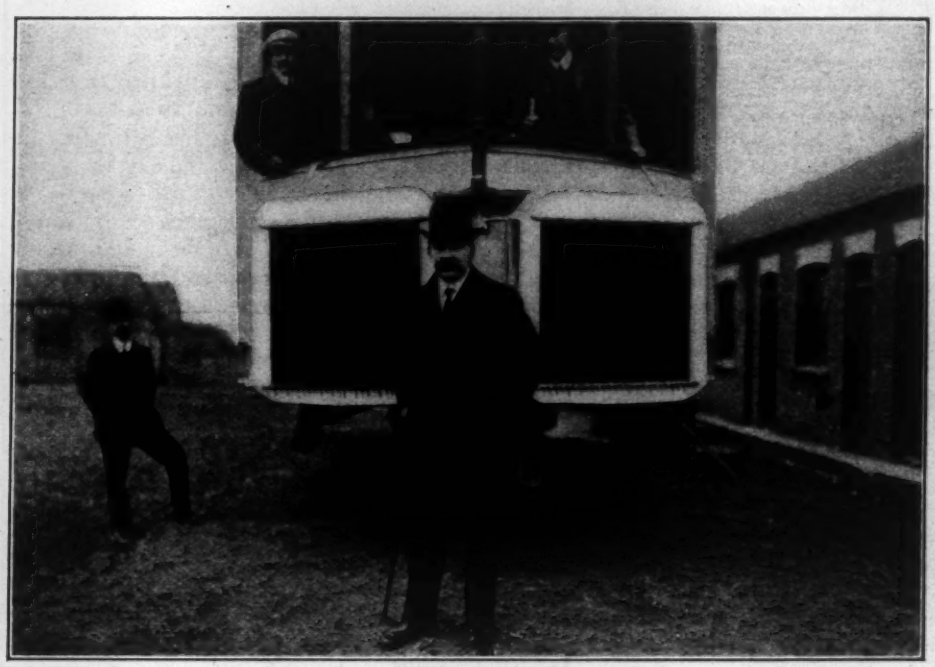
"But supposing the electric apparatus failed?" suggests a reporter — with visions of headlines, perhaps. "Supposing the motor driving the gyroscopes broke down; what then?"

"They'd run for a couple of days, with the momentum they've got," answers the inventor. "And for two or three hours, that 'ud keep her upright by itself."

On the short track at Gillingham there are no gradients to show what the car can do in the



THE FIVE-FOOT MODEL USED BY MR. BRENNAN TO DEMONSTRATE THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE MONO-RAIL CAR. WHILE CARRYING A MAN, IT WAS MADE TO CLIMB A STEEP SLOPE, RUN ALONG A ROPE STRETCHED ABOVE THE GROUND, AND STAND AT REST WHILE THE ROPE WAS SWUNG TO AND FRO



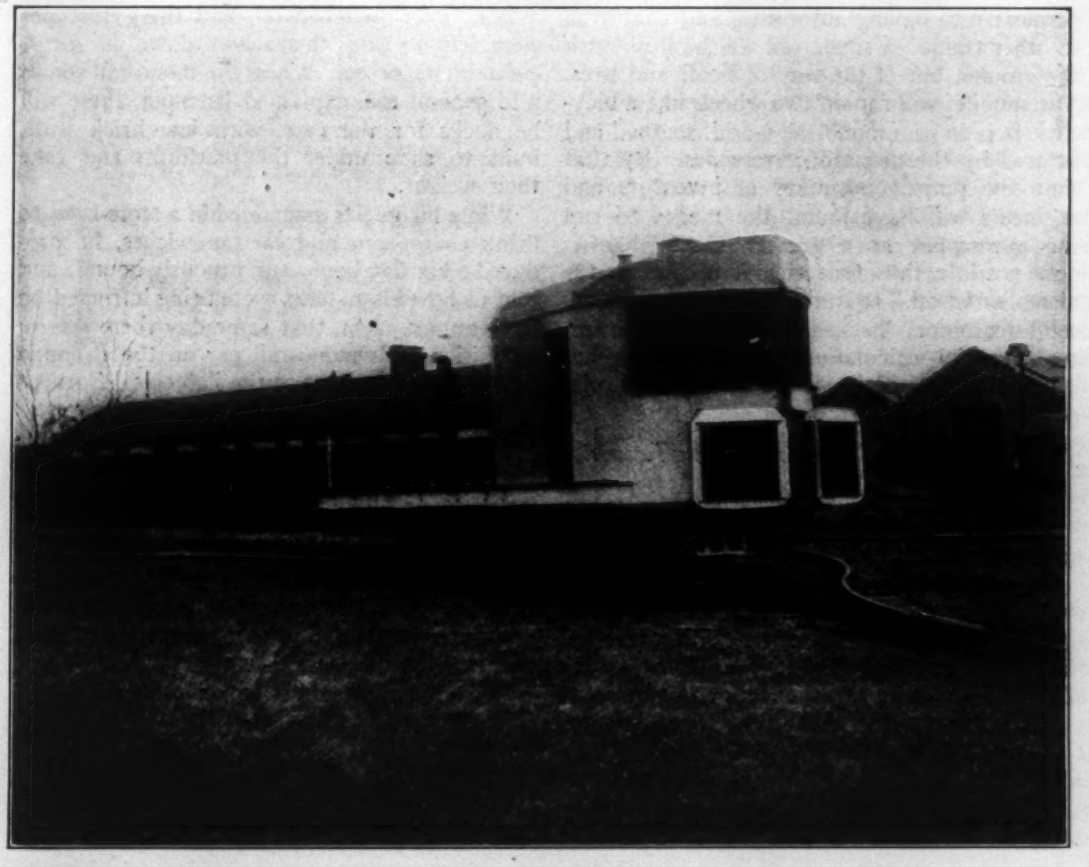
MR. BRENNAN STANDING IN FRONT OF HIS FIRST LARGE MONO-RAIL CAR, THE SUCCESSFUL TRIAL OF WHICH MAY MARK AN EPOCH IN RAILWAY TRANSPORTATION

way of climbing, but here again the inventor is positive. She will run up a slope as steep as one in six, he says. There is no reason to doubt him; the five-foot model that he used to exhibit could climb much steeper inclines, run along a rope stretched six feet above the ground, or remain at rest upon it while the rope was swung to and fro. It would do all these things while carrying a man; and, for my part, I am willing to take Brennan's word.

Louis Brennan himself was by no means the least interesting feature of the demonstration. He has none of the look of the visionary, this man who has gone to war with time and space; neither had George Stephenson. He is short and thick-set, with a full face, a heavy moustache hiding his mouth, and heavy eyebrows. He is troubled a little with asthma, which makes him somewhat staccato and breathless in speech, and perhaps also accentuates the peculiar plaintive quality of his Irish voice. There is nothing in his appearance to indicate whether he is thirty-five or fifty-five. As a matter of fact, he is two years over the latter age, but a man ripe in life, with that persistence and belief in his work which is to engineers what passion is to a poet.

The technicalities of steel and iron come easily off his tongue; they are his native speech, in which he expresses himself most intimately. All his life he has been concerned with machines. He is the inventor of the Brennan steerable torpedo, whose adoption by the Admiralty made him rich and rendered possible the long years of study and experiment that went to the making of the mono-rail car. He has a touch of the rich man's complacency; it does not go ill with his kindly good humor and his single-hearted pride in his life work.

It is characteristic, I think, of his honesty of purpose and of the genius that is his driving force that hitherto he has concerned himself with scientific invention somewhat to the exclusion of the commercial aspects of his contrivance. He has had help in money and men from the British Government, which likewise placed the torpedo factory at his disposal; and the governments of India and — of all places — Kashmir have granted him subsidies. Railroad men from all parts of the world have seen his



SIDE VIEW OF THE BRENNAN CAR, SHOWING THE ENGINEER'S CAB AND THE PLATFORM FOR PASSENGERS

model; but he has not been ardent in the hunt for customers. Perhaps that will not be necessary; the mono-rail car should be its own salesman: but, in the meantime, it is not amiss that a great inventor should stand aloof from commerce.

New York to San Francisco Between Dawn and Dawn

But, for all the cheerful matter-of-factness of the man, he, too, has seen visions. There are times when he talks of the future as he hopes it will be, as he means it to be, when "transportation is civilization." Men are to travel then on a single rail, in great cars like halls, two hundred feet long, thirty to forty feet wide, whirling across continents at two hundred miles an hour — from New York to San Francisco between dawn and dawn.

Travel will no longer be uncomfortable. These cars, equipped like a hotel, will sweep along with the motion of an ice-yacht. They will not jolt over uneven places, or strain to mount the track at curves; in each one, the weariless gyroscopes will govern an unchanging equilibrium. Trustful Kashmir will advance from its remoteness to a place accessible from anywhere. Street-car lines will no longer be a perplexity to paving authorities and anathema to other traffic; a single rail will be flush with the ground, out of the way of hoofs and tires. Automobiles will run on two wheels like a bicycle. It is to be a mono-rail world, soothed and assured by the drone of gyroscopes. By that time the patient ingenuity of inventors and engineers will have found the means to run the gyroscopes at a greater speed than is now possible, thus rendering it feasible to use a smaller wheel. It is a dream based on good, solid reasoning, backed by a great inventor's careful calculations; H. G. Wells has given a picture of it in the last of his stories of the future.

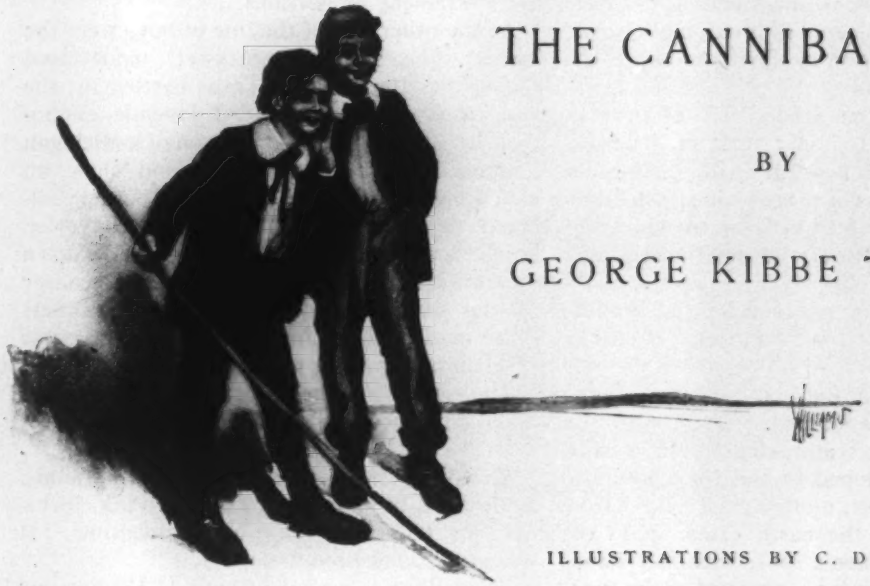
The Attitude of Railroad Men Toward the Gyroscope

Practical railroad men have given to the mono-rail car a sufficiently warm welcome. They have been impressed chiefly by its suitability to the conditions of transportation in the great new countries, as, for instance, on that line of railway that is creeping north from the Zambesi to open up the copper deposits of northwestern Rhodesia, and on through Central Africa to its terminus at Cairo. Just such land as this helped to inspire Brennan. He was a boy when he first saw the endless plains of Australia, and out of that experience grew his first speculations about the future of railway travel. Such lands make positive and clear demands, if ever they are to be exploited for their full value to humanity. They need railways quickly laid and cheaply constructed; lines not too exacting in point of curves and gradients; and, finally, fast travel. It is not difficult to see how valuable the mono-rail would have been in such an emergency as the last Sudan War, when the army dragged a line of railway with it down toward Omdurman. Petrol-driven cars to replace the expensive steam locomotives, easy rapid transit instead of the laborious crawl through the stifling desert heat — a complete railway instalation, swiftly and cheaply called into being, instead of a costly and cumbersome makeshift.

The car went back to her garage, or engine-shed, or stable, or whatever the railway man of the future shall decide to call it. Struts were pulled into position to hold her up, the motors were switched off, and the gyroscopes were left to run themselves down in forty-eight hours or so. When the mono-rail comes into general use, explained Brennan, there will be docks for the cars, with low brick walls built to slide under the platforms and take their weight.

While his guests assembled in a store-shed to drink champagne and eat sandwiches, he produced a big flat book, sumptuously bound, and told us how his patents were being infringed on in Germany. On that same day there was an exhibition of a mono-rail car on the Brennan principle taking place at the Zcölogical Gardens in Berlin; the book was its catalogue. It was full of imaginative pictures of trains fifty years hence, and thereto was appended sanguine letter-press. While there sounded in our ears the hum of the gyroscopes from the car housed in the rear, I translated one paragraph for him. It was to the effect that one Brennan, an Englishman, had conducted experiments with gyroscopes ten years ago, but the matter had gone no further.

"There, now," said Brennan.



THE CANNIBAL KING

BY

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"The Cannibal King loved crocodile stew,
And roasted missionary too,
Which he thought was quite too-too,
The king of the cannibal islands."

THE Twin Devils, having been banished by their elders from the ball field, for good and sufficient cause, came trudging down the lane to the school grounds, yelling the song at the top of their lungs.

It was quiet in the yard. Old Mose, the principal, was away in town, the tutors were out walking or off the grounds somewhere, and all the boys were up on the ball field on the hill, from which their distant yells were wafted faintly down on the intermittent spring breeze — all, that is, but the Twins and the King.

The Twins wheeled into the yard, still singing their song, and stopped below the windows of the King in the dormitory. The olive window-shades were all down, and there was no sign of life in the room. The Twins suspected it to be inhabited.

"Aw, come out here, King," howled the Microbes; "come on out. We won't hurt you. Come on out and tell us how you got converted."

No answer.

"Krash Koosha," the Chinee began, in a monotonous and grotesque voice, repeating the handbill which the King gave out before his church lectures. The other Twin joined in:

"Krash Koosha, the *Heir* of Zozoland, a *real* African Prince, brought from his jungle home by devoted American missionaries, will *speak* at the Congregational vestry Wednesday night, *wish*ing to secure funds to *help* him complete his education and *return* to spread abroad the glad *gospel* light in his benighted land. He will show and explain the strange costumes, weapons, and utensils of his people. He will *pray* and sing 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains' in the Zozo tongue. He will *tell* how he was converted. Let all come and *hear* this worthy young man. Admission, fifteen cents; children five cents."

A long pause, but no movement in the curtained room.

"Aw, what's the use, Cannie?" yelled the Chinee. "Come on out, that's a good feller. We won't touch you, honest."

"Nor make fun of you, either."

Still no demonstration of life from the room. After successive volleys of gravel against the window, the Twins wearied of their amusement.

"He ain't there," said Pinkie. "Say, I'll

play you a game of tennis for the sodas before supper-time."

"I'll go you," said the Chinee.

The two scampered away to the court. As they turned the corner of the building, the edge of the olive-green shade was lifted, and one big white eye showed peering furtively out. The King was inside.

The old Middleton School was a survival. There are hundreds similar to it in little forgotten corners of New England — the old academies, remnants of the old-time aristocratic education, being brought down to desolation and ruin by the rise of the great democratic school system.

But, after all, there was nothing just like old Middleton. Its distinction lay in the character of its boys. Strangers who drove down the road when the school-yard was in full cry stopped and watched and wondered. White boys and dark boys, big boys and small boys, seethed and yelled and galloped to and fro together in one indistinguishable, motley mass. Boys from all the corners of the earth came up to old Middleton — rich men's sons, with soft hands and hard hearts, under a contract to be managed; twice motherless children, whose fathers had married a second time; refugees of the great fitting schools, sent down for a personally conducted course in morals; hulking boys from the far West, where schools were poor or did not exist; swarthy, vicious, silent youths from Cuba and South America; and occasionally some waif picked up by missionaries in China or Africa, and sent to this fountain-head to drink in the rudiments of our great moral Western civilization.

In the midst of this herd of wild boys, the Cannibal King — a great, black, morose, raw-boned savage — stalked alone. He was a guaranteed African prince, taken in an excess of zeal by a returning missionary enthusiast. The African prince was much paraded at missionary gatherings, and soon began to give lectures on his own account. He was prospered in his work. In the eyes of the women of a score of sewing societies he was a heroic figure of almost Old Testament proportions.

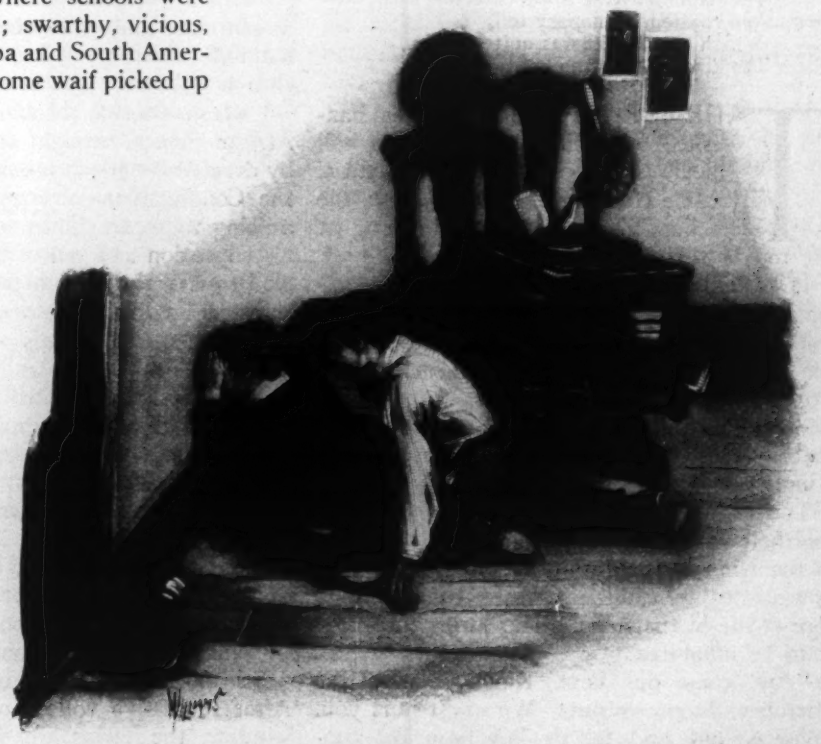
At the other end of the line of boys were the Twins. The swarthy, thick-set, moon-faced Chinee was the son of a Texas cattleman; the pale, thin-legged, red-headed juvenile euphoniously called Pinkie was the son of a Michigan lumber dealer. Neither one could show an inch above five feet. These twain became soldered together at first sight, and converted immediately into a dual spirit of evil, known as the Twin Devils, which became the scourge of the country-side. The unhappy farmers came in droves to inquire when their course of education would come to a close.

The Cannibal King — named by themselves — became their legitimate prey.

The Twins were soon satiated with tennis. A close set terminated in favor of Pink, fortunately without recrimination or bloodshed. It was still a long time to supper.

"Say, Pink," said the Chinee, "I'll bet you money the heathen was in that room all the time."

"Well, what difference does it make if he was?"



"THE CHINEE THREW HIMSELF ON THE FLOOR AND APPLIED HIS EYE TO THE SLIT"

"THE TWO BOYS THREW THE WEIGHT OF THEIR SMALL BODIES INTO A REINFORCEMENT OF THE BARRICADE"

"Oh, I'd just like to know. Come on up to the conning-tower, Pink. Let's see, anyhow."

The two started up the stairs of the dormitory.

"Easy, now, Pink, easy," said the Chinee, "or he'll get onto us."

They tiptoed into their room, in an agony of caution. The Chinee immediately threw himself on the floor and applied his eye to the conning-slit, which, in less technical language, consisted of a hole in the wall, executed with a high degree of workmanship by these accomplished youths. On the other side it opened through an unused register in the side wall into the King's room. The small aperture in the room of the Twins was carefully concealed by a flap of wall-paper.

The Chinee remained prostrate on the floor, as if paralyzed with what he was seeing. Suddenly he emerged from his contemplation.

"Look here, Pink, *quick*," he said.

"Oh, Lordy," said Pink, turning back immediately, "what's he doin'?"

He returned forthwith to his observations without waiting for a reply.

"What kind of a game's he playing?" he continued. "Oh, look at that — look at that! Say, Chine, he's gone starin', jumpin' crazy."

"Ain't he *got* something there?" said the Chinee.

"Yes, he has. What is it?"

"I couldn't make it out; can you?"

"No, I can't. He's right in front of it. Oh, say, now he's takin' it away. He's puttin' it up. Yes, sir, he's got it under the mattress in his bed."

After several minutes' absolute quiet, Pink carefully replaced the flap over the hole and rose, dusting his knees.

"Say," said the Chinee, "we'll come pretty near findin' out what that is."

A council of war ensued. It was decided to make a foray and secure the object during supper-time. The bell for this soon rang, and the manoeuver was executed with neatness and precision, by crawling over the transom of the King's door.

Even before the approach of the relentless study hour, the Twins were again established in their room, engaged in rapt contemplation of their trophy, laid out on the study table before them. It was a strangely carved piece of dull black wood set round with gaudy parrot feathers.

"What do you call it?" said the Chinee.

"I dunno. What do you guess?"

"Well, it might be one of those things you carry round for good luck — like a rabbit's foot."

"Yes; or like that leather thing you see Catholic fellers wearin' round their necks when they're in swimmin'."

"That's it; it's something like that," said the Chinee.

They proceeded to divide the spoil, cutting it into equal parts to the nicety of a hair. Then, putting out their light, they applied themselves to observation, hoping to be able to see the exact moment when the King should discover his loss.

"I'll bet it'll be exciting when he does," said Pink.

"When he finds that's gone," said the Chinee impressively, "he'll just begin to *live*."

The Twins were at last compelled to go to bed unsatisfied. The King noticed nothing that evening. But their excitement was not long delayed. In the early morning, before the dawn was yet very distinct, they were awakened suddenly by a strange noise.

"What is it?" whispered Pink.

The Chinee was already out of bed, on the floor.

"Come here," he said, beckoning energetically; "he's found it."

"Look at there," he continued with pride.

"Oh, Lord," said Pink, looking, "ain't he just *doing* things? Ain't he, though? And ain't he stacked up that room some? There ain't a thing left standin' in it, is there? Oh, look at him now. Look at him roll his eyes and wave his arms round and talk to himself. Wouldn't that give you the shivers?"

"Ain't it great?" said the Chinee appreciatively.

The Twins feasted on their victim's alternate periods of paroxysm and quiet until the breakfast hour. When they arrived at the meal, the King was already there, more silent and morose and dignified than ever.

The two conspirators held conferences all day, and a long one after hours in the afternoon.

"Say, Chine," suggested Pink, "that thing must be pretty important to him, mustn't it?"

"Yeh."

"Well, say, what are you goin' to do with your half — bury it?"

"You can if you want to; I'm goin' to wear mine under my clothes," said the Chinee, indicating its present location on his person.

"Well, then, I suppose I'll have to," said Pink, rather reluctantly; "but supposin' he caught you with it?"

"Oh, what could he do, if he did? You make me tired."

The conference proceeded to plans for the future.

"We've only just begun with him," announced the Chinee.

"What's it goin' to be now?" asked Pink.

"Oh, I dunno, but we can stir him up some way."

"That's right; there's more'n one way to do it, I s'pose."

"There was a feller I knew once," said the Chinee reminiscently, "told me this story: Once when his folks was away, they had a hired girl he didn't like — one of these ugly things that was never decent to him. So he swore he'd get even with her.

"So they had one of these speakin' tubes in her room, which they hadn't ever used. And the girl hadn't been over a great while, so she didn't know anything about 'em.

"So the first night, after she'd gone to bed, he sneaks downstairs and he goes up to the speakin' tube, and groans, and hollers:

> "Four days more,—
> One, two, three, four.
> God have mercy on your soul!

just like that.

"Well, he was goin' to keep on the next night countin' three, and the next night two — like that. Only the second night she went looney. Yes, sir, she went wanderin' around her room all night. Then they had to take her to an asylum."

"Seems kind o' hard on the girl," ventured Pink.

"Oh, I dunno," said the carnivorous Chinee. "I'd 'a' done it, if any girl treated me the way she did him."

"Well, what I was goin' to say was," continued the Chinee, "why can't we work the tick-tack that way on the old King's window? Of course, you couldn't *say* anything, but he'd catch on. You can get a good deal of ex*pres*sion with a tick-tack, if you work it right. You take it one — two — three — four — like that — just like tollin' a bell."

The King being away that afternoon, the tick-tack was easily established. It worked that night beyond belief. The Twins retired to bed highly gratified.

"Say, we've struck it rich," said the Chinee proudly. "I'll bet you there ain't many fellers of our age ever saw anything like that in a civilized country like this before."

"That's so," said Pink. "Only I hope he won't catch us at it," he added a little uneasily.

The next day at noon recess the Twins returned to their room for recitation. The place presented a most unusual scene of disorder.

"Say, who's been pawin' over my clothes?" said the Chinee belligerently. "You?"

"No, I ain't, but somebody has, and mine, too."

"Well, I'd like to catch the feller that did," said the Chinee. "I'd kill him."

Stacking a room was no unusual affair; it had passed out of the minds of the Twins by night.

At the first available moment in the evening the operations with the tick-tack were resumed. Pink was in command. Suddenly the string gave way and came back loosely into his hand.

"Say, look at that, Chine," he said quickly.

"How'd that happen?" said the Chinee.

"It just broke away in my hand. Say, you don't s'pose he's had a tick-tack worked on him before?" whispered Pink.

The Chinee was already on his stomach before the hole.

"There ain't any light in there," he said. "It's black as your hat."

"He was in there just a minute ago, wasn't he?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Well, that's funny, ain't it?"

"I guess he's gone down to see Mose," said the Chinee finally, "and the tick-tack just wore off on the corner there."

"Well, by jiminy, Chine," said Pink, "I'm glad of that; I was afraid he'd caught onto us at first."

"Say," he said abruptly, after a little silence, "it wouldn't be so funny if he got to huntin' us instead of our huntin' him, would it?"

The next evening it was discovered that the King's room was again dark. The Twins put out their own light, and listened by the hole in the wall.

"I'll bet there's somebody in there," said Pink. "Seems as if I could hear him breathin', and every now and then there's something rubbin' up against the wall."

"Oh, he's in there all right," said the Chinee.

Both Twins were unusually thoughtful when they went to bed. Each was discovered by the other to be awake very early in the morning, staring at the ceiling.

"Pink?" said the Chinee interrogatively.

"Yeh."

"Have you slept well the last two nights?"

"No."

"Have you *heard* anything?"

"Well, yes, I have; I keep thinking I hear somebody singin'."

"Do you *hon*estly?"

"Yes, I do. Do you?"

"Well, I thought I did. Probably it's our imagination."

"Well, if it is true, it's the worst thing I ever heard."

The Chinee turned over on his side.

"Say, look at here," he said, "was your things left like that last night?"

Both Twins stiffened up in bed. "No, they weren't."

"This room's been pawed over again, then. Say, this thing's got to stop."

The Twins got up and investigated.

"Come here," said Pink in a strained voice. "Look at this."

"What is it?"

"It's a tract — one of those things the King's always carryin' round with him."

"Well?"

"Well, you see now who's pawin' over our things. It's *him*. He's been in here and dropped it while we've been asleep. He's lookin' for *this*, and if he finds it ——"

"Say," continued Pink, after a period of thought, "this thing's gettin' too much for me."

"Oh, rats!"

"Well, it is. You can't tell what he might do to us."

"Well, what could he do?"

"He could do anything; he could murder us, if he got mad enough."

"Aw, go on!" said the valiant Chinee.

Nevertheless, that night — that long-remembered night — the Chinee locked and helped to barricade the door. The bureau and washstand were set against it, and a chair propped up under the knob to reinforce the lock.

It was determined that a thorough watch should be kept. The light went out; perfect silence was preserved; a constant lookout was maintained at the hole in the wall; yet nothing was accomplished but a strengthening of the suspicions of the Twins.

It was coal-black in the other room.

"He's there listenin'," said Pink.

"Well," said the Chinee at last, "let him listen. I'm going to bed."

Pink followed his example. Both were soon in bed.

Suddenly, in the middle of the night, that strange noise again — a low, crooning chant and the sound of metal. Each Twin lay stiff on his back, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, waiting for the other.

"Pink, *Pink*," whispered the Chinee at last, "is that you?"

"Did you hear it, too?" answered his bedfellow.

The Chinee had already left the bed.

"It's *him*," said Pink, following after him.

"He's lighted up," announced the Chinee, uncovering the hole.

"Oh, cracky, Pink!" he gasped, emerging. "Here's something new. Oh, just look at that!"

"O, Lordy!" shuddered the terrified Pink, "where do you s'pose he got *that?* Ain't that the biggest knife you ever saw? Ain't that awful?" He gave way to the Chinee.

"There it is again," he said. The crooning song and the sound of metal again floated regularly and monotonously through the hole in the wall.

"What's he doin'?"

"He's singin'."

"That's it," said Pink, "that's what we've been listenin' to. Oh, just listen to that!"

"He's just sittin' there," stated the Chinee, "singin' and sharpenin', and sharpenin' and singin'. Oh, he's layin' for us all right."

"I thought it would come to something like this," said Pink despondently.

The affair affected the Chinee differently.

"Talk about your excitement," he said, with great earnestness.

There was a weakness which had always handicapped the Chinee in the face of danger. It was giggling. The stimulus was now too great. He began to giggle.

"*Shut—up!*" pleaded Pink frantically. "He'll hear you. Oh, *please!*"

"Did you see him hoppin' round?" said the Chinee. "Oh, ain't he a sight?"

He started off again. Pink covered up the hole and began earnestly to punch him and kick his shins.

Suddenly there was a new movement in the other room.

"He's goin' toward the door," gasped Pink. "I bet he's heard you. He has—he has! He's coming. Come over to the door and push—quick."

"Don't say anything," said the straining Chinee, through his teeth; "just push."

The two boys, grasping the carpet with their bare toes, threw the whole weight of their small bodies and vigorous young souls into the reinforcement of the barricade.

The knob turned without a sound, and an awful, silent strain came suddenly on the door. For a big, breathless minute it continued. Then it fell away. The old lock, backed by the barricade, the chair, and the Twins, had held. The soft steps in the hallway died away, and the Twins were safe.

"Is he gone, Chine?" whispered Pink, still straining.

"Yeh."

"Sure?"

"Yeh."

"Now what'll we do?"

"Oh, we'll figure out something," said the hopeful Chinee.

Two days and two nights this thing continued. Two awful days and nights the savage stalked the terrified Twins, seeking to come upon them alone. Two awful days the Twins came in early to prayers and recitations and dinner; two days they devised and planned and suffered and herded closely with their kind. Two awful nights they lay with their eyes glued to the hole in the wall, and listened, with the barricade against the door.

"If we're goin' to do anything, we'd better get at it pretty quick," said Pink, the second day. "If this thing keeps on I'm going to cut and run home."

"I wisht I understood just exactly what ailed him," answered the Chinee thoughtfully.

"I tell you what," said Pink; "let's see what we can find in Mose's library."

The Twins were accordingly soon seated in Mose's library during study hours, solemnly looking over the "Encyclopedia of Nations." The Chinee was reading:

"'Zozo, The.—An extremely savage tribe in Western Africa, best known from their strange susceptibility to religious excitement. These strange people are extreme fetish [that's a kind of idol] worshipers, and are supposed to be cannibals. They are said to have a belief that if they lose their personal fetish in any way they are destined to meet their death immediately, and such happenings render them uncontrollably ferocious. They are exceedingly fierce in their wars and personal feuds, and have most peculiar and revolting ways of torturing their enemies.' That's all."

"I wish it had gone a little further," said Pink wistfully. "I should kind of like to know just what they do."

"Sounds a little fierce, don't it?" said the Chinee, moistening his lips.

"Well, I guess it does."

"I tell you what let's do," said the Chinee; "let's talk to Bill about it."

Bill was the captain of the football team. His prestige was enormous. He was the ruler of the school by divine right. His influence was greater than that of all the teachers who had labored in the institution since its foundation.

Bill being persuaded, the trio proceeded upstairs, the Twins galloping in the lead, striking the front of every stair with the toes of their shoes, and Bill proceeding behind, with the stately gravity of a real football captain.

"A LOW CROONING CHANT AND THE SOUND OF METAL"

"I'll tell it to you, Bill, just the way it is," said Pink, when they were settled in the room. He then proceeded with the telling of the tale. Bill was incredulous.

"Here, you young devils," said he, "don't you try to work any of your fairy tales on me. What are you givin' us, anyway?"

"Honest, Bill, it's true," said Pink. "So help me."

"Cross my heart," said the Chinee.

The story continued to its end.

"Where is he now?" said Bill.

"He's gone in to town with Mose to get a new Sunday-school quarterly or something. Maybe he's getting ready for the lecture to-morrow night."

"Why don't you put it back?"

"Put it back? How can we put it back when this wild Texas Indian has cut it in halves and dared me to wear my piece around my neck as long as he does."

"I've got the end with the most parrot feathers," said the Chinee irrelevantly, dragging out his section from its hiding-place in his clothes.

"Why don't you tell Mose?" said Bill, disregarding him.

"Tell Mose!" said the aroused Chinee. "What could Mose do? No, by cracky, I don't run to Mose every time I fall down and hurt myself. But I tell you what, Bill, I've got a scheme that's worth it. If you'll only help us, we'll get out of it all right."

The Chinee then explained his plan. It was found eminently reasonable, and exhilarating as well. Even Bill, the aged senior and football captain, renewed his lost youth and entered into the spirit of the thing.

"Only," said the Chinee, in conclusion, "don't let him have anything to throw. You know those spears and things — we'll have to swipe 'em."

The rattling wagons of the farmers were gathering along dark country ways to the little vestry. It was the night of the lecture by the Heir of the Zozos. The crowd from Middleton School arrived in their springless farm-wagon, with boards laid across the top of the box as seats.

Inside the little bare room, with its dim bracket-lamps along the wall, was the noise of heavy boots and the scraping of settees on the uncarpeted floor. Upon the raised platform, with its covering of red ingrain carpet, the pastor and the King sat side by side on the old-fashioned haircloth sofa. The Twins occupied seats together in the second row. Before them, a little to one side, sat Bill, the football captain. The forces were now drawn up.

At last the noise of getting seated died away, and the pastor, a mild, weak-featured man with a grayish beard, arose. The King, though taught in English before he reached the school, was still far from fluent. He always needed an exhibitor.

The pastor began: "I know we are all glad to have with us to-night a brother from the heathen heart of poor, benighted Africa, and that we shall be still more glad to hear the message he has to bring to us. A prince by birth and regal right, he has yet renounced the honors which are his own, and come here to obtain that which is beyond all price, and to take it home with him to his own people.

"I want to say here that, through some unexplained misfortune, the instruments of war which he usually displays have in some way been misplaced or lost on his way to the vestry. But he will show you many other curious things, and will pray and speak and sing in his own strange tongue. And I am sure that there is not one of us present here who will not be delighted with what he will see and hear to-night. I will first ask our friend to lead with a song in his own language."

The Twins were very restive. The King began to sing. Somehow, he did not display his usual enthusiasm. He seemed moody and dejected. His song dragged and droned. Old Mose noticed it, and glanced up from beneath his reverent eyebrows. At the close the Twins could stand it no longer. They gave the signal to Bill.

The King was to give a native speech next, but it was never given. As he started up, the Twins simultaneously dragged to light the ruffled remains of the idol, and dangled them tauntingly before his outraged eyes. The Chinee laid his part tenderly in the hollow of his arm, like a doll, and began to fondle it; Pink held his portion upside down, and stealthily waved it back and forth before him. The eye of the tortured ex-savage caught in a moment the bright-colored objects in their hands.

For a moment the restraint of the place was heavy upon him. Then the blood of a thousand howling ancestors cried aloud in his veins. He stiffened with anger, reached down in his coat, and brought to light the terrible knife. With a wild yell he had left the platform to fall upon the defenseless Twins. But, as he made his spring, the football captain, closing in on his flank, caught him in a beautiful tackle about his waist. They went down together in the most approved style, the big knife clanking and clattering on the floor as the negro dropped it. Half a dozen boys and a couple of big farmers were upon the prostrate King in an instant, and the face of Mose was looking sternly and won-

"THE BLOOD OF A THOUSAND HOWLING ANCESTORS RUSHED TO HIS BRAIN"

deringly down upon him. The Twins, having concealed the remains of the idol, looked sadly and innocently down upon the scene from where they stood upon their settees. Mose appreciated the situation immediately.

"What have you been doing now?" he said.

"It must have been this, sir," said the deep-reasoning Chinee, producing his half of the idol.

"What is this?" said Mose, taking it.

"I dunno, sir. I just saw it in his room, and I took it, sir. Maybe it's a kind of an idol. Probably you could tell from showin' it to him, sir."

The principal quickly verified the Texan's position from the spasms of the King. Nothing could be done to calm the frenzy of the victim. He lay on his back and called loudly for the lives of the Twins. The minister and Mose failed utterly to pacify him. In the meantime the men and boys in the foreground wondered, and the women, huddled together in the rear of the vestry, feared greatly. The Twins were the only really calm individuals in the building.

The principal finally gave up the idea of pacification.

"I am at least glad to discover what we have been harboring," he exclaimed to the minister.

He then assigned to four of the largest boys the congenial task of holding down the infuriated King during his conveyance back to the school, where he was put into close confinement.

Mose himself drove back by way of the telegraph office, and sent the following message to the missionary sponsor of the King:

"Distressing outbreak of savage nature on part of your ward. Demands to return to Africa. Unsafe for him to remain here. Come at once."

When he returned to the school again, he sought out the Twins.

"This is pretty serious business, young men," he said solemnly, "and you are responsible. You will have to take the consequences."

"Didn't you say you were glad he was exposed, sir?" asked the innocent Chinee.

"When I want to discuss these things with you, young man," said Mose savagely, "I'll tell you so. You come and see me to-morrow in my study. And you, too, young man. I want you both."

"Yes, sir."

The Twins, covered with a proper sobriety, marched in silence out of the principal's sight and up into the dormitory. There, for the first time since their triumph, they met the football captain.

"Oh!" said the Twins, in simultaneous admiration. "Oh, Bill, but that was a dandy tackle!"

THE DOVES

BY

KATHARINE TYNAN

THE house where I was born,
Where I was young and gay,
Grows old amid its corn,
Amid its scented hay.

Moan of the cushat dove,
In silence rich and deep;
The old head I love
Nods to its quiet sleep.

Where once were nine and ten
Now two keep house together;
The doves moan and complain
All day in the still weather.

What wind, bitter and great,
Has swept the country's face,
Altered, made desolate
The heart-remembered place?

What wind, bitter and wild,
Has swept the towering trees
Beneath whose shade a child
Long since gathered heartsease?

Under the golden eaves
The house is still and sad,
As though it grieves and grieves
For many a lass and lad.

The cushat doves complain
All day in the still weather;
Where once were nine or ten
But two keep house together.

CONFESSIONS OF A MODERATE DRINKER

NOTE: The following article, by a well-known novelist, is published anonymously. It is interesting not only as a record of personal experience, but as the observation of a candid and unprejudiced mind upon a very vital subject. [EDITOR.]

MY experience as a user of alcoholic beverages is entirely different from that described by most temperance advocates and some fiction writers. And yet, in its essential features, it is, I believe, far more typical of the average experience of the great majority of men who drink.

The attack against alcohol is led by those who either have had no personal experience in the matter or else have had such a tragic experience that their judgment, naturally, is warped. The citing of extreme cases, the depiction of "horrible examples," with their vivid emotional appeal, may and frequently do produce more than a merely temporary effect upon impressionable hearers. I have no desire to disparage well-meaning efforts in a sincere and altruistic cause. Nevertheless, I have seen cases where just such methods have defeated their own ends. For instance, every young man in the actual every-day world of reality cannot help observing that a great many use alcohol, and that only a small percentage of these abuse it; that many drink, and only a few become drunkards. This comes to him, in some cases, as an astonishing revelation, in view of what he has been carefully taught to believe — and it is only too apt to make him discredit *all* the well-intended but sometimes intemperate methods of temperance advocates. He begins to smile at their "fanaticism," and becomes cynical and skeptical with regard to the whole matter, with results that are sometimes disastrous to himself and to the cause of temperance.

However that may be, it has often occurred to me that if a man like myself, representing the vast majority of drinkers, not the small minority, were to tell the actual history of his own personal experience in the use of alcoholic beverages,— how he began, why he drank, what came of it, and what he now honestly thinks about the matter,— such a story, while not sensational, might be of some value at this time, when so much attention is directed to the matter.

How I Began to Drink

I began drinking nearly a quarter of a century ago, while still a boy at a preparatory school — if an occasional taste of beverages that had alcohol in them can be called "drinking."

When a confession of this sort is made, it is traditional to lay the blame for one's first false step upon "evil associates." I have no such excuse, and am of the opinion that such excuses are usually nonsense. A young man is not led into drinking because his associates want him to drink; on the contrary, he seeks such associates because he wants to drink. Among manly American boys it is not so "hard to say no" as it is fictionally represented to be. As I recall it, if a boy said it quietly, but as if he meant it,— neither like a sanctimonious prig nor a scared weakling,— he was always liked and respected for it by his associates, even when they were "evil." My reason for beginning to drink was that I wanted to.

I wanted to — here again, I fear, I shall offend temperance workers — because so many well-meaning older people wanted me not to. They talked about it so much that they aroused my curiosity. They wrapped the whole matter in a glamour of mysterious interest. At any rate, they thoroughly convinced me that drinking was delightful and dangerous. Either quality alone would have made it interesting. With both together it was irresistible. They literally made my young mouth water. So I tried it.

My first drink was a cocktail, and it was an enormous disappointment. It was almost as disillusionizing as my first cigar. Cigar smoke had always smelled so good: the taste was so different. A cocktail sounded so gay and delicious: it tasted so flat and nasty. This

thing they all made so much fuss about was not what it had been cracked up to be, just as the "gin palaces," which had been pictured as such brilliant and beautiful places, proved vulgar, garish resorts, whose decorations and whose boozy, raucous habitués offended my fastidious young taste, though I examined both with considerable interest, especially, I will add, the lascivious pictures.

The fondly imagined delight of drink was absent, but the danger was left. The chief danger at that time was the danger of being caught. The rules of the school were strict; therefore, we resented and evaded them. I can honestly say that the only pleasure of my early experiments in drinking was the thrill and zest of adventure. We did not consider it "smart" to drink, or "manly,"— another traditional view,— but we did consider it fun to evade the masters.

I do not wish to seem satirical or unfair to my masters and advisers. They meant well by me. But that is not the point. I am merely telling the actual, practical result of their well-meaning efforts. I shall not venture to offer any substitute for their methods, though I do feel that it should be recognized that drinking is not due to an instinctive desire, like some other vices. It is quite artificial, and can be begun only by exterior suggestion— in some cases, by seeing others drink; in some cases, by reading of hot punches and mulled ale in Dickens; in my own case, by precepts and regulations against drinking.

Reasons Why I Never Drank to Excess

However, my early experiments in drinking were quite innocent. Owing to a Christian training by really noble parents in a delightful home, I had a deep-rooted moral objection to getting drunk, if not to drinking, and also what must be called, for lack of a better name, a "class" objection to it, which I really believe was the more potent influence of the two. To get "tight" was not in accord with my ideals of a "gentleman" or a gentleman's son. To be a sport was never at any time my ambition. Besides, I was in training most of the school year, and during vacations usually in the woods, fishing and camping.

To be a great athlete was my ambition, and I had it upon the authority of men I really respected and who talked my own language that, to attain that *summum bonum*, one must "cut out the booze." Perhaps the chief benefit of athletics is that they supply what President Eliot calls "a new and effective motive for resisting all sins which weaken or cripple the body." Some of our coaches from the colleges, however, those worshipful demigods, offered us strange examples, I used to think; and I said so, too, later, when at college I had become of some importance in the athletic world myself, and where, according to my lights, I endeavored to be a better example to those who now looked up to me— an example of how to drink, not how to abstain from drinking. There were plenty of examples of the latter; of the former there were few. I may have done a little good, or much harm, or neither. I do not know.

There was still another reason why I drank seldom and sparingly during this youthful period. My parents never asked me to make any promises in the matter of my behavior. If they had exacted a promise, I cannot say what would have happened. I like to think I should have kept it. But I do not know. I only know that many, if not most, of those who went to worse excesses had made such promises. A promise of that sort once broken, as it usually is, though not invariably, has a terrifically demoralizing effect. It is as unfair as it is unwise to exact it of a child.

There were several reasons why I began drinking more after finishing the study for my career. Contrary to the plans and wishes of my people, I had struck out for myself in a strange city. I had broken with family traditions and was removed from family influences. I was earning my own living. My income was small, but my sense of independence great. I was no longer known as the son of my father. I was free to do as I pleased, and I gloried in my freedom, even in the physical discomforts of a greatly reduced income, with its hall-bedroom scale of living. I could drink, for instance, when and where I pleased, without the disquieting sense of misappropriating funds from home or offering a bad example to younger men who looked up to me. There was no one to look up to me. I was no longer a big man in college, but an infinitesimal one in a very large world.

I cannot say that I soon "drifted into drinking habits," for there was no habit about it as yet. Like many men who drink, sometimes I took a good deal— though I did not get drunk — and sometimes I got out of the way of taking anything at all. But drinking with a congenial crowd was one of my diversions, and it was a real satisfaction and pleasure. There were so few other things to do in the evenings when I came home, dog-tired. I was never fond of reading; my cramped quarters were small and stuffy; I belonged to no clubs; and the few family friends I had were usually engaged in the evening. I soon got over my prejudice

against "gilded gin palaces," and learned to like cocktails and nearly every other form of alcohol. But the use of such beverages had not become habitual with me. It was not a necessity, merely a luxury, which I enjoyed keenly — for its association more than for itself — and which I did not abuse. "It is not the use but the abuse that is evil," I used to tell myself, quoting a character in one of Dr. Weir Mitchell's books.

Later, however, while living at clubs and dining out frequently, I got into the way of consuming more or less alcohol every day. I took it as a matter of course, as one partakes of dessert, coffee, tobacco. I did not give the matter much thought, except to look upon dining with people who had nothing to drink upon their tables as something of a bore, like being deprived of the pleasure of smoking after dinner; and usually, when such was to be my fate, I dropped in at the club, on my way, for a cocktail or two. I became, in time, rather wise in wines, learned a good deal about their vintages, was fastidious about their temperature and handling. I was considered something of a connoisseur. To this day, I believe, there is in one of the best-known bars in the country a certain cocktail that bears my name. I used to be rather proud of that honor, too. It is rather curious that one who began by hating cocktails should end by giving one his name.

Occasional Intoxication Physically Less Harmful than Daily Moderate Drinking

To those accustomed to the moral literature of alcohol it may seem high time to tell how the thing "grew upon me," how, "gradually, almost imperceptibly," my daily potations increased, until at last I found myself in the full clutches of the demon Rum. But I have no such story to tell. I remained a moderate drinker, a somewhat more moderate one, in fact, as I grew older, and certainly a much wiser one as to indigestible mixtures. No cause is helped by lying about it. Nine out of ten moderate drinkers do not fill drunkards' graves. They remain moderate drinkers, or stop entirely. I may as well say, once for all, that I have never been completely under the influence of alcohol in my life. Such is not the moral of these confessions.

But I have a moral, or else I would not make them, which may also be valuable. At any rate, it is more applicable to the vast majority who, like me, have been daily moderate drinkers for years and complacently consider themselves sensible in this matter.

I do not hesitate to affirm that what I had been doing all these years was (*physically* speaking only) worse than if I had got thoroughly drunk once in a while, like some of my friends, and the rest of the time remained, like them, "on the water-wagon." I do not refer, of course, to the moral or social effects of occasional drunkenness, or of what it may lead to in the way of habitual drunkenness, other vices, and sometimes crimes. Physically speaking, occasional intoxication may, as certain scientists declare, have a certain benefit at times; but daily drinking is almost invariably harmful. The average liver and nervous system can assimilate only a certain rather small amount of alcohol each twenty-four hours. For some years I had been giving mine just a little more than was good for them, practically every day, with none of the complete relaxation, the new lease of life, sometimes — though not often, I fancy — produced by intoxication upon the overworked mentalities.

This view of the matter had never even occurred to me. I knew that the highly colored charts exhibited to us in school days were misleading,— as, indeed, they were,— and so I had assumed that the only real evil of moderate drinking was the danger of immoderate drinking. As a matter of fact, in the majority of cases the great evil of moderate drinking is moderate drinking. Of course, it is a question of terms. Some men drink so sparingly that they can and do keep it up all their lives without incurring the slightest harm. But the majority of moderate drinkers are hurt by it, soon or late. Their very strength is their weakness.

Total Abstention Not Difficult for the Moderate Drinker

In my own case I was not permanently injured, for I woke up, in time, as to what was the matter with me. Of course, I was loath to admit it. I persisted in calling my gout rheumatism, and, even when obliged to call it gout, I accused certain ancestors. My nervousness I attributed to overwork — which to some extent was also just. But when a famous physician, a good friend and club-mate of mine, said with calm authority, "The trouble with you is that you drink too much," then I saw at last that I should have to call a halt. He knew more about alcohol — and about me, too — than I did.

I was amused, and I was angry also. A sensible man of my sort a victim of drink, after all! It was absurd. But it seemed to be true.

I decided to try the experiment of stopping entirely. Now, it must be remembered that a man approaching middle age does not like to break in upon his regular habits, and that one of my regular habits for years had been a cocktail or two before dinner, wine or whisky and water at dinner, and a few more drinks before bed-time. This was almost as fixed as my habit of refraining from stimulants to work on. In fact, I never took anything in business hours at all, and rarely at luncheon. It was no wonder that I looked forward to the carrying out of this decision as something of an ordeal.

Well, I might now boast a bit of how severe the struggle was, how bravely I fought, and how I triumphantly conquered, showing what a strong will I have. But, as a matter of fact and personal history, that was not the way of it at all. I stopped drinking. I did not enjoy the process, but it was *not* hard. The "terrible craving" one always hears of was conspicuous for its absence. The deprivation was inconvenient, unpleasant, a great nuisance. I caught my subconscious self looking forward to a drink at the end of a hard day just as a woman looks forward to her cup of afternoon tea. But I doubt if it were any harder for me to leave off my form of stimulation than for the average tea-drinker to leave off his or hers. In my case, stopping coffee at breakfast would be a far more formidable undertaking, and giving up my cigar afterward even worse.

While all this may be disappointing to fanatics, who are few, it may be encouraging to moderate drinkers, who are many, and who may look upon stopping as something too difficult to attempt.

Nor should it be supposed that I am an exception. So many men are waking up to the folly of alcohol as a daily beverage that every third or fourth friend I run across nowadays, in the half dozen clubs I frequent in town and in the country, is "on the water-wagon." In more than one of these clubs the falling off in the bar receipts is becoming a serious financial consideration. I take pains to question these friends about it, and almost without exception the answer is the same: "No, it wasn't hard at all after I made up my mind to it." The exceptions who profess to be having a dreadful time of it are usually young men — excessively young. Your average active, useful citizen has learned to discipline himself in so many ways, to energize at the top notch of capacity, whether he "feels like it" or not, to postpone or sacrifice his pleasure entirely, that when it comes to foregoing one more, the mere luxury of drinking, he generally goes ahead and does it, feeling rather surprised that it is so easy.

Why Moderate Drinking Does Not Pay

It should be borne in mind that I am not dealing with confirmed drunkenness, drinking that has become an organic necessity. Inebriety is a disease, as much so as tuberculosis, and must be so considered and treated. I am dealing with the custom of drinking as it is practised by the great majority of men who drink at all. And, for that very reason, I think that testimony like mine should be suggestive and valuable. I have absolutely no prejudice against the custom; and yet, though I never abused it, socially speaking, and am still a worshiper of Dionysus (from afar), I do not hesitate to declare that moderate drinking does not pay.

I have tried it. I know. No one can tell me anything about its joys and satisfactions. I have also tried total abstinence. As a consequence, I feel better, sleep better, work better, enjoy life more, and have increased my usefulness as a citizen.

Drinking is a pleasure that may be innocent, but must be paid for, like sitting up late to play bridge or to finish a novel; a recreation with something to be said for it, like speeding an automobile, exciting, but dangerous; an indulgence, like overwork, which sometimes seems necessary, but is seldom worth the price. Drinking does not pay.

THE MAN HIGHER UP

BY

EDWARD B. WATERWORTH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

TONY MELLINI, manager of Casey's, mechanically polished the shining bar as he spoke earnestly to a young policeman who, leaning his elbow against the rail, stood gazing at the floor, with a thoughtful scowl.

"You might as well fall in line. There's no use bucking them people. They're in too strong, Connie."

"I know they've got the drag, all right," said Policeman Clanahan slowly, "but this is goin' pretty far, Tony."

"Sure. They wouldn't have let the gang beat that fellow up so bad if Jim himself had been behind the bar. But there wasn't no use of your pinchin' McGinnis. You'll lose your case, sure."

And Tony stepped down the bar, condescendingly to fill a can with beer for a youth who, serving as Ganymede for some of his ilk gathered socially in a near-by alley, had demanded "five cents' wort'."

"You acted that way at first on the Sunday closin' law business," continued Tony in a low tone, after dexterously snapping the nickel into the register, "an' you couldn't make them cases stick. Better get in line," he added, with a keen glance at two young men who entered; then, stepping before them, he rubbed the bar with a non-committal towel.

The men spent freely, and Tony thawed, even gracing their conversation with an occasional suave remark, adding an invitation to call again as they departed through the swinging doors.

"But this McGinnis beat the young fellow up somethin' awful," expostulated the policeman, when they were once more alone; "might have killed him. McGinnis is a brute when he's full."

"That feller was full of booze and out havin' a good time," answered Tony contemptuously. "Probably holds down a ten-per job in some dry-goods joint. He'd be so afraid of his place he wouldn't have made no holler. Did he say he'd prosecute?"

"No," admitted the patrolman. "He got to cryin' in the cell where we put him to sober up, and said he wanted to go home. The sergeant turned McGinnis loose when I brought him in."

"Of course he did," said Tony confidently; "that's what I'm telling you. Cheap guys like this young chap you're talkin' about go around in tough joints just to brag about it and make out they're sports. When they get anything like that, it's what's comin' to them."

With a cordially deferential air, Tony slid quickly down the bar to greet two ward politicians, giving an extra rub to the counter as he smilingly took their orders, and withdrawing discreetly as their low tones showed their discussion to be of some private matter.

"You see, Connie," he continued, lowering his voice, even though the visitors had departed, "you've a good thing here. This ain't no ward protection the district's got; it comes from higher up."

Again assuming his professional air as a stream of visitors filtered into the "garden" behind the saloon, Tony prepared for midnight business; he glanced at his assistants, who just then entered and drew on their white jackets in preparation for the business of the night, and gave curt orders to the waiters, who bestirred themselves as the after-theater trade began to grow.

Policeman Clanahan walked slowly to the street. Of no mean experience, of good record on the force, which he had entered on the crest of a party wave by virtue of the friendliness of his ward leader, he had just been transferred from the residence district where he had lately been stationed.

In that district, so adept had he proved at overhauling and subduing a coterie of burglars, who had profitably established themselves in the neighborhood before his arrival, that warm indorsements had come in from prominent citizens and he had been mentioned in the press.

The political leaders had promptly transferred him to a party ward. With the approval of these same citizens behind him, the dominating faction could point to Clanahan as a good officer in case conditions in their ward aroused complaints.

"If there's any racket about the way things happen to go among the boys," remarked Mr. John Maguire, admittedly the district power, "or if them West-Enders should make a noise in church meetin's, we can show that we're putting the cops they support on the beat."

And Stein, his right-hand man, to whom he spoke in private conclave, nodded approvingly and said the necessary words to the Police Board. As for Clanahan, no one expected trouble from him.

But the policeman, filled with that idea of doing his duty which is so often characteristic of and embarrassing in a new officer, caused perplexity to those in control by trying to enforce the Sunday closing law. Moreover, when contemptuously laughed at in a political stronghold, he had promptly hustled the bartender to the nearest patrol-box and summoned the wagon with a businesslike air that caused a hurried exodus of patrons from the saloon and its enforced closing for a couple of hours by an infuriated proprietor.

True, the sergeant had at once released the bartender; and Clanahan, smarting under a rebuke, had noticed later in the day, as he walked sullenly past the place, that it had reopened. But it was an irritating incident for his ward-created superiors, and they discussed it peevishly.

"Here we goes and gets them fellers jobs, and they always starts in by doing the wrong thing," said Mr. Maguire moodily, with a despondent shake of the head at such ingratitude.

"Sure," added Stein, who, loud of clothes and nasal of voice, transacted delicate details for the higher powers when politics demanded; "couldn't the fool have seen that the front door of that place was closed? What more does any one want?"

"Clanahan said somethin' about women being in the saloon," continued Maguire, still worried, "an' if them papers gets hold of it, they'll have somethin' to hang another kick on."

"I told Clanahan to keep his head shut about that," retorted Stein. "You've got to have women in them places; they draw the trade."

"Clanahan has some fool idea in his head about the law," pursued Maguire, with irritation.

"Well, did we make the law?" cried Stein, slowly waving upturned palms in expostulation. "What does he want to hurt us for? Goin' back on his friends that way!"

And they pondered gloomily on the foolishness of young members of the force.

"'BETTER GET A NEW GLASS WITH IT,' SAID CLANAHAN SOURLY"

To Clanahan, born in the atmosphere of a political ward, the doctrine of spoils to the victors was not an unholy thing. To receive a visit from the unctuous Stein each month (always on pay-day), and to part with four dollars, for which he received a receipt for one dollar as club dues, was to him natural and to be expected.

What became of the three dollars not receipted for he did not know or expect to know. That some one got it, and that that some one was not Stein, was a matter of course. If a man worked his way to the head of the party, wasn't it to be expected that he should have some reward for his labors — for providing jobs for his henchmen? Moreover, it would be folly to expect him to collect it in person. Graft investigations might start at any moment, even in those halcyon days of machine prosperity. So some one must be prepared to "do time" if a jury of mistaken impulses should ever take up the matter. Was not Mike Calhoun doing that very thing now?

"Mike's got an easy thing up at the pen," chuckled a friend of the incarcerated worker to Clanahan, after a little matter of naturalization frauds had been affixed upon the aforesaid Mr. Calhoun. "He's got a job in the library, and is havin' his pay sent to his wife, so long as he don't squeal. But think of Mike in the library — him that can't even read!"

And the political friend wagged his head approvingly as he thought of how his party was standing by its workers.

So the man in power got Clanahan's dollars, or that portion not allotted on their high way as perquisites of minor satellites. And Clanahan paid regularly; for he knew that charges on trivial excuses would follow promptly if he did not, that complaining hoodlums and saloonkeepers would be prompted to file affidavits against him, and that his star and glory would disappear.

But, with innate honesty that struggled to break forth, he could not reconcile himself to "not seeing" things he had sworn not only to observe but to suppress; and although he had unwillingly accepted the inevitable, he failed to take advantage of his opportunities in a fashion that caused mild pity among his associates.

Now, it is not discreet in political circles even to hint that a policeman should "get his" while there is a chance; and as sources of revenue may be suspected or even known, but still be kept under cover, the subject is tabooed. But it is recognized that each should have a certain perquisite if he has fairly earned it.

A young policeman in a residence district can get a reputation and little else; but for the detectives and sergeants who "stand in" with the powers above there is a rich harvest if they operate discreetly. And gambling and women are the chief sources.

Clanahan recalled how Tom O'Toole had headed the gambling squad, after years of zealous work for the party. He remembered that Tom had suddenly appeared in fine clothes, invested in real estate and fast horses,

and finally retired in prosperity. He also knew that, while the newspapers had vainly endeavored actually to connect the spread of gambling with the man supposed to suppress it, they were still sure enough of their facts to depict him in cartoons with his eyes shut and a faro layout behind him.

Yet, no one said directly to Tom that it was a feat of financial magnitude to spend $12,000 yearly on a salary of $115 a month, and to save money besides. It was regarded as a shrewd move that he had retired from the force before the reform wave, now several years back, had arrived.

Clanahan knew that he himself had been moved to Maguire's ward as a sort of step upward. His docility after his first outbreak had been recognized by a move to a precinct considered highly desirable by the ambitious of the inner circle on the force. And now came a transfer for which many had longed. For he had been assigned to a beat in the "Bad Lands," and it was just before the World's Fair. Many a disappointed face was seen in his squad when the choice became known, and when the rumor spread, though not directly, that Clanahan was "playin' the fool," a murmur of incredulity arose in the inner circle.

Now, although corruption may exist within a police force, it has never been found that the force, as a whole, was corrupt. Nine tenths of the members do their work earnestly, and would do it fully if so permitted. But these, once the "ring" is in command, must recognize conditions over which they have no control. Insistent doing of one's full duty, with a faction in power, may mean quick dismissal on a trumped-up charge. And when a man has spent years in the Department, when he has no other calling to fall back upon, when a family is growing up at home, and when even the crown of martyrdom is lacking for penalties after doing one's duty, an honest man has other things besides his principles to consider.

To keep the number of favored ones on a force within moderate limits is the object of the leaders, for this means a larger proportion of the spoils for themselves. The vast majority of patrolmen and officers, in the opinion of those of the faction lists who have some recollection of early scriptural training, are as the sheep, honest yet stupid, while their own henchmen are not unfavorably compared to the goats, shrewd and alert.

Yet, when the ever-recurring Nemesis comes, in the form of an investigation by an exasperated public and earnest grand juries, many of the sheep are victims, while the goats escape. And this causes the "ring" to feel a mild pity for those who are not "in," and studiously to avoid hints in converse, when orders are given, as to why such and such a loyal party man should be allowed to evade some law.

Clanahan was "in good." He felt this, although no one had ever told him so openly. Yet the tribute he paid in his own mind was not to the masters of the ring. It was rather to those grizzled sergeants and sturdy veterans of the force who had depended upon doing their duty when ordered or falling back upon the

"'HERE, WHAT'S THIS?'"

superiors' commands when instructed otherwise, and whose sole hope was to quit the force honorably at their expiration of service and to draw their benefit from the relief fund.

He knew that it was regarded as kismet that a patrolman, innocent or guilty, should be the scapegoat when the higher powers needed to put the blame somewhere.

So, with a divided mind, he strolled into the midnight, which was lighted as brilliantly as day, walking thoughtfully past houses whence issued hilarious music and laughter, which nevertheless sounded of deepest despair, and past glittering establishments where flaring lights only partly covered the deep gloom of human souls.

It was a gorgeous resort he was compelled to enter, the same night, in order to quell a disturbance that had arisen among the visitors. These convivialists, after drinking freely of champagne, insisted that a gilt-framed cheval-glass was a proper target, and acted upon their belief, with empty bottles as missiles.

The rooms, elaborately decorated with the same gaudiness that characterized the painted, bejeweled, and richly gowned proprietress, were lighted by shaded electric lamps, over which red silk draperies were drawn, in keeping with the hue of the walls. The piano, at which sat a frightened inmate scarcely out of her teens, was of the most costly make.

As Clanahan knew, this was one of the best-known resorts of its kind in the city, and its "pull" was too well established to be denied.

The keeper sailed quickly forward as Clanahan, attracted by a negro maid frantically beckoning from the step, entered the hall.

"Better get this fellow out of here, after I make him pay up," she said, with the easy authority of one who is sure of support, yet with the familiarity that recognized the policy of keeping on good terms with the officer on the beat. "I'll see if I can't make him cough up for the mirror." For a huge crack and a splintered section of glass on the floor showed that one man's aim had been good.

But the patron proved drunkenly obdurate, and the shattered mirror brought no conviction to his fuddled brain. Yet, when Clanahan, after a short colloquy in which the man vaguely and profanely expressed his views, laid a hand upon his shoulder, the sight of the uniform and the policeman's star brought a dim light of understanding to his eyes.

"All ri', all ri', off'sher," he hiccuped thickly; "be good fellah and have drink."

"You're comin' with me," said Clanahan, lifting him from the chair; and the parlor door closed behind him as he led his prisoner into the hall.

The movement aroused some of the man's sleeping comprehension.

"See here, p'liceman," he commenced, "lemme out o' this. You don' understan'."

"What'll your family think when they see this in the paper to-morrow?" asked Clanahan reprovingly, recognizing a minor politician of the district. "It'll be hell on them. Why don't you settle up for that glass? I'll have to run you in, if you don't."

"Family!" mumbled the man. "Why, tha's ri'," he added, with the instinctive thought of the married man; "I don' wan' this get out. Wha's to pay?"

"That glass'll cost a cool three hundred dollars," said the proprietress, appearing with a readiness that showed her ear had been close to the door.

"I'll give a check for it," said the sobered man; and, after writing out the amount with some difficulty, he took his departure, a trifle unsteadily.

The woman turned to Clanahan approvingly.

"You stalled that fellow all right," she said. "From the way you hustled him into the hall, I thought you was going to pinch him, and I was going to call you back. Here, some of this belongs to you," and she waved the check.

"Better get a new glass with it," said Clanahan sourly.

"Oh, the glass was insured, all right," she laughed easily. "This is clear profit. Those family men always pay up when they're caught in a place like this. I'm Gwendolyn Case. If you're to be on the beat here, drop in once in a while. We'll show you a good time. Now, what do you want?" And she again displayed the check.

"Well," she continued, with a shrug of her shoulders and a short laugh, as Clanahan again refused, "you're your own boss. But, remember, if you don't want it for yourself there'll be others that do."

And Clanahan was forced to remember this the following week, when, handing his usual tribute to the oily Stein, he saw the latter's face contract sharply.

"Here, what's this?" he demanded.

"Club and ward dues," said Clanahan shortly.

"Dues?" repeated Stein defiantly. "Oh, well, good-by"; and he turned sharply on his heel.

And in the next few days it was shown

"'I'LL BREAK YOU FOR THIS, CLANAHAN!'"

clearly to the policeman, by methods the ring knew well how to use, that he was not on that beat for the duty to which he was sworn.

That week the young officer lay awake night after night, and passed through the mental struggle that came to many a man of his calling under the machine domination. On one side stood preferment and advancement in his own sphere of life, with apparently slight risk to himself; on the other stood certain oblivion in the Department and failure in the career he had chosen for his own.

The picture of the girl he hoped to marry came often to him, and as often he would start and declare vehemently to himself that he would see all the faction in the depths before he would do anything to disgrace her. But glitteringly and alluringly hung the prospect of what he could do for this same girl by "standing in" with his party bosses and by obeying their behests.

And a year later, when the World's Fair came on, when the "red-light" region was thronged nightly, when money flowed freely, and when the bars of the district waxed fat and prospered, while crime was as much the rule as the exception, Clanahan wore the chevrons of a sergeant and a heavy diamond ring; his citizen's clothes on off days were of the finest quality; his once clean-cut face was slightly reddened and bloated; and he had already made several payments on a neat home that had been his ambition, and in which he had now installed his bride.

It was a wild and hysterical year, that World's Fair season. With politics rampant, with the ring viciously and openly fighting the reform element, with money seemingly plentiful everywhere, Clanahan lived in an electrically charged and artificial atmosphere, which made the reaction all the greater when the Fair closed and the reform wave set in, supported by indignant citizens and a clean Police Board, from which the redoubtable Maguire, foreseeing the inevitable, had retired.

Yet, before the season had closed, when "panel-working" was causing complaints thick and fast at every station, when Gwendolyn Case had repeatedly been warned by the police not to be so open in her operations, the crisis came.

Shots rang out as Sergeant Clanahan approached the house one evening on his nightly round; and as he dashed through the door, he saw the Case woman, intoxicated and defiant, looking at the prostrate form of one of her inmates, a young girl whose face had not become utterly hardened and whose evening gown was stained with the blood which flowed from a wound in the breast.

"Tried to get away without paying what she owed me," explained the woman hoarsely; "tried to get out—" Then, with her face growing crafty as the noise of other police was heard at the door:

"Say you saw her try to use the gun on me and that it went off while I was wrestling with her, trying to get it away. See?" And she threw a revolver to the floor beside the dying girl.

But Clanahan, looking at the young face, which was already growing rigid, drew himself up with a return of his old instincts.

"I'll tell the truth," he said.

The woman stared at him with a long, vindictive glare as a patrolman and night-watchman hurried in.

"I'll break you for this, Clanahan!" she said between her teeth.

Until the Case woman's trial and through the weeks of argument that it involved, Clanahan walked his precinct white and silent, momentarily expecting the notice of the Police Board to answer charges from the woman. But she seemed to utter no word, merely smiling hardly at him as her trial progressed and when he gave his testimony. And when she accepted her penitentiary sentence on a homicide charge without appeal, and was sent away with no hint of disclosures, the Sergeant believed he had passed through the crisis.

There were moments, however, when the thought of utterances she might make caused him to wake at night in a quiver of terror no physical fear could have inspired. The mental picture of his aged father, of his wife, Kitty, of the baby just passing its sixth month — the realization of what a disclosure would mean to his wife and relatives to-day and to that tiny son in years to come — made him shake in a passion of regret.

"An' if I hadn't taken it I'd have been rolled!" he reflected bitterly. "Them that's higher up gets our life blood. All we can do is to obey, even if the prison's before us!"

But months passed and no word came from the prison city. And when the election brought the overthrow of the ring, and the new Police Board had found only words of praise for Clanahan, although his work in the district, as he knew, had been under investigation, he breathed easier.

"Clanahan was smart to sidestep trouble," remarked Stein one day, in a private confab with another trusted lieutenant. "I thought Gwendolyn would squeal, sure, before she went up."

"Maybe she's stuck on him," remarked the other sagaciously. "A lot of 'em will go up for a man if they think they're fond of him."

And Stein, knowing this from experience in many cases where even womanhood of the under-world had taken penal sentences to save some man,— often more degraded than herself, but seen through the halo of what affection she still possessed,— nodded his head and decided that this must be correct.

Slowly the new Police Board proceeded with its work; little by little, the more turbulent sections were placed in order; boundaries of disreputable regions were strictly defined. And, as slowly, case after case was made against members of the force who had walked the Bad Land beat, and man after man was dropped from the Department or his case turned over to the grand juries. But no breath of suspicion ever seemed to be directed against Clanahan.

One day, however, he received a summons from the Board. Rather uneasily, he seated himself in the ante-room to await a summons to enter. He was confident that information was wanted about wine-rooms — a point on which he had already testified. But, in some inexplicable manner, he had an instinct that something was portending.

Slowly the afternoon waned, and no request came for him to enter the private office. He glanced impatiently at the clock, exchanged

"'I'VE HAD TWO YEARS OF IT, CONNIE'"

occasional words with reporters from the press room, who strolled leisurely in, glanced at the closed door of the president's room which marked an executive session, and then took their departure.

Finally he rose, in a fit of irritation.

"Nearly six o'clock," he muttered, "and Kitty'll be havin' supper ready now. I hope they get through in a hurry."

The door to the private chamber suddenly opened, and a deputy beckoned to him.

"Would you step in a minute, Sergeant?" he inquired in a subdued tone.

Clanahan stepped forward with alacrity and turned quickly into the Board room. Then his head swam, so that for a moment he had to steady himself against the wall. For in the witness chair before the Board and the Circuit Attorney sat Gwendolyn Case, haggard with prison pallor, but with the old gleam of defiance still in her eyes.

She laughed as the Sergeant paused.

"I've had two years of it, Connie," she said, "and the Circuit Attorney says the Governor may let me down easy if I talk before the statute of limitations expires. I didn't mean to throw you down at first, but I'm sick of that place up the river."

Of what ensued the Sergeant had faint idea. With bowed head he listened as though hearing from a great distance the recital that fell from the woman's lips. The president turned toward him questioningly, then paused as he noticed the man's white face.

"The Board is going to give you every opportunity to defend yourself, Sergeant," he said, not unkindly, "and I think we had better postpone this until to-morrow."

The Circuit Attorney leaned forward and whispered something in his ear.

"I think we can depend on the Sergeant being here," said the president confidently. For he trusted Clanahan, as the Circuit Attorney knew.

"Report at ten in the morning," he ordered Clanahan, "and we will tell the captain to relieve you of duty to-night. Nothing will be made public until the truth is known."

As though dazed, the Sergeant walked slowly down the stairs, supporting himself by the rail. Silently he passed Stein and a friend, who stood laughing and smoking in the corridor below. The pair nodded to Clanahan and took their cigars from their mouths to stare as, all unheeding, he walked unsteadily past.

"Wonder if he could have got shown up on anything? He's comin' from the Board room," wonderingly asked the friend.

"Maybe," said Stein, in surprise; "but a fellow what stood in as good as he did ought to have things fixed for a little income, if he is sent up."

And, nodding his head sagaciously as he thought of his own provisions for any unexpected contingency that might arise should indiscreet disclosures be made, he resumed his conversation.

Clanahan walked slowly up the street, staring about him as though the beat he had walked so often was entirely strange to him. He gazed almost wonderingly at the familiar saloons, at the row of houses now bearing the "For Rent" sign where previously vice had held full sway and where he himself had first tried to remain true to his principles. He paused at the corner where a saloon he had often visited in the old days was still endeavoring to eke out an existence in the deserted block.

The bartender, strolling idly to the door, noticed in the glare of the lamps, already lighted in the early fall twilight, the Sergeant's pale face.

"Feelin' sick, Serg?" he called in friendly tones. "Better step in a minute and have a drop."

"I feel a bit off, Jim," said Clanahan, steadying himself. "Could I lie down in your room until roll-call? I don't go on until eleven o'clock."

"Cert," said the bartender hospitably. "The door's open at the head of the stairs. Room right over the entrance. I'll send you up a drop to drink, if you want it. Well,"—at Clanahan's negative shake of the head,—"I'll see you're not disturbed until ten-thirty."

Slowly Clanahan climbed the stairs, as though aged many years in the last fifteen minutes. Entering the room, he seated himself in a dazed fashion on the bed. Then, as an afterthought, he arose softly and locked the door.

It was in this hotel, he reflected dully, that he first decided to obey the mandates, unspoken yet peremptory, of those above him. He recalled how, before being able to force himself to the decision, he had drunk whisky in the bar below, swallowing glassful after glassful in so fierce a frenzy that the proprietor, in alarm lest he should suddenly become violent and bring unpleasant notice to the place, had soothingly led him to a rear room, where he had stupefied himself in private.

That had been only two years before. Yet what a lifetime it had seemed! Before he had come on that beat he had had two ambitions —to marry Kitty, and to become a sergeant. Well, he was a sergeant and he had married Kitty. He had that home, too, he had so often wished for, and it was almost paid for. But what did it avail him now?

Down the street, which he recalled so well as the scene of noisy vice, he gazed as the dark came slowly and the quiet was marked only by an occasional passing truck — so different from the nights when the street was never still, with the vehicles and throngs that passed and repassed, grinding out the blood-money for those political powers in the background.

Far down the street, the big clock of the Union Station rang out, hour after hour. Yet he sat there with his eyes fixed on the glittering circle of lights that marked the summit of a huge brewery in the distance — a brewery that had once controlled nearly all the establishments in the neighborhood, and for which Mr. James Maguire was now the honored attorney. Only that morning the papers had described his trip through Europe with the proprietor. For the owner prudently considered that the reform wave could not last forever and that Maguire must be kept in touch with his interests until a new election should hold forth hopes.

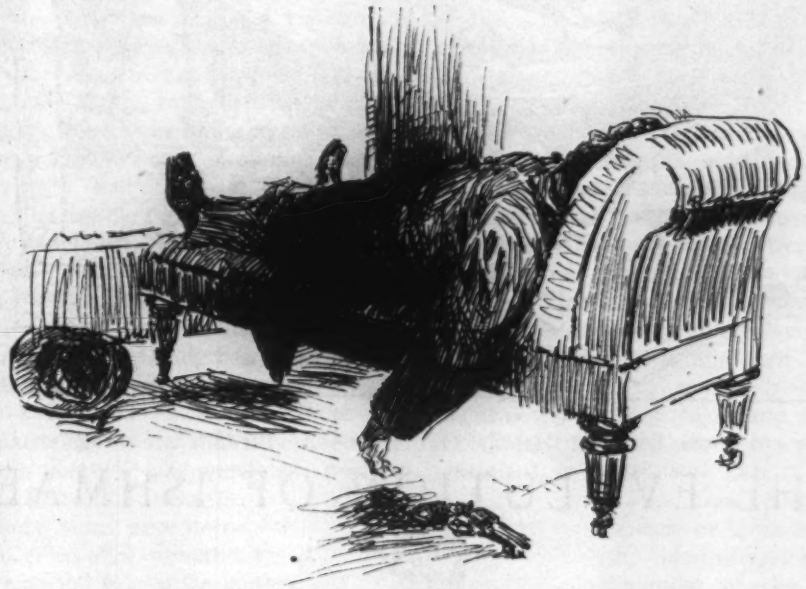
Clanahan smiled bitterly as he thought of the large sum Maguire was said to draw as attorney; of the fine mansion the former president of the Police Board was building near the brewer's own home; of the entirely impregnable position he held, so far as legal action against

him was concerned, no matter what the suspicions of the people or the Circuit Attorney might be.

Slowly he took a picture of his wife from his pocketbook, drew the card from the frame, gazed earnestly at the face, and tore it into little fragments, which he flung from the window.

"I don't want that found on me," he murmured, "just for her sake. But it's sore my heart is for you, wife. An' to think," he added, gazing down the squalid street as he slipped his hand to his hip, "that this is my share — an' that," with a final glance at the brewery, "goes to them!"

And when the bartender and the policeman on the beat, attracted by the report of the heavy Colt, kicked in the door a moment later, Sergeant Clanahan had paid his last toll to the man higher up.



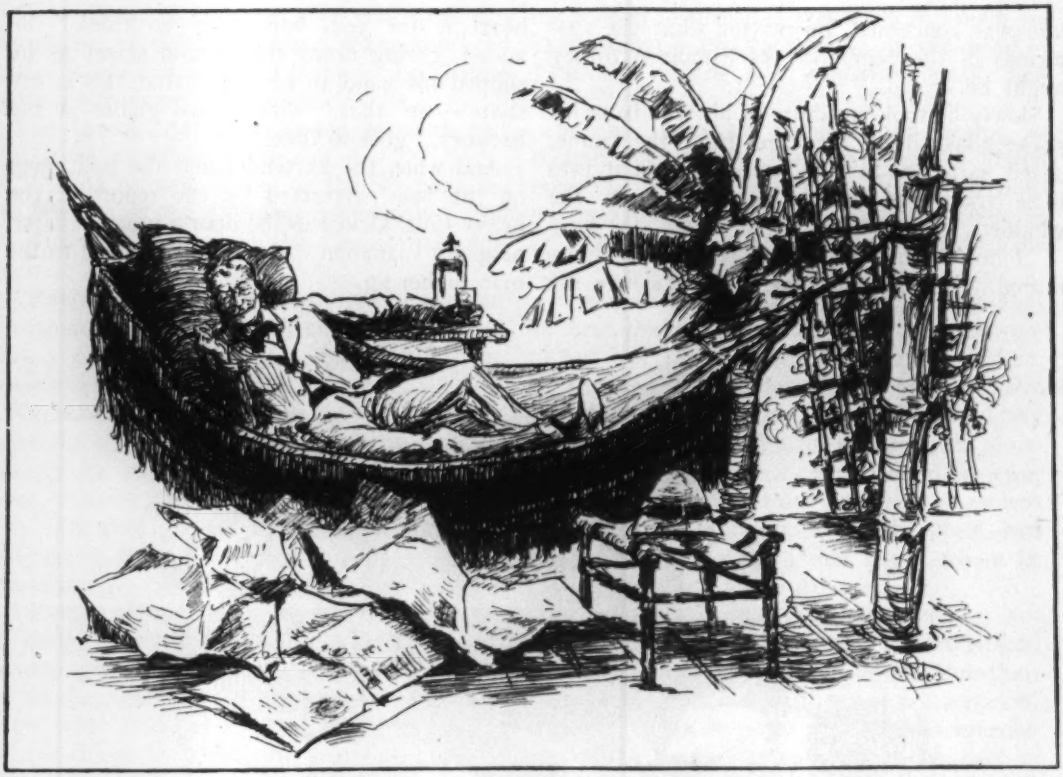
"SERGEANT CLANAHAN HAD PAID HIS LAST TOLL TO THE MAN HIGHER UP"

WHEN MORNING LEAPS

BY

HERMAN DA COSTA

WHEN morning leaps across the hill
And leafing woods with raptures thrill,
Oh, let my feet abroad be found,
My eyes to feast on Nature round!
The humble leaves that jewels hold,
The blackbirds in the field that scold,
The baying dog, loud chanticleer,
The bell that sounds now far, now near,
About me weave harmonious spells,
And calm contentment with me dwells.
From human shams I then am free;
How sweet art thou, Simplicity!



THE EVOLUTION OF ISHMAEL

BY

MABEL WOOD MARTIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. PETERS

THE giant glared down impotently upon the scrap of womanhood curled round the rung of the bamboo step. Ishmael's father was a mountain chieftain whose savage unrestriction his huge son at that moment keenly envied. Despite the new creed, which forbade violence, he was strongly tempted to shake the tantalizing figure so wholly unterrified by his formidable physique.

The little golden creature, shrouded in a maze of blackest hair, frowned out at him from its shadow. She had the racial stamp upon her face, hereditary vagueness and indecision, which her eyes, with their absence of Malay somnolence, startlingly contradicted. They swept over Ishmael in dissatisfaction, and settled into a moody stare. The movement appeared to indicate the withdrawal of the last shred of interest from his person.

Could anything be more offensive to masculine pride? — to propose marriage to a woman, and have her gaze over your head as though you were a bush or a stone? Like all men whom nature has conspicuously favored, Ishmael had never included in his scope of possibilities a woman's refusal. He wondered why he felt himself momentarily diminishing in size.

Since it was impossible to reëngage the wandering attention of the lady of the steps, he gave himself over to a novel moment of self-investigation. He was sound and strong, industrious and loyal, and very much more truthful than Rafaela, the Tagalog maiden, had reason to expect. What, then, was the matter with him, and how dared the daughter of a contemptible little people who lived in towns spurn his suit? The thing was unprecedented, in his man-pervaded mind.

He had attempted to enlist the authority of

her father, but that withered and wine-content patriarch would not listen. The code of conduct he prescribed for his daughter was amazingly simple. It contained only one supreme injunction, and, of course, like all parental prohibitions, the one most obnoxious to her. She should abstain from all intercourse with the Americans and the contamination of their ways. Aside from that, and in such lighter concerns as marriage, her liberty was unrestrained.

The spirit of progress urged this little brown woman, thousands of miles away from civilization. A germ of that immortal mystery that led Columbus across the unknown was stirring to awaken her out of the sleep of her life.

A gay procession of *carromatos*, filled with chattering school-girls, broke upon her brooding, reminding her of the offensive limitations. Even these girls were a part of the great onward movement that had come to embrace her people, too, in its caravan.

"Howdy do! How old arr you? You spik englis?" chimed a succession of merry black heads.

Rafaela's bitterness flared into fire. She returned the taunts with a frightful grimace that precipitated the sleek heads behind the carromatos' hoods. Princesses in carriages could not have been more enviable to her, or their patronage more difficult to endure.

"Remedia Reyes!" she exploded, nodding toward the first of the vehicles, whose rickety sides were decorated with triumphal wreaths. "She has won the first prize in the school, and the Americans in Manila are going to send her across the ocean to their great universities." She drew in her breath sharply. "She can count in her mind like a flash of lightning. She knows the names of all the cities of the world, and the cause, too, that brings about night and day. This I know to be true. There is one hole in the back of the *escuela* where the eye fits sufficiently well."

"What foolishness, to envy Remedia Reyes — ugly one that she is!" scoffed Ishmael. "Would you have her flat nose or poor hair? Look at your own!"

"Horse-hair!" Rafaela clawed it viciously. "You should have seen the hair of the *Americana* — bright and fine as the moonbeams!"

"The Americana!" Ishmael flung the goading word at her. "She cast a spell upon you. It is three years since you served her, and her name is always upon your lips."

Rafaela threw him a disdainful glance. "The Americana was no spell-caster!" she retorted. "You say so because you are a stupid savage. Do you think, if I were free and not a miserable woman, I would be satisfied to know nothing — like you?"

"You are better off as you are," Ishmael argued stubbornly.

"So says my father — that I am as was my mother, and my mother's mother, which is well enough." She turned upon him with sudden intolerance. "You are one with my father. Go! I am weary of you." She bounded up the rails of the stairway like a cat, and closed the bamboo door with noisy significance.

Ishmael, since his introduction to civilization, had acted in the combined capacity of bodyguard and companion to the American district judge, whose jurisdiction extended over a wide stretch of territory. Legal adjustments were the motives of considerable travel, taking them sometimes as far as Manila itself.

The Judge had taken up his official seat in the remotest town of this inland province. To it Ishmael returned from his pilgrimage of sentiment, in a turbulent state of mind.

ISHMAEL

The stone *palacio*, built a century or more ago for Spanish administration, preserved the quiet of the siesta hour. The *Juez* had rooms along the upper galleries, and thither Ishmael betook himself.

He found his patron in the hammock on the stone balcony, a mountain-range of discarded newspapers about him, musingly directing a half-audible address at a great palm whose sociable finger-tips intermittently brushed his head. This form of communion, engendered by solitude, was a caprice of the Judge's.

At no time in its history had so unique an intelligence pervaded this remote world. Even nature seemed to operate more fully, as if conscious of that one pair of comprehending eyes. He had a habit of rising in the mornings, of walking out to his balcony and surveying the world as a new creation.

"I am the sole inhabitant of

the earth!" he would declare to the mystified Ishmael. "Poor little pygmies down in the under-world, who have never seen over the mountain-tops, nor beyond the rim of your little bowl. Your ant-hills are not the earth."

The Judge had chosen his isolated lot for reasons forever his own; and howsoever else this circumstance bore upon fate, it suffices here that his habit of addressing aloud, perhaps Ishmael, perhaps some detached invisible mentality, was destined to affect a wide circle of life. Treasures were quarried out of this mine of thought, with none but a savage Igorrote to be enriched.

The literal Spanish words Ishmael generally understood, and he stored them away in his memory systematically, as a squirrel stores nuts. In his curious moments, he took them out for his wits to bite upon.

"I am creating a mind!" the Judge would say to his always respectful listener. "It was 'without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.'"

On this day, when he had scanned his charge's face, he broke into a humorous growl. "Elemental again! Down in the little village with your nose to the ground. Will you never realize that the altar has been lighted for all time? Oh, the bane of youth, and the conjuration of woman! White or brown, I see it is all the same. Son of the mountains, I lead a solitary life, and, you'll observe, a fairly contented one."

Then the Judge forgot him at once for a new line of thought. The Igorrote himself relapsed into gloomy reflection — out of which he at last ponderously spoke.

"Juez! I should like to go to the American school," he announced, "— at night, when you do not need me," he modified.

The Judge's glance was lost on him; his answer, too. "So what reason, impersonated in me, has failed to achieve, sentiment embodied in a petticoat has brought about? Go — to the ends of the earth!" The Judge brushed him aside.

Education had construed itself to Ishmael's mind heretofore as a vague mysticism not generally pertinent to the important concerns of life. But there was its example in the Judge, of the miraculous divination and the fluent tongue! Ishmael enrolled himself, therefore, under the new cult, believing that he was to find voice for that dumb inner self.

He took his place in the rows of benches, tenanted by men and women who were beginning the lesson at the inverse end of life. That it was a profoundly serious one, the grizzled aspect of the aspirants seemed to attest. Old men, he reflected, did not occupy themselves with sports.

However neutral his ambition or ambiguous its motives, Ishmael stayed on because no day seemed dull enough to cause him to stop. This was due to the method of the young teacher — one all her own, of which the precocity called forth even the Judge's wonder.

The new system presented to Ishmael one flagrant fault. It placed exorbitant emphasis upon its own superiority, and laid down the customs of one people as a dogma. The *maestra* was good and wise, in her way, but her own race was the interminable platform from which she preached. To the impersonal guidance of learning Ishmael offered little resistance, but against the conversion of himself he was inflexibly firm. His ethics, he contended, needed no alteration; nor his habits any improvement. Moreover, the omnipotent Judge, and the eminently wise one, had never interfered along these lines.

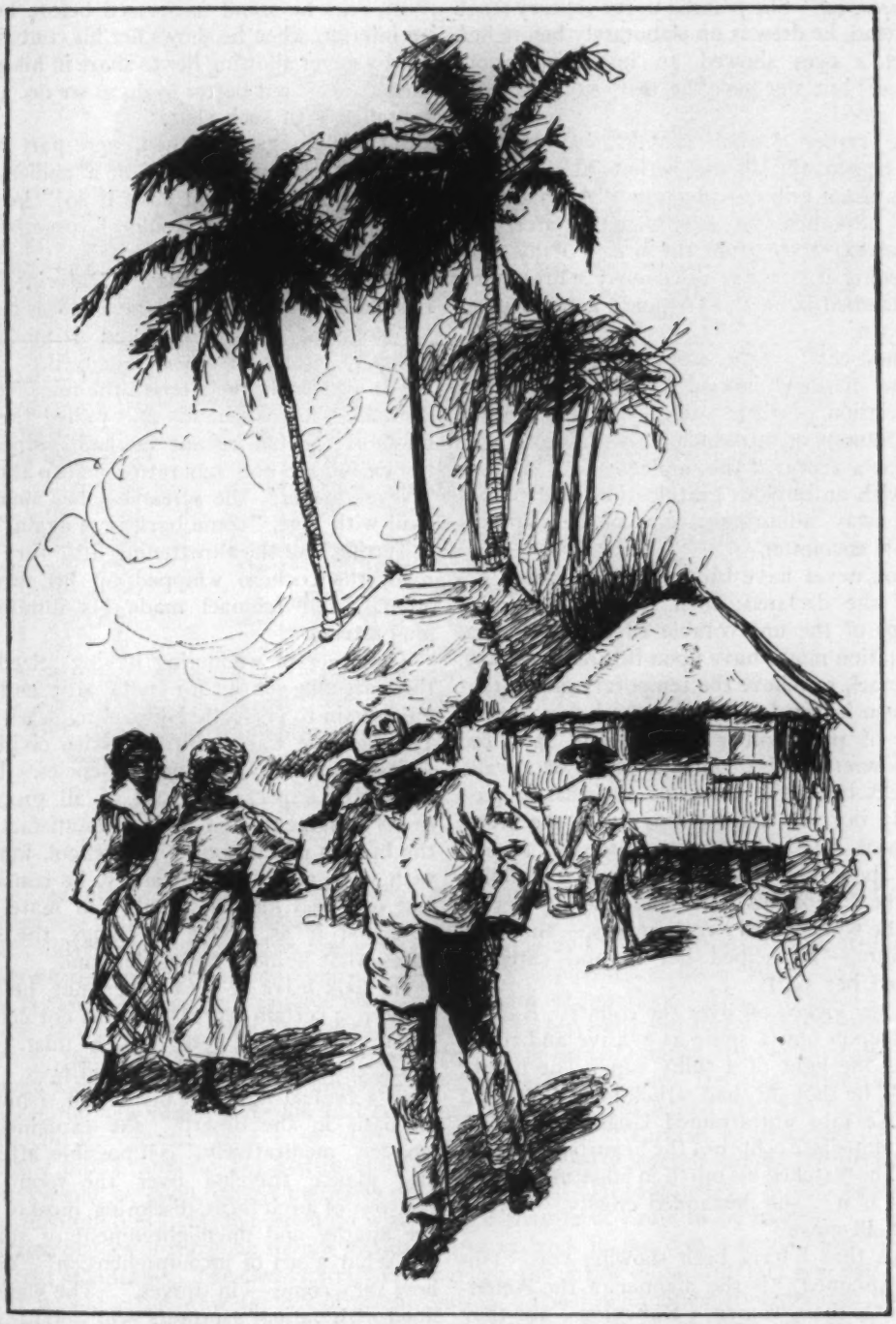
He preserved, during the ethological lectures, a stony stolidity that his preceptress struggled in vain to lift. What reasonable objection could there be to squatting on the haunches, instead of singling out some hideous chair on which to sit? God had jointed the legs for this purpose, and He certainly had not undertaken the manufacture of chairs. Neither did he perceive any superior decency in eating from a plate on a table rather than from one on the floor. Rather did it discredit the condition of the Occidental floor. He was even a little shocked when the decorous young maestra sat up and soberly instructed him as to how often he should take a bath.

The most exasperating prescriptions were laid upon diet. Grasshoppers, a favorite tidbit, never known to kill any man, were loathingly tabooed; whereas the Juez himself ate fearful things — the legs of frogs, and even the feet of the unspeakable hog.

Ishmael likewise refused to so far misjudge his Maker as to suspect him of wantonly poisoning with invisible insects the water in the river and the fruits on the trees. Even the Juez, though he laughed heartily over other embargoes, concurred in these last superstitions, and was interminably eloquent on the subject.

The antics of his friends emulating the gallantry of America provoked his grim mirth. He continued to incite their horror by passing like a whirlwind through the crowd of girls, and scattering them like frightened hens to right and left. He always crushed his hat down over his ears whenever any of the provoking sex appeared. He was glad that Rafaela had no such notions in her head. He remembered with gratification her temper and her sharp little nails.

The trips to the pueblo in which was her home were still continued, but in Rafaela



"HE ALWAYS CRUSHED HIS HAT DOWN OVER HIS EARS WHENEVER ANY OF THE PROVOKING SEX APPEARED"

there was never any change. He found her under the great *nara* tree usually, sitting cross-legged like a little brown Buddha — and as inscrutable and inert.

His demonstrations of the new learning were the only things capable of stirring her out of this coma. Her dumb and hungry little soul clung to every marvel. Ishmael's geography and arithmetic elicited for him a new esteem, even if they did not, as he saw, turn her to him.

When other matter began to fail in dramatic interest, he recalled the despised etiquette, and planned, one day on his way out, to exhibit it for her derision and amusement.

As Rafaela shuffled listlessly into the room, he rose, executing an elaborate conception of a bow.

"*Siente se!*" She pointed to the solitary stool. Instead, he drew it up elaborately before her. Rafaela's eyes showed an instant's curious glimmer; but she took the seat, while Ishmael stiffly stood.

The rather formal conversation between them lagged, till Ishmael bethought him of the lover's usual bribe to affection. "A present for you!" he announced, extending the parcel that he had extracted from the breast of his coat.

Opening it, Rafaela discovered a brand-new iron-handled knife and fork, and a resplendent tin spoon.

"They cost a *peso, media,* at the Chino's," Ishmael divulged, anxious to assist to a proper appreciation of their value, yet at the same time dubious of introducing alien notions.

Rafaela accepted the implements of civilization with an obvious gratification, and tucked them away admiringly, out of her father's possible encounter.

"You never have brought me anything before!" she declared; then stopped, reminded perhaps of the unfavorable effect such casual information might have upon future generosity.

Ishmael, to relieve the temporary gloom that had been inspired in him by the hasty computation of the number of cigarettes sacrificed for the wretched instruments, proposed a walk. He held open the door for Rafaela to pass grandly out; he assisted her down the steps, and held her umbrella solicitously several yards above her head. Instead of scrambling into the carromato first, and leaving her to wipe the wheels with her garments,— the usual procedure,— he helped her in and carefully adjusted her skirts.

As they jogged off over the country, Rafaela turned upon him a smile as evasive and reluctant as the light of a sulky sun. The humor of it all, he thought, had struck her at last, and he broke into unrestrained laughter.

An immediate eclipse of the beam on Rafaela's face. She watched his mirth in fidgeting silence. "What is it?" she demanded crossly. "What does it all mean?"

"This that I have been showing you," Ishmael explained, "is the manner of the Americans with their women. Ridiculous, are they not, these lies and tricks? Isn't it foolishness to help her across streets when she has two good feet?" he demanded. "Does he help her so quickly out of his purse? The American señora, in the house where I stayed in Manila, cried a great deal for money for a new dress, and dared not tell her husband the true price of things.

"Isn't it a lie when a man permits a woman first unto seats and into carriages, believing in his heart as he does that he is better than she? Why does he stand uncovered before her, like an inferior, when he shows her his contempt for her by never allowing her to share in his government? Is it not better to do as we do, and not tantalize with such shams?"

"These things, too, then, were part of your learning?" Rafaela queried in a chilled voice.

"The maestra would have it so!" he extenuated. "But never would I practise such follies in earnest myself."

"Then this was all play!" Rafaela shrilled, rising out of her seat. "None of it was meant?"

"None at all. How could I mean such things?" retorted Ishmael, annoyed.

For answer, Rafaela seized the reins from the drowsing *cochero's* hands and pulled the horse up short. In an instant she had jumped from the carromato and was retreating up the road. "Never, never," she screamed, her small face livid with rage, "come back here again!"

Terrified by the threatening little fury in the road, the cochero whipped up his miserable animal, and Ishmael made his dumfounded final retreat.

The fever of wandering having seized upon the Judge, he set out for India, after endeavoring in vain to persuade Ishmael to go with him. The Igorrote was embittered with civilization — its paradoxes and inconsistencies. It had inculcated expectations out of all proportion to its fulfilment, and added dissatisfaction to the burden of the soul. The school, fomented with vast unrest, its chicanery, he considered, had deprived him of friends and mate. And he hated it as, above all things, the savage hates what he does not understand.

He took leave of his teacher, not, he found, without a certain regret. It was not commensurate with hers, however. A mist of discouragement crossed the intrepid eyes. "You were a central figure in my vision, Ishmael — an oasis in the desert!" she explained. "I wonder," meditatively, "is it possible, after all!" Her glance traveled over the room across the rows of adult faces, disclosing, most of them, the apathy and unenlightenment of stone.

"What a sea of incomprehension! Yet, see how they come — in droves." The walls were lined with patient aspirants who stood throughout the evening, the bench room having long since been preëmpted. This vista of faces was lifted to her in wooden appeal. The maestra sighed. Away off in the futurity of centuries lay the realization of this dream.

It was all of five years since Ishmael, as a mere boy, had departed his tribe, presumably forever His return among them, therefore, was in the nature of a surprise.

His father, execrably dirty and most in-

"RAFAELA'S EYES SHOWED AN INSTANT'S CURIOUS GLIMMER"

adequately clad, grunted him an astonished welcome. There was much speculation and scratching of heads over the wanderer's tale, and great amazement at the transformation in himself.

Hedged far away in their impregnable mountains, these aborigines had remained inaccessible, even to the exploration of Spain. Once among them, Ishmael was beset by a misgiving — a fear lest the new order, after all, had laid upon him an irrevocable hold. He angrily shook off the presentiment. He had returned to his own people for good, closed the gates of the forest behind him; yet the breezes, with their chanting echoes of foregone things, passed even his great mountains. The clouds, too, were pictures of walled cities, now far out of reach.

Though Ishmael joyously discarded the stiff coat and collars, he never reverted to tribal attire. He kept himself scrupulously covered and laboriously clean. Failing to persuade his feminine relatives of the advantage of laundered clothes, he washed them himself — not, however, without violent imprecations against a regeneration that made him dissatisfied to go dirty.

Disparaging comparisons between the women of the tribe and Rafaela, the Tagalog maiden, arose in his mind. Often he remembered to have come upon her emerging from the river, wrapped in a winding cloth and glowing like a water Naiad in the sun.

Hunting and fighting — always, in his mind, the serious pursuits of life — again became the legitimate occupations. He exulted to find himself no less swift and sure at the chance than the best of his tribesmen. In hostilities he was yet more redoubtable. To this frame of oak and iron there was added now the menace of an intelligence. Warfare, as practised by this tribe, has ghastly legends among the people of the plains. "Head-hunters" is the name by which they have come to be known.

Away back in the dim consciousness of this savage, the shrine of one tutelary god had been raised. The Judge, diligently exploring ruined temples far off in India, had not the faintest idea in the world that echoes of himself were being translated into oracles for his ward. In their long intercourse of mind to man, the Judge had laid down commandments that Ishmael found difficult either to violate or to forget.

To the Igorrote, the loss of the old convictions was like the stripping of his strength. Uncertain and without aim, his great force had ceased suddenly to be a power. He fled almost in shame to the mountains. Existence seemed to offer no other shelter for the half savage who

could live neither among the civilized nor the wild.

Neither abjuration was regretted. Against civilization there was, perhaps, the heavier score. To its other depredations was added that last and most acute — of home. He was a wanderer now, pursued by the demon of unrest, with nowhere a goal in sight.

Often, by sunset light, he opened the books that he had brought all the way out of the world with him. But they were always mute tongues whose sullenness denied even the crumbs of consolation to the apostate.

Far in the hills, solitary and wrapped in the night stillness, he would think — tortuously and slowly, after the manner of the child mind. That vision power which it has pleased the inscrutable to place full-grown in the rude and in the cultivated alike was at once his solace and his torment.

The room where the Juez and he had sat at night would suddenly appear to him — clean and shining with light. The Juez was there; the kindly, humorous Juez, who had lived so widely and so well that he had acquired a superhuman understanding. Ishmael recalled that he was a greater chieftain, and over a wider domain, than was his own father; yet it was through no physical force.

Annexed to this vision, completing the smothered instincts of home, rose Rafaela, crouched in her dream, always with the hunger look, the unsolved riddle of her eyes.

Far below his jungle, along shining plains to the sea, the mirage of cities stretched. Down there, men trod a tranquil way of laughter and learning. And in the farthest city of them all, the transitory city of ships, were people who traveled to far worlds on the errands of the earth.

Here in the mountains, far out of the consciousness of the world, there was the inviolate quiet whose law even the serpents and the beasts of prey had learned — the smothering stillness without time or change. Even the lonely spirit of the mountains broke its dumb agony to echo across cañons to a human call.

Something that was half a dream, half an alarm, came to Ishmael, awakening him out of sleep. A far-off murmur of voices that seemed to lift to him from the plains! The ghostly cadences shook the air alive till he would spring up, looking out to see the cloistered mountains peopled with an armed foe.

Night after night it throbbed — hoarse, supplicating, invoking — what? — till his savage intuition discerned some awful menace. That chaos of tongues proclaimed a danger — a widespread peril to the plains. Fear seized upon Ishmael — fear for Rafaela and for the people down there. Blood called to kindred, and Ishmael set out in answer to it as resolutely as if a hand beckoned him on.

Stopping one night for food and rest, he found the pueblo overflowing with panic-stricken refugees on the way to the hills. Cholera had broken out over the entire islands, annihilating by townships. Never in the memory of the natives had the plague spread a destruction so complete. The evil breath traveled with the wind. Save himself who could, they warned; but the Igorrote would not retrace his way.

The hush of desolation and devastation that the town wore, even from afar, dejected the weary and foot-sore Ishmael. Depopulated and disease-stricken, what life was left in it seemed paralyzed. All business was throttled, while the wretched inhabitants prayed in the church or tramped endlessly through the streets in tottering propitiatory processions. Scarcely a shack but had furnished a victim. In the cemeteries the dead lay exposed, for none would take the risk of burying them.

After a journey of hundreds of miles, Ishmael stopped, with a sinking heart, at his destination. The home of Rafaela was closed and still, as if everything here were over and done.

Yet it was Rafaela herself who answered his call — a changed, faltering Rafaela, who shrank back from the door with a cry. "You must go," she warned. "My father dies in there of the pest!"

But it was Ishmael who went out alone and buried her father that night.

The spectacle of helplessness all around him roused the Igorrote's savage courage. To die without fighting! That was a contemptible thing, worthy of these weak creatures of the plains. But the weapons of God are not to be met with knife or gun.

Baffled though he was, the Igorrote would not fold his arms, like Rafaela and all the rest, to wait. Those arms had been too great a power in life to drop inert.

The sight of Rafaela moving insistently among the sick, murmuring through chattering teeth an incessant "I am afraid — I am afraid" goaded him to desperate courses.

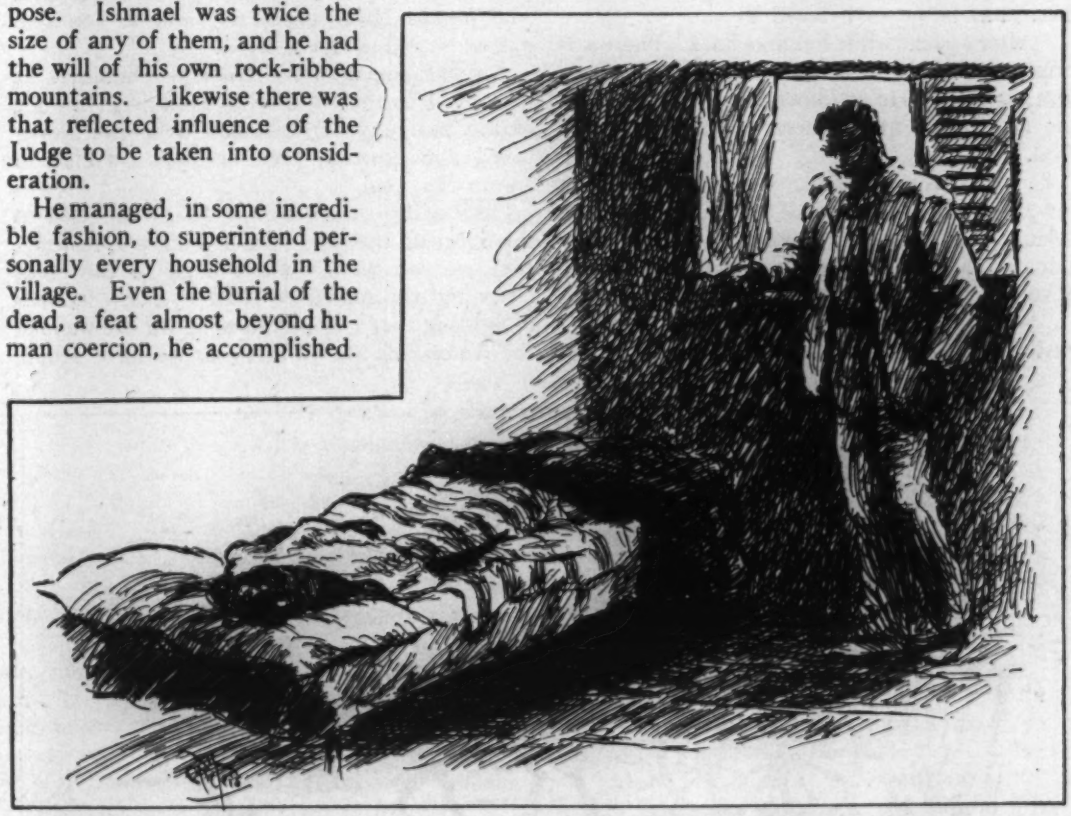
He had been in Manila when the American doctors were dealing with a small outbreak of the scourge. The Judge had been deeply interested, and had explained their methods to his scornful listener. Ishmael's memory, with savage perfection, reproduced every detail and precaution the Judge had adjured. Supplementing them were the despised counsels of the maestra.

All else had failed, and since a tangible salvation was nowhere to be found, the doubtful

theories would be put to trial. Once and for all, the ways of the Americans must justify or disprove themselves.

There was no authority left in the town. None opposed Ishmael, therefore, in his preposterous undertaking. Even to the wholesale boiling of water, which he rigidly enforced, and to the patrol over the river, they submitted perforce. But against the incessant labor of house- and street-cleaning, and the all-pervasive sulphur smoke, they demurred with what spirit they had left. To little purpose. Ishmael was twice the size of any of them, and he had the will of his own rock-ribbed mountains. Likewise there was that reflected influence of the Judge to be taken into consideration.

He managed, in some incredible fashion, to superintend personally every household in the village. Even the burial of the dead, a feat almost beyond human coercion, he accomplished.



"'WE WILL GO BACK TO THE JUEZ!'"

The means were his own, and suited to a sore necessity. To future generations his name was to be handed down as a terrorizing divinity.

A steady diminution of the death rate actually set in. Ishmael, secretly incredulous, redoubled his efforts. He met with no more resistance. The converted populace assisted in a body. The sanitation of the village was prosecuted to a point that threatened demolition.

It was while Ishmael was slowly choking the enemy out of existence that the grimmest fear of all was realized. Rafaela dropped down in an agony, waving him away with the terrible exhortation, "The pest!"

The one rude remedy he knew was called desperately to aid — quantities of *aguardiente*, which caused the wretched victim to scream out that she was on fire. There his science forsook him, and in the blackness of his despair he cursed its inadequacy. There remained now but the watch — never long. The struggle is at most mercifully one of hours.

In a quiet moment of her sufferings, Rafaela opened her dry lips and spoke: "You stayed! There was no use!"

"Am I so poor a thing that I cannot die with you?" he demanded, with the savage's grim candor before death.

She made an attempt to turn her devastated little face. A strange fever burned in her eyes — and suddenly the hunger look was gone. "Ah," she cried, satisfied. "The *Sarjento* said I could never understand; but it has come to me, too — Rafaela, 'the nigger'; it was so he named me. I, too, wished to be set high, as the Americans set their women — to be grand enough to have one die for me, as the *soldado* died for the Americana.

"We were shut in the *convento*. The insurrectos were all about — hidden everywhere in the country; and the Americans were too few. Therefore they waited behind the strong walls

till other soldados should come to take them out.

"Me they had taken to wait upon the Americana — she of whom I have told you — of the wonderful hair. Later there was no water. The river was at a dangerous distance. The woman could not endure as the soldados could, and the fever started in her head.

"A soldado — a young soldado who sat always smoking his pipe — took his water-can and went out in the dark. I ran to tell him that the moving shadows were not those of trees; but he never listened to me.

"After a great while he came back. There was bright moonlight in the patio, and I alone saw him crawl in. He set down the water, and put his face in his arms among the stones — and died.

"I called the Sarjento, who stood over him for a long time. I asked the Sarjento if the soldado had loved the woman — to do this thing. The Sarjento said no; the soldado had never spoken to the woman in his life.

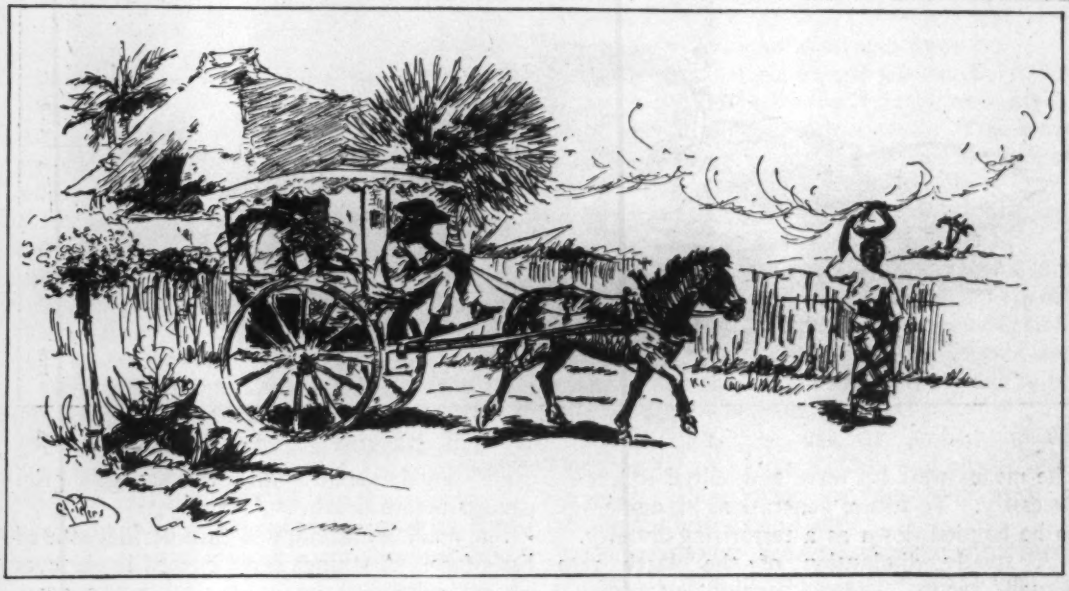
"What was the meaning of it all, then, I wished to know? But the Sarjento sent me away, saying those things were not for such as I to understand. I know, though — now," she crooned secretly to herself. "I understand."

All through the night, life flickered around that unexplored margin line. At dawn Ishmael bent down to her to see how far it yet was to the end.

An incredible thing had transpired in the mysterious wells of life, whose portent stretched in the fluttering line of red across her lips. The Igorrote was not skilled in the magic of medicine, but he knew that promise at once. The plague that spares not one in ten had passed — and Rafaela lived.

A great heaviness fell from his shoulders as he moved to the window to breathe in the air of the new day. He looked over the town, saved and quieted; then his eyes traveled to an unseen goal.

"We will go back to the Juez!" he said to the figure on the bed, "when you are so restored that we can walk. We will go to the great cities and the schools. There is a new manner of fighting that I would know — for the ways of the Americans are miracles, as we have seen."



THE CITY OF THE TOWERS

BY

MILDRED McNEAL-SWEENEY

ONE tower more doth now attempt the wind,
And call the clouds about her swimming height,
And straight to noon depart, a pilgrim bright,
Her dwelling in the untraveled airs to find.
Far down the murmuring harbors and behind
Among the lands, at folding down of night,
She flings her summons—light on beamy light—
The Marvelous Futures to The Valiant Mind.

And we, the pigmy lords, we trudge, below,
These deep, resounding streets. But, as we pass,
Something befalls our pride—leaves our hearts dumb.—
The hush of Stonehenge, ruined long ago!
The steps of Paestum—deep in blowing grass!
The three fair columns by a street in Rome!